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Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER & MELVIN J. LASKY

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Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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Two Poems by Lawrence Durrell

Aphrodite

Not from some silent sea she rose
In her great valve of nacre
But from such a one; O sea,
Scourged with iron cables! O sea,
Boiling with salt froth like curds!
Or carded like wool on a moon's spindles,
Tide-scarred, bitter and simmering prophet!
On some such night of storm and labour
Was hoisted trembling into our history—
Wide with panic the great eyes staring . . .
Of man's own wish this breathless loveliness,
Of man's own wish this deathless petrifact.

A Persian Lady

Some diplomatic mission—no such thing as "fate"—
Brought her to the city that tideless spring.
She was much pointed-out—a lady-in-waiting
To some Persian noble; well, and here she was
Merry and indolent amidst fashionable abundance.
By day under a saffron parasol on royal beaches,
By night in a queer crocketed tent with tassels.

He noted the perfection of that grave dark beauty,
The mind recoiling as if from a branding-iron.
The sea advancing and retiring at her lacquered toes;
How would one say "to enflame" in her tongue
He wondered, knowing it applied to female beauty?
When their eyes met she felt dis-figured.
It would have been simple—only three paces apart.

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Disloyal time! They let the seminal instant go,
The code unbroken, the collision of ripening wishes
Abandoned to hiss on in the great syllabaries of memory . . .
Next day he deliberately left the musical city,
To join a boring water-party on the lake,
Telling himself "Say what you like about it,
I have been spared very much in this business."

He meant, I think, that never should he now
Know the slow disgracing of her mind, the slow
Spiral of her beauty's deterioration, flagging desire,
The stagnant fury of the temporal yoke,
Grey temple, the long slide into fat.

On the other hand neither would she build him sons
Or be a subject for verses—the famished in-bred poetry
Which was the fashion of his time and ours.
She would exist, pure, symmetrical and intact,
Like the sterile hyphen which divides and joins
In a biography the year of birth and death.

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Roy Jenkins

From London to Rome

THE DEBATE about Britain's relations with Europe, after being kept under the carpet for years, burst upon the public only in the few months before Mr. Macmillan's announcement of negotiations with the Six. But it was a somewhat partial bursting out. Parliament, in particular, played practically no part in the process. This is because the question, almost uniquely for an issue of central political importance, has split both parties in about equal proportions, and neither of the front benches (who between them control most parliamentary time) like open discussion in these circumstances. Apart from three hours on a private member's motion there was no Commons debate between July, 1960, and July, 1961.

Perhaps as a result of this political confusion the passions of the public have not yet been greatly involved. Anyone who tried to organise a mass march either for or against the Common Market would, I suspect, get a very poor response. But informative meetings on the subject are now a good deal better attended than are those on most others. And there is suddenly a lot of private talk. Curiosity rather than commitment remains the dominant mood of the public, however.

Where, then, has the debate been conducted? The answer, principally, is in the press. The abdication of Parliament, combined with first the ignorance and then the caution of the public, means that the newspapers have had an unusual opportunity to make the running on a major issue of policy. And they have almost all responded to the opportunity at least to the extent of taking up firmly committed positions. A year ago only the papers of the moderate left —the *Guardian*, the *Observer*, and the still extant *News Chronicle*—were firmly for Britain's membership of the Common Market. Since then they have been joined by two powerful allies from the Right, the *Daily Mail* and (a little slower into the column) the *Daily Telegraph*. Against this, on the Right, must be balanced the vast increase in the shrillness of the opposition of the *Daily Express*, and the growing tendency of *The Times* to end its inconclusive leaders by stressing the dangers rather than the advantages of going into Europe.

ON THE LEFT, however, the increase of support for going in has been overwhelming. Apart from the *Daily Worker* only the "gnarled old imperialists" of the *New Statesman* are now standing out. The *Guardian* has remained firm and clear throughout, and the *Observer* exhibited only the slightest trace of a temporary wobble a few months ago. But the striking change has been the addition of the mass circulation, firmly pro-Labour papers to these radical, quality journals. Before the *Daily Herald* passed under the control of the *Mirror* group in March it had been cautious on the issue, but no more so than its stable mate-to-be, the *Daily Mirror*. Since May, however, the two papers have reinforced each other in a sustained and powerfully presented pro-Europe campaign. How great has been its effect upon Left-wing opinion in this country is difficult to say, although the fact that most Labour voters (and, indeed, most Conservative voters) have seen the issue presented in these or similar terms must have had something to do with the surprisingly favourable results of the Gallup Poll's questions about the electorate's willingness to surrender some sovereignty.

PERHAPS more significant than the effect of the newspaper debate upon public opinion, however, has been the fact that it has enabled

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the main lines of the controversy and the underlying attitudes of those on either side to be clearly seen. What emerges increasingly is that it is really a dispute, not about trade statistics or the articles of the Treaty of Rome, but about Britain's whole rôle in the world.

Those in favour of our going in believe that our greatest domestic danger is that of a drab, complacent, narrow insularity, and our greatest international danger that of exaggerating our power and expecting the rest of the world to accept us at our own, rather inflated, valuation.

Those against our entry are divided about what they think of the present pattern and quality of life in Britain, but they are united in believing that in so far as it needs improvement this can be achieved by our own unaided efforts, without much fertilisation from abroad. And they are united too in believing that Britain possesses stores of wisdom or power denied to other European countries and that it is our duty not to merge these with our neighbours but to use them for some form of world leadership, whether this be exercised on a basis of force or on a basis of moral leadership. In this respect the old Suez group and the unilateralists are perfectly natural allies against the Common Market. Lord Hinchingbrooke and Mr. Michael Foot both see the world, for their different purposes, as something which necessarily has its centre in Britain and which is longing to be led by us.

Naturally both of these schools of thought are great upholders of the Commonwealth argument against entry into Europe. Lord Hinchingbrooke may think of the Commonwealth more in terms of Sir Roy Welensky and Mr. Foot more in terms of Mr. Nkrumah, but with the aid of a little rose-tinting in their spectacles they are both able to unite in seeing it as something which underpins the economic and political strength of Britain. So, indeed, do many other people who take a much less extreme position than Mr. Foot and Lord Hinchingbrooke, and there can be little doubt that the Commonwealth objection —encouraged by the Government's extraordinarily inept plan for the missions of the three ministers—has in the past few months become both the most powerful and the most widely held.

It is an objection based on a mixture of false premise and false choice. The false premise is that the Commonwealth is capable of offering Britain the same advantages, from an alternative source, as those which Europe offers. What Europe offers us economically is the stimulus of becoming part of a very large, unified, dynamic, and highly competitive market. This would not result in a great and sudden switch of our export trade from the Commonwealth to Europe, although no doubt the shift in this direction, which has in any event been noticeable for several years past, might be somewhat accentuated. But the important result to look for is that on the basis of this wider market and the greater specialisation and adaptability which should go with it, we might recover our sagging competitive position and improve our export performance, not only in Europe but in third markets and in the Commonwealth itself. Once we had done this we would have broken through the core of our present difficulties—our inability to sustain any period of expansion without ruining our balance of payments; and we might have some hope of providing what the new Commonwealth really needs—a reliable source of long-term capital and an expanding market for its products, foodstuffs, raw materials and the simpler manufactured goods.

The Commonwealth markets themselves, however, offer us no prospect of achieving the essential break-through. In the first place they have shown none of the capacity for rapid growth which Europe has consistently displayed over the past decade. Secondly, and more importantly, the Commonwealth is in no sense of the word a unified market. Both the old white Commonwealth and the new coloured Commonwealth are determined—probably quite rightly at their stage of development—to build up their own industries behind the protection of a tariff wall. This goes as much for Canada and for Australia as for Ghana or Malaya. The last thing that any of these countries would think of doing is allowing a free run for United Kingdom manufactured goods in their territories. A proposal for a Commonwealth customs union is out of the question for the simple but adequate reason that it would receive no support in the Commonwealth.

THIS IS THE FALSE CHOICE ASPECT of the economic argument. The danger is that some of the Commonwealth governments, preoccupied by impending elections and more firmly in favour of self-determination for themselves than for the mother country, may for the moment try to obscure the falsity of the choice. But it will only be over the next few crucial months. Were we to remain out of Europe and to become some-

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thing of an economic backwater as a result—a fate towards which we in any event show only too strong a national tendency—there can be no doubt that the economic disintegration of the Commonwealth would be greatly accelerated. Whatever sentimental arguments may be used during the months of negotiation they will count for nothing if by 1970 we are still a sluggish, crisis-ridden country incapable of providing the development funds which are required of us. The other members of the Commonwealth will be much more inclined to turn their backs on us and to go their own ways than if we are in Europe, but prosperous and dynamic. The future of the Commonwealth is likely to be far more damaged by the Government deciding we cannot afford Mr. Julius Nyerere's £8 million than by any number of articles of the Treaty of Rome.

THE POLITICAL ASPECTS of the Commonwealth objection are largely symmetrical with the economic ones. Here again we have the false premise and the false choice.

The false premise is that the Commonwealth has real political unity today. It is a loose consultative grouping of immense value, but there is hardly a single major issue in world politics upon which a united Commonwealth line could easily be evolved. The false choice lies in the suggestion that, if the medium-sized nation state is outdated, we might solve this problem by merging some of our sovereignty with the Commonwealth rather than with Europe. The objections to this are threefold. *First* there is the fact that, even if the will were present, the Commonwealth, principally perhaps for geographical reasons, but also for ethnic, religious, and economic ones, would be a most unsuitable unit for even the loosest form of confederation. *Second*, the will is not present. Most Commonwealth nations have gained their sovereignty much too recently to contemplate surrendering any effective part of it. They would be as loath to accept such an arrangement as they would be to accept a Commonwealth customs union. *Third*, a real pooling of sovereignty with the Commonwealth would pose far greater problems than a similar arrangement with Europe. One has only to consider, on the one hand, the difficulty of population weighting arrangements with India and, on the other, what the most violent advocates of imperial unity in the Beaverbrook press, convulsed as they are at present by the dangers of importing the low living standards of Southern Italy, would say if a merging of our institutions and way of life with those of Nigeria or Jamaica were to become a real possibility.

Commonwealth unity or European unity is therefore a false antithesis, and those who say they want the former rather than the latter are really saying that they want to stay as we are. This, of course, may be a tenable position, although not a very inspiring one. A long-term desire to cling to our little corner of sovereignty may be the true wish of many people, but it is certainly not compatible with the traditional if sometimes rather theoretical internationalism of the left, or with the pursuit of world government which is now the declared ultimate aim of both the two major parties. A world authority will certainly not be created overnight, and it is most unlikely ever to be created if we shy away with horror from any practical surrender of sovereignty.

THERE is also a special dilemma which the left is creating for itself. This is the dilemma between its general internationalist approach and its fear that any surrender of sovereignty would inhibit the creation of "socialism in one country." This is argued with particular force in relation to Europe (with plenty of anti-Adenauer and anti-de Gaulle undertones), but it is a difficulty which would also arise if we were to enter most imaginable groupings wider than, or outside, Europe. Atlantic Union would certainly not make the problem any easier. Nor would a tie-up with those new heroes of the extreme Left, Mr. Diefenbaker, Mr. Menzies, and Mr. Holyoake. Even within the puny unit of E.F.T.A. (the particular embarrassment of Dr. Salazar apart) the Scandinavian Prime Ministers would certainly prove rather cool on Clause Four and similar issues for the taste of Mr. Foot and his associates. The fact is that a belief that we must at all costs preserve our right to do what we want with our own (whether for socialist or imperialist or simple zenophobic reasons) necessarily implies an isolationist, contracting-out attitude to the world, totally at variance with the internationalist tradition of the Left.

LOOKED AT IN MORE PRACTICAL and more specifically European terms, would joining the Six be likely to inhibit the rate of social progress in this country? Only those who are still living in the world of 1949 could answer with a firm yes, for no one who has observed the world of the

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fifties can believe that Britain is a less Tory nation than the dominant powers of the E.E.C. For rapidity of economic growth (France, Germany, and Italy), for the fullest of full employment (Germany and France), for highly successful nationalised industries (France), for a model system of economic planning (France), and for a most imaginative and generous system of retirement benefits (Germany), the Six have far more to show the Left than anything which this country has achieved for years past.

There are some, however, who would dismiss all this as being unimportant compared with the political image which Western Europe presents to the world, and with which we must on no account get ourselves besmirched. The France of Algeria and Bizerta, this argument runs, the Belgium of the Congo, the Germany of intransigent irredentism, are all countries close association with which will damage our standing, particularly in Africa and Asia. It would weaken our capacity to lead and influence the emergent nations. The first objection to this argument is that it is intolerably and typically pharisaical, based on the complacent belief that we are not as other men are, and that if we rub our hands sufficiently unctuously no one will notice the dirt of Suez or of Cyprus. Secondly, it is based upon the central fallacy of what may be called the new imperialism—the view that everyone is waiting for a lead from us. This is only marginally less dangerous than the old imperialist view that everyone liked being dominated by us.

Thirdly, it assumes that if we do not approve of all the policies of the Western European governments our right course is to turn our back on the Channel and hope for the best. Such a view is surely compounded of historical and geographical myopia in about equal proportions. Britain's ability to contract out of Western Europe came to an end at the beginning of August forty-seven years ago, and everything which has happened since then has made detachment less and not more possible. The continuation of Franco-German friendship, the maintenance of stable democratic régimes in the Six, the adoption by their governments of liberal colonial policies and moderate cold-war attitudes are all major British interests. But they are far more likely to be promoted by our exercising influence within Europe than by our standing sullenly and self-righteously on the side-lines.

Furthermore, it is not merely within Europe that our influence will depend upon our participation. Were we to remain out, what is likely to be the value, in a decade's time, of our "special relationship" with the United States? The exclusiveness of this relationship is clearly already far more attractive to London than to Washington. The last desire of the American Government is that we should remain out of Europe in order to keep ourselves "only unto them," and few things could be more fruitless than a relationship in which one partner—and the weaker one—remains ostentatiously faithful against the express wishes of the other. There can be little doubt that if we pursued this course we would make it certain that by 1970 the main axis of Western power ran from Washington to Brussels (as the capital of the Six) while we ourselves became peripheral and uninfluential.

THE CHOICE which faces us, however, involves more than our future influence in NATO, and more than our future rate of economic growth.

Britain, at present, is suffering from a general ineffectiveness of performance and from a national mood which is half misplaced complacency and half a growing lack of self-confidence. As a result we could easily go into a drab decline, turning in upon ourselves, blaming the world for our own misfortunes, occasionally deceiving ourselves with dreams of a grandeur which impresses nobody else, and behaving generally like a soured and rejected elderly female relation who is living a provincial life in straitened circumstances and disliking it very much indeed.

The adventure of going into Europe is from almost every point of view the best prophylactic against this dismal development.

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Harold Pinter

The Examination

WHEN WE BEGAN, I allowed him intervals. He expressed no desire for these, nor any objection. And so I took it upon myself to adjudge their allotment and duration. They were not consistent, but took alternation with what I must call the progress of our talks. With the chalk I kept I marked the proposed times upon the blackboard, before the beginning of a session, for him to examine, and to offer any criticism if he felt so moved. But he made no objection, nor, during our talks, expressed any desire for a break in the proceedings. However, as I suspected they might benefit both of us, I allowed him intervals.

The intervals themselves, when they occurred, at whatever juncture, at whatever crucial point, preceded by whatever deadlock, were passed, naturally, in silence. It was not uncommon for them to be both preceded and followed by an equal silence, but this is not to say that on such occasions their purpose was offended. Frequently his disposition would be such that little could be achieved by insistence, or by persuasion. When Kullus was disposed to silence I invariably acquiesced, and prided myself on those occasions with tactical acumen. But I did not regard these silences as intervals, for they were not, and neither, I think, did Kullus so regard them. For if Kullus fell silent, he did not cease to participate in our examination. Never, at any time, had I reason to doubt his active participation, through word and through silence, between interval and interval, and I recognised what I took to be his devotion as actual and unequivocal, besides, as it seemed to me, obligatory. And so the nature of our silence within the frame of our examination, and the nature of our silence outside the frame of our examination, were entirely opposed.

Upon my announcement of an interval Kullus would change, or act in such a manner as would suggest change. His behaviour, on these occasions, was not consistent, nor, I am convinced, was it initiated by motives of resentment or enmity, although I suspect Kullus was aware of my watchfulness. Not that I made any pretence to be otherwise. I was obliged to remark, and, if possible, to verify, any ostensible change in his manner, whether it was outside the frame of our examination or not. And it is upon this point that I could be accused of error. For gradually it appeared that these intervals proceeded according to his terms. And where both allotment and duration had rested with me, and had become my imposition, they now proceeded according to his dictates, and became his imposition.

For he journeyed from silence to silence, and I had no course but to follow. Kullus's silence, where he was entitled to silence, was compounded of numerous characteristics, the which I duly noted. But I could not always follow his courses, and where I could not follow, I was no longer his dominant.

KULLUS'S predilection for windows was not assumed. At every interval, he retired to the window, and began from its vantage, as from a source. On approaching initially when the break was stated, he paid no attention to the aspect beyond, either in day-time or in night-time. And only in his

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automatic course to the window, and his lack of interest in the aspect beyond, did he prove consistent.

Neither was Kullus's predilection for windows a deviation from former times. I had myself suffered under his preoccupation upon previous occasions, when the order of his room had been maintained by particular arrangement of window and curtain, according to day and to night, and seldom to my taste or my comfort. But now he maintained no such order and did not determine their opening or closing. For we were no longer in Kullus's room.

And the window was always open, and the curtains were always open.

Not that Kullus displayed any interest in this constant arrangement, in the intervals, when he might note it. But as I suspect he was aware of my watchfulness, so I suspect he was aware of my arrangement. Dependent on the intensity of his silence I could suspect and conclude, but where his silence was too deep for echo, I could neither suspect nor conclude. And so gradually, where this occurred, I began to take the only course open to me, and terminated the intervals arbitrarily, cutting short the proposed duration, when I could no longer follow him, and was no longer his dominant.

But this was not until later.

WHEN the door opened. When Kullus, unattended, entered, and the interim ended. I turned from all light in the window, to pay him due regard and welcome. Whereupon without reserve or hesitation, he moved from the door as from shelter, and stood in the light from the window. So I watched the entrance become vacant, which had been his shelter. And observed the man I had welcomed, he having crossed my border.

Equally, now, I observed the selected properties, each in their place; the blackboard, the window, the stool. And the door had closed and was absent, and of no moment. Imminent upon opening and welcoming it had possessed moment. Now only one area was to witness activity and to suffer procedure, and that only was necessary and valid. For the door was closed and so closed.

Whereupon I offered Kullus the stool, the which I placed for him. He showed, at this early juncture, no disregard for my directions; if he did not so much obey, he extended his voluntary co-operation. This was sufficient for my requirements. That I detected in him a desire for a summation of our efforts spoke well for the progress of our examination. It was my aim to avoid the appearance of subjection; a common policy, I understand, in like examinations. Yet I was naturally dominant, by virtue of my owning the room; he having entered through the door I now closed. To be confronted with the especial properties of my abode, bearing the seal and arrangement of their tenant, allowed only for recognition on the part of my visitor, and through recognition to acknowledgement and through acknowledgement to appreciation, and through appreciation to subservience. At least, I trusted that such a development would take place, and initially believed it to have done so. It must be said, however, that his manner, from time to time, seemed to border upon indifference, yet I was not deluded by this, or offended. I viewed it as a utility he was compelled, and entitled, to fall back on, and equally as a tribute to my own incisiveness and patience. And if then I viewed it as a tactical measure, it caused me little concern. For it seemed, at this time, that the advantage was mine. Had not Kullus been obliged to attend this examination? And was not his attendance an admission of that obligation? And was not his admission an acknowledgement of my position? And my position therefore a position of dominance? I calculated this to be so, and no early event caused me to re-assess this calculation. Indeed so confident was I in the outcome of our talks, that I decided to allow him intervals.

To institute these periods seemed to me both charitable and politic. For I hoped he might benefit from a period of no demand, so be better equipped for the periods of increased demand which would follow. And, for a time, I had no reason to doubt the wisdom of this arrangement. Also, the con-

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text of the room in which Kullus moved during the intervals was familiar and sympathetic to me, and not so to him. For Kullus had known it, and now knew it no longer, and took his place in it as a stranger, and when each break was stated, was compelled to pursue a particular convention and habit in his course, so as not to become hopelessly estranged within its boundaries. But gradually it became apparent that only in his automatic course to the window, and his lack of interest in the aspect beyond, did he prove consistent.

Prior to his arrival, I had omitted to establish one property in the room, which I knew to be familiar to him, and so liable to bring him ease. And never once did he remark the absence of a flame in the grate. I concluded he did not recognise this absence. To balance this, I emphasised the presence of the stool, indeed, placed it for him, but as he never once remarked this presence, I concluded his concern did not embrace it. Not that it was at any time simple to determine by what particular his concern might be engaged. However, in the intervals, when I was able to observe him with possibly a finer detachment, I hoped to determine this.

Until his inconsistency began to cause me alarm, and his silence to confound me.

I CAN ONLY assume Kullus was aware, on these occasions, of the scrutiny of which he was the object, and was persuaded to resist it, and to act against it. He did so by deepening the intensity of his silence, and by taking courses I could by no means follow, so that I remained isolated, and outside his silence, and thus of negligible influence. And so I took the only course open to me, and terminated the intervals arbitrarily, cutting short the proposed duration, when I could no longer follow him, and was no longer his dominant.

For where the intervals had been my imposition, they had now become his imposition.

Kullus made no objection to this adjustment, though without doubt he noted my anxiety. For I suffered anxiety with good cause, out of concern for the progress of our talks, which now seemed to me to be affected. I was no longer certain whether Kullus participated in our examination, nor certain whether he still understood that as being the object of our meeting. Equally, the nature of our silences, which formerly were distinct in their opposition: that is; a silence within the frame of our examination, and a silence outside the frame of our examination; seemed to me no longer opposed, indeed were indistinguishable, and were one silence, dictated by Kullus.

And so the time came when Kullus initiated intervals at his own inclination, and pursued his courses at will, and I was able to remark some consistency in his behaviour. For now I followed him in his courses without difficulty, and there was no especial duration for interval or examination, but one duration, in which I participated. My devotion was actual and unequivocal. I extended my voluntary co-operation, and made no objection to procedure. For I desired a summation of our efforts. And when Kullus remarked the absence of a flame in the grate, I was bound to acknowledge this. And when he remarked the presence of the stool, I was equally bound. And when he removed the blackboard, I offered no criticism. And when he closed the curtains I did not object.

For we were now in Kullus's room.

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Edward Shils

Indian Students

Rather Sadhus than Philistines

YOUR CURIOSITY, idle or ordered, takes you to an Indian university or college. You walk across the dusty sun-struck grounds, or through damp, dark corridors and past malodorous lavatories; and you see clumps of boys, chirruping like birds, an occasional pair walking hand in hand, sometimes a little knot of girls in pigtails. They look extraordinarily childlike, with all the melting tenderness of children, terribly shy, soft-eyed, gentle, fragile, and very quick to smile. Even those with moustaches are only boys—the moustaches can be the products either of the studied cultivation of a frail plant, or of that unevenly feathery condition of the male visage before daily shaving has become an obligatory matutinal discomfort. Their voices are low and soft, their movements light, elastic, lamb-like. If one of them, darting about in the suddenly ignited outburst of a boyish prank, nearly collides with you, he apologises with timorous embarrassment. If you ask one of them where to find a certain professor or the principal of a particular department, he will go far out of his way to lead you to the right place, and you will be impressed by his shyness and deferentiality. When he has delivered you to your destination, and you thank him, he will say something like "Not to mention" and will turn and dash off as light-footedly as a young deer.

A few days later, you might drop into the Student Union to listen for a while to a debate. Torrents of eloquence, not always intelligible, the thundering smoky rumbles of a volcano, sputtering abuse, excited denunciations of authority, will dominate the atmosphere. Your sweet young Virgil will be there. You can see him alight with excitement, tremulous with pleasure when the name or office of some dignitary is spattered with debater's mud. If he is on the platform, you will be surprised by his quacking volubility and the heat of his easily released passions.

AT ALMOST ANY TIME in the past half-decade, you might find, taking up your daily paper, a news report which reads like this one in *The Hindu* of the 14th of May, 1960:

> STUDENTS ASSAULT COLLEGE STAFF, PATNA, May 12.—A mob of about four hundred students to-day made a forced entry into the premises of the Patna Commercial College and assaulted the Principal and four professors of the College, causing grievous injury to one of them.
>
> Three of the professors have been admitted to the Patna Medical College.
>
> The trouble started following the expulsion of four student examinees from the examination hall for using unfair means during the annual examination in the College. One of them died later.

On another day, you might read that in Mysore the students have stoned buses and cars, have committed arson, and attacked the police who attempted to stop them and, failing, had to resort to using tear-gas against them. On still other days, you could read of the arrest of fifty-nine students in Patiala in the Punjab, for defiance of an order banning processions; of the demonstration of students at the University of Utkal, when the Home Minister visited Cuttack, to impress on him the urgency of attaching the former princely states of Sarai Kela and Kharsawan to their state of Orissa. In Lucknow, the University had to be closed for a long time because of student disturbances. Banaras Hindu University had to be closed, because of student disorders, by action of the President of the Republic. Allahabad University had to be closed by its Vice-Chancellor on similar grounds; at Visvabharati University, an eminent teacher,

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well known in literary London, was assailed by students and nearly blinded. In Delhi, the students of the University, protesting against railway fares, obstructed the movements of the trains and disrupted the schedules. In the Osmania University, the students demanded representation in the University Senate. In Agra, one University student was killed by other University students in connection with elections to the Student Union. In Aligarh, things are always on the boil. And in Calcutta—with its one hundred thousand students at the University and its affiliated colleges—the turbulence of the students is so severe, so difficult to manage, that a temperate observer of life there, speaking of a very recent Calcutta University Convocation, said that the "security measures taken against suspected mischiefs by students . . . will put to shame those taken during British rule in India;" while the circumspect *Statesman* said that "Though conditions have completely changed since an attempt was made in the early '30s on the life of a British Governor at a Convocation the authorities continue, eleven years after Independence, to enforce the same security measures."

Indiscipline

And, of course, every year regularly at Convocation time, and sporadically throughout the rest of the session, whether "plain-clothes police sit among the professors and teachers" or not, you read, till it comes out of your ears, lengthy speeches by Governors, Chief Ministers, Cabinet Ministers of Centre and State, and Vice-Chancellors. They all say the same thing: the "indiscipline" of the students is a terrible thing. The younger generation have lost the spirit of self-sacrifice which their fathers—and the speaker—had when young. They have no seriousness of purpose. They are at University only for vocational reasons, and not for love of learning. Their behaviour is a disgrace to their country; their teachers and elders have let them down. They are the victims of "changing social values"; they have lost faith in the old and found no faith in the new.

Indian convocation oratory, like ceremonial oratory everywhere, is one of the ways which the human mind has found for coming to a complete rest, while words pour forth. Yet, there is something amiss among Indian students. There are undoubtedly some in the better colleges, or in the following of the few outstanding scholars or scientists, who are as interested in their studies and as alert and curious as any undergraduates anywhere. Very many of them, however, are passively bewildered, many of them are angrily in arms against the order ruled by their elders. Not many of them seem to enjoy this stage of life or to accept what it offers, with some pleasure in the present and anticipation of more in the future. Throughout much of Northern and Eastern India, university and college students are frequently in a state of clamorous and often violent "indiscipline." And in the West and South, where matters are a little better, restlessness is great and outbreaks are certainly not rare.

The Indian collegian, like so many of his coevals elsewhere, is no zealously self-disciplined seeker after scientific and scholarly truth. Among the nearly one million Indian college and university students, eager-beavers are few, and genuinely aroused and aspiring intellects are very rare. The student's mind does not reach towards his books, and the failing contact is, moreover, not usually masked by a simulated air of respectful interest. Mute submission is the best he can offer, and even that not at all times. The lecture halls attended by Indian undergraduates and aspirants for the M.A. and LL.B. are often scenes of disorder—not always the organised rampageousness which attracts the worried attention of the President of the Republic, the Prime Minister, Governors and Chief Ministers of States, journalists, the University Grants Commission, Vice-Chancellors, Gandhian social workers, *et al.*—but the random individual disorder of shuffling feet, audible conversation, note-passing, and gestures of fearful bravado. Outside the lecture hall, but still within the academic compound, there are violently contested campaigns for election to office in the Student Union, tuggings to and fro, breathless denunciations, squabbles, scuffles, and even assassinations. "Student leaders" constantly present memorials to university and college authorities, regarding themselves as rulers of sovereign realms and as entitled to treat as equals or superiors with Deans and Vice-Chancellors. Closer to the public surface, and hence engaging wider attention, are the strikes, the screaming demonstrations, the banner-carrying processions and picketing, the hunger strikes, the physical combats with the police, the de-railing of tramcars and

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overturning of buses, the smashing of furniture in examination halls, the cordons around the residence of the Vice-Chancellor, connivance with revolver journalists and local politicians, the organisation of scandal-mongery against teachers and administrators, and physical assaults on teachers.

These drastic actions are undertaken on behalf of a variety of causes, many of which seem disproportionately slight in comparison with the passion and fashion of their espousal. The size of concessions on cinema or on bus, tram, or railway tickets; the refusal of university authorities to admit an unqualified person or the general admissions policy of the university; particular examination questions or the general severity of examination standards; the behaviour of a college porter or watchman; the alleged sexual conduct of teachers; the quality of food and service in college or university refectories; a statement by a teacher about the quality of an Indian poet; the fees to be paid by students; disciplinary measures taken by college or university authorities against particular students who have infringed a university or college rule; the conduct of the police in dealing with student demonstrations; the once projected Bihar-Bengal merger; the attachment of Bombay to Maharashtra—all and any of these can stir the students into remonstrances, slight or extreme. These are the pretexts for the outpouring of clamour and excitation. What actually makes the Indian student so responsive to these occasions, which are often grounds of reasonable grievance, is another matter. These are matters which lie more deeply in the nature of the present-day Indian university system, and the situation of the young male in present-day Indian society.

London Pattern

THE INDIAN UNIVERSITY system to-day is an adaptation, more than one hundred years old, of the pattern of the University of London. Over seven hundred colleges are attached, by federation or affiliation, to the thirty-nine universities. The colleges which make up a university are often scattered over a wide territory. The universities are the syllabus-setting, examining, and degree-granting authorities. Most of the universities are supported by the provincial governments, but they receive substantial financial "non-recurrent capital grants" from the University Grants Commission, an estimable body modelled on the University Grants Committee of this country and, until very recently, directed by a most learned and imaginative former member of the Indian Civil Service. A small minority of the colleges are "Government colleges" and most of these are fairly respectable in the quality of their teaching staff; some are missionary colleges—these too have a respectable standard; the great majority are "private"—ill-housed, impoverished, miserably equipped, frightfully overcrowded. The latter provide the vast bulk of Indian undergraduate education.

The colleges are nominally self-governing bodies, although their syllabi and the examinations which their students undergo are university functions. Their policies in recruitment of teaching staff are expected to conform with agreed university standards, but there are many a wink and nod at appointments which fall much below that standard.

Indian universities and colleges, their faculties and departments, are crushingly hierarchical in constitution and in spirit. Practically all the staff teach according to syllabi in which they have had no hand and for examinations they did not share in setting. If they teach in Government colleges —which are among the best—they are treated like any civil servant, shifted about by the will of their superiors, wrapped up in official papers, tied up in red tape. If they are in "private" colleges, as most of them are, they live in congested oppression. Principals hire and harry, and they in turn fear the disapproving scrutiny of their governing bodies, who often have little interest in the quality of intellectual performance of staff and students.

Despite the concentration of authority, Indian colleges and universities boil and bubble with intrigue, in which political partisanship and internal animosities intensify each other and the general turmoil. There are elections to academic councils which provide the personnel of sub-committees, which in turn have at their disposal a certain amount of patronage. Indian teachers are injuriously ill-paid, and ordinarily their salaries must be supplemented by additional earnings from examinerships, supplementary offices, etc. They work long hours on boring tasks, and they seek the alleviations offered by promotion and petty perquisites. The hunger for these meagre indulgences, their general powerlessness, and the absence of serious intellectual and pedagogical interests in the great mass of teachers, enhance their preoccupations with internal university politics and the patron-

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age which victory brings. Factions are formed, from which only a few hardily independent souls can withhold themselves. The chaos is further darkened by the intrusion of party and patronage politics from the lay governing bodies. The entry of outside powers who bring with them the skills and prizes of the political market-place exacerbates the rancour and distrust already so well-nurtured by misery, boredom, and hierarchy. The conflicts, such as that which continues unabatingly at the University of Lucknow, draw in nearly everyone. The proper objects of academic life are lost in the excitement of the unceasing contest for advantage and survival. A veritable bear garden is the result; and the situation of the Hindu University of Banaras, one of the older universities of India, is symbolic if not quite typical. At the time of the deliberations of the Banaras University Enquiry Committee, appointed by the President of the Republic, there were twenty-three litigations before Courts of Justice to which the University of Banaras was a party. Fourteen of these involved teachers or principals of colleges; one concerned appointments to two lectureships in Hindi; another, appointments to readerships in the College of Mining and Technology; another, the appointment of the Treasurer of the University; another, the sale of old newspapers and periodicals from the University Library; and so on.

Remote Teachers

THE READINESS of Indian college and university teachers to turn themselves into academic politicians stands in intimate relation to their characteristic numbness in the presence of intellectual matters. The teaching burden is extremely heavy; the level of teaching is excessively elementary; and the technique of lecturing at "dictation speed" and the unresponsiveness of the students make it almost impossible for teaching to be a pleasure to teacher or taught. The remoteness of the teacher from the student, and, in the more volcanic universities and colleges, actual fear of the students, deprive teaching and study of one of their greatest charms. Classes are extremely large—even a "tutorial" seminar for advanced students might have forty members. Teachers have no rooms in which to meet students or to do any work of their own. Their own homes are usually too crowded; and there is, in any case, no tradition to invite a student home for a meal or tea. Neither teacher nor student would be at ease in such a situation, neither would have pleasure in the other's company.

THE TRADITION of independent research, yielding the pleasures of intellectual curiosity and participation in the wider community of the intellectual concerned, still has no deep roots in India; and those in whom it lives encounter persistent obstacles in the jealousy of older colleagues, the obstructiveness of administrators, and the generally dispiriting atmosphere of the institution. There are men of exceptional fortitude who survive all this and who do admirable work as teachers, scientists, and scholars. Most, however, yield to the forces of demoralisation. College and university teachers hear repeatedly that they have fallen away from the tradition of the *guru* and the high ideals of the 19th and the first part of the present centuries. They believe politicians look on them as clerks and idlers. Not many can survive in this unnourishing environment. The warmth and humanity of the Indian academic man, accordingly, shrivel; his libido finds its gratification outside of teaching and research. And, as so often happens in other universities, academic intrigue, not always even ostensibly on behalf of academic things, fills the time and drowns the conscience of the man in whom still lives some dim if fading awareness of the intellectual obligations of the university teacher.

An appeasement of conscience, among some of the better elements on these academic battlefields, is rendered easier by the intervention of extra-academic powers and interests into academic life. The State Governments are responsible for the recurrent expenses of all but four Indian universities. The Governor is usually Chancellor, and the Vice-Chancellor is usually chosen by a politician. Politicians on the governing bodies, as well as some who are not, often regard universities as pawns in the games of the political parties and factions. These politicians make themselves into objects of academic suppliance. They move easily in a medium of patron and client, and they are very eager to take advantage of their position to use the universities to enhance their own dignity and to widen the patronage at their disposal. The Universities of Uttar Pradesh are the chief exhibits of this intertwinement of the political and the academic. The closure of the Universities of Allahabad, Lucknow, and Banaras was, in part, a response to the ramifications of politicians' shenanigans.

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The tumult within the staff, aggravated by the intervention from above and outside, does not cease at the line which separates staff from students. In some institutions, staff members of one faction have instigated student action against staff members of the rival faction. Even if there were not such deliberate agitation of the students by staff members, the unseemly goings-on could not be kept from the students. The students learn of the dissensions in the staff from clerical employees, from younger staff members, from post-graduate students. They sense what is happening—especially the delinquents among them, who possess the instinctive perception of trouble which is native to their kind.

The students hear of litigations between staff and university or college authorities. The students are in any case eager, with half their minds, to think ill of their betters, whom their other experiences give them no grounds for respecting; rumours of conflicts within the staff excite the students and give them a sense of being present at something dramatic and challenging. Their own aggressiveness is called forth by their proximity to this sometimes muffled, sometimes open uproar.

INDIAN STUDENTS—no less, perhaps even a little more, than students elsewhere—are responsive to charismatic teachers. They are drawn to teachers who are expansive and enthusiastic, who seem to know what they are about, who are selflessly devoted to something beyond their own private concerns. The Indian readiness to be "devoted to a cause" attracts their rebelliousness! It is scarcely less capable of attracting them to a teacher whose cause is teaching and the intellectual life. But such teachers, rare anywhere, are terribly rare in India, where the mass of college and university teachers have come to feel that they are regarded as a caste of untouchables. The insulted and injured, if they cannot rise to saintliness, can become malicious, distrustful, uninterested, and uninteresting. The student responds in an appropriate manner.

Linguistic Troubles

BEFORE the Second World War, when there were only 125,000 Indian college and university students, they came from relatively comfortably situated middle-class families. Their fathers were educated men, lawyers and doctors or government officials or teachers, or they were fairly prosperous landowners. The sons of clerks, shopkeepers, poor cultivators, did not often go to college. All this has now changed. The middle class, which had its troubles before Independence, has been afflicted by the inflation; and its members' offspring face even more difficult prospects than they faced before. The offspring of the lower middle classes, the sons of peasants, are now much more likely to be found among the nearly one million college and university students than was the case two or three decades ago. Students are beginning to come now from lower castes, although there are still very few from the lowest castes and classes. They come, too, to a greater extent from villages and countryside than their predecessors of a quarter of a century ago. From their rural background, they bring a greater readiness to participate in politics, since in the countryside politicians invoke their aid more frequently than they do in the towns, where large numbers of educated persons are available for the tasks of political campaigns.

These changes mean also that the students come from families with less of the traditional, indigenous, or Westernised respect for learning. They come from families where English has been less spoken—not that it is often the household language of many Indian homes—and less well spoken and understood. Neither modern learning nor English as the language of modern learning has furnished their minds before coming up from secondary school. Their environment has been less sophisticated than their predecessors'. The new type of student is more of a stranger in the collegiate and university environment. He feels less at ease there. His poorer linguistic equipment also places him in a very difficult situation.

The present generation of students has usually had only four years of English, in contrast with seven years of English of the pre-Independence students. Many more of them have gone to secondary schools where they were instructed through their own local Indian language rather than in English. In most of the higher educational institutions of India, English remains the medium of instruction, particularly above the intermediate level. The Indian student, especially the North Indian student from rustic Bihar and Uttar Pradesh, whose mother tongue is Hindi, has to read English textbooks, work through set books in English, listen to lectures in English, write essays in English, and take his examinations in English—although each of these requirements is being increasingly quali-

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fied. He cannot read rapidly, he cannot speak fluently, he writes painfully. He sees the learning of the world through his fragmentary English. This alone would be enough to put him into a perpetual state of uneasiness and bewilderment and to blur his contact with the objects of his studies. What can be worse for a sensitive, already sufficiently uneasy young person than to force him to carry on his public, intellectual life in a language which he understands with difficulty and in which he expresses himself only with embarrassment and inhibition? Colleges and regions in which students come up from secondary school with a better command of English seem to be less troubled by withdrawal and rebellion than the colleges and universities of Uttar Pradesh and Bihar, where the prospective ascendancy of Hindi has led to a premature relaxation of standards of English teaching.

IT IS NO BETTER in those colleges where the decision has been made to conduct instruction in the regional language. Not only are the teachers often hampered in expressing themselves on academic subjects in the language which they use for domestic and convivial purposes; but, for the most part, the required books remain English. The poor student is then caught between the further debilitation of his already weak English, accentuated by the prospect of its demise in India, and the persisting need to master English textbooks. Not much intellectual curiosity can survive these anguishing experiences. The effort to free him from dependence on English textbooks provides no improvement. The vernacular textbooks are usually commissioned to hacks even poorer than the usual writers of textbooks; their products are a hasty patchwork which no one can respect.

From his uninteresting, uncomfortable studies, the student's mind turns more readily to the student community. What a feast awaits his battered spirit there! The Student Union, coffee-houses, political agitation—these offer the heated excitement of conflict, the legitimation of his abstention from attendance at lectures, the opportunity to shout and caper, and to roar out his dissatisfaction with this repulsive world which he never made and of which it is so hard for him to be a happy member.

Student unions are usually alleged to provide a safety-valve for youthful rambunctiousness, a field of harmless exercise in organising talents, and even a training-ground for civil virtues. Of course, this is a stuffy elders' view. They are, in fact, usually the domain of an active minority of ambitious youths, but no harm comes from them and even some pleasure. Still, they do provide some facilities for reading and games. In India, however, the Student Unions are rather extreme in their capacity to ignite cheerlessly burning passions. They provide little opportunity for anything except politics: reading and games rooms are bare of contents; lounges are uncomfortable. But there is room for meetings and agitation. Campaigns for office in the Unions are infected with caste rivalries as well as the cleavages among the student followers of the political parties, particularly the parties of the extreme right and left. Office is highly prized, and much energy and money are expended to attain it. The sources of the funds are mysterious—recently there have been allegations that foreign embassies are among them—but whatever the sources, they are sometimes rather lavish by Indian standards. The introduction into this atmosphere—which would be agitated even if left to itself—of the rancours of dispute within the teaching staff, and the ambitions of political parties, aggravates the situation.

To this unsalubrious scene must be added another element: the students who won't leave the college, either because they have not taken their degrees or because they just like hanging about the college. One comes, from time to time, across these cases reminiscent of 19th-century Russia, of "eternal students:" men in their late twenties and thirties who—because they fear the vengeance of their examiners, or because they fear the outside world, or for worse motives—live on in the university or college hostels, not registered, not studying, having nothing academic about them except their residence and their associates. Older, tougher, more ingenious, often seductively attractive, these "professional" students are often the catalysts who agitate lambs into lions.

The regular students are not simply victims of this odd breed of men. There are always a few of the regular students who are more desperate, more excitable, more daring, more aggressive than most of the rest. It is they who often take the lead in walking out of the examination hall in protest against difficult questions, who attempt to pull the others out with them as they go, who take the initiative in upsetting or breaking benches, and even setting the premises on fire. They are the more

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inflammatory, the first to denounce their teachers, to express grievances against the order prevailing inside and outside their college or university. Their example resounds in many a tender young heart.

Poverty

TO TRACE the predisposition which reaches out to this resonance takes us far beyond the university and the college, far beyond the poor, bedraggled, resentful, and embittered teachers, past the bewilderment of the student who cannot comprehend or is bored and frustrated by what he must study. It takes us in one direction to the wider reaches of present-day Indian society; and, in another, into the centre of the Indian family and of Indian religious traditions.

The poverty of India is no less present in the colleges than elsewhere. Many of the students live in a state of anxiety-ridden poverty, unable to pay the modest charges for their hostel rooms or digs, unable, regularly, to raise the price of simple meals. The Indian student is infinitely worse off than the British students, who thrive complainingly on relatively generous grants by public bodies, or than the American student, who goes nearly feelessly to a state university or who enjoys scholarships to private colleges and universities, and who can so frequently find remunerative part-time employment to maintain a car and a flat. The Indian student, when he is hard-pressed financially, must worry about where he can cadge or borrow; he must avoid the bursar's accusing eye; he must lower his already sparse standard of living, and then worry again. All this anxiety has no surcease. The Indian student, in so far as he thinks about the future, has no relief in prospect. Plain unemployment among graduates in the first few years after the receipt of the degree, and malemployment thereafter, are widespread enough to attenuate the already sufficiently tenuous sense of vocation of the young Indian male, and to cause him to turn his worried mind towards the immediate delights of denunciation and resistance against his elders.

India is not the home of a vocational ethic such as Max Weber discerned in the Protestant sects of Europe and America. There is no great devotion to a vocational task, little love and honour for achievement in a task. Whatever the source of this—it derives some sustenance from the unattachedness to the empirical world of which articulate Indians so often speak as "our specifically Indian form of non-attachment"—it is surely accentuated by the scarcity of vocational opportunities which offer rewards of income and status and which permit the satisfaction of achievement. India's economy cannot provide enough administrative and intellectual posts for the rapidly swelling body of degree-holders. It could not do so before the Second World War; and since then the number of college and university students has increased eightfold. No economy in the world has expanded rapidly enough to accommodate such an increase in an already excessively large number of aspirants for professional, technical, and administrative posts. Nor is the situation made any easier by the fact that the majority of every year's output of graduates has passed through arts and law courses which have few effective claims on prospective employers. It should be pointed out, however, that technologists and scientists are also un- and mal-employed.

THIS CHARACTERISTIC unbalance of the Indian social structure—of an educational output incommensurate with the absorptive capacity of the economy—is paralleled by another unbalance which seems equally contributory to the restiveness and indiscipline of the Indian college and university student. This is the inarticulation between certain changes in marriage customs in India and the relatively unchanged relations of the sexes in the middle class. In India, the age of marriage of middle-class males has risen in the present century, and the great mass of students are unmarried. This change in the customary age of marriage has not been attended by a corresponding change in the relations between unmarried males and females in the period left vacant by the risen age of marriage. When the age of marriage was earlier, the young Indian male was able to have sexual intercourse under conditions provided by convention and custom. The Indian student nowadays ordinarily has no opportunity for legitimate sexual intercourse; his own residential conditions and the security control exercised over young women in colleges block his way, even if he wished to have it illegitimately. Furthermore, he has nearly as little opportunity for the erotic gratifications of holding hands, caressing, kissing, or the mere presence of young women. Young Indian women are still carefully guarded by their parents and wardens; and, although the sons are permitted sufficient freedom to be able to prowl

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about, and, in the titillating atmosphere of the big city, even to whistle at girls, the young women are kept under lock and key. They are too shy; and, even if they were not, the young men are too uncertain of themselves.

The gap between pubescence and marriage has not been successfully filled in any society; but in the West, certain traditions and institutions have arisen which provide, in at least a sublimated form, a modicum of sexual gratification—to say nothing of the now moderately widespread practice of occasional pre-marital sexual intercourse. India has developed practically nothing of these. Pre-marital sexual intercourse is probably still very infrequent, and the various types of erotic conviviality have still to find their form. The sexual dispositions are certainly alive, but they must work in a "sexual vacuum." There are no objects to which they can attach themselves. There is a little homosexuality but probably not very much. There are no "girl friends," and, unlike the case of their coevals of fifty years ago, there is no wife to whom to feel the pressure of obligation, if not, at first, of affection. There is so little to bind the youth into a pleasing or compelling routine.

His family situation is not much different. The Indian family still remains very hierarchical; but the college or university student lives outside its sphere. Either he is away from home, living in a hostel, or, even if he spends the nights at home, most of the day and evening are spent out of it—at college, at the Union, in a coffee-house, or wandering about the town. The burdensomeness of the authority of father, uncle, and elder brother is evaded, and a silent protest thereby registered.

THE INDIAN STUDENT, who lives in a dense culture, renowned for its authoritativeness, is like youth everywhere: a rebel at heart. He is no Prometheus, no solitary rebel. He is not a Byron or a deRozio. The mass of the students would never come forward into the arena of agitation unless there were a few who showed that it could be done with impunity. Once the example is there, then aggressiveness, otherwise freely floating and objectless, takes definite form.

There is enough in Indian society—or in any society, for that matter—to generate aggressive impulses. The family system, with its preponderance of the elders; the choicelessness of the major spheres of life (*i.e.*, marriage and vocation); the hierarchical educational system—all engender hidden resistances which remain suppressed as long as the authorities against whom they are directed remain firmly authoritative.

This, however, is not the case in much of India to-day. In the South, the traditional patterns of family life, belief, and authority have survived more fully. In the rest of India, authority to-day is not so severely hierarchical as it would have to be in order to command submission. It cannot be. Whatever its awkwardness in mood, it is deeply permeated by liberalism. Those at the very top of the universities can no longer be completely oligarchical, even when they behave oligarchically. They are inhibited psychologically and culturally from within, and hindered constitutionally from without. They are still hierarchical; but they are not so unchallengedly, and they are not in a position to suppress their student challengers. Indeed, they are sometimes actually afraid of them.

Authority, which—out of either principled liberalism, internal division, fear, or incompetence, or a mixture of all of these—is unable or unwilling to impose itself, appears to the Indian student as weak authority. A weak authority exercised by the hesitant, the divided, the corrupt, the derogated, and the unworthy is no curb on the rebelliousness in the heart of the Indian student. The hesitation of university and college authorities to respond to often legitimate student desires, and their sometimes cowardly alacrity to yield when threatened with open indiscipline, further discredit these authorities. The remoteness of this weak authority, its bureaucratic impersonality, its lack of conviction as to its own validity, do not satisfy the need of the Indian youth for a unitary, immediately present, integral, and morally pure authority. Where, as in the South, the authority of the older generation has retained some of its traditional qualities, and the youth has not been given the opportunity to escape from its ascendancy, indiscipline has not been so common as elsewhere in the country.

IT IS OFTEN SAID in India, by those who comment on the academic scene, that the present generation of college and university teachers are a poor lot. They are contrasted wholly unfavourably with the *gurus* of the past, who took their students to themselves, guided their lives, enveloped them wholly and securely in their authority, which was at once personal and transcendent. This disparagement expresses

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the inarticulate feelings of the Indian student about those who rule him.

Jesuit institutions in India are notoriously strictly governed, and they practically never have troubles with discipline. The selfless devotion of their ordained teachers does as much to establish their moral ascendancy as their swift repressiveness. The Indian student will respond positively to the stern and determined authority which knows its own mind and is morally self-confident. He will respond to solicitous authority of self-evident moral integrity. He will not accept authority which discredits itself by indifference, remoteness, uncertainty, and moral spottiness. That, unfortunately, appears to the Indian student—and not by any means incorrectly—to be the outlook of his teachers, their academic superiors, and the politicians who govern the country and mix in their affairs in the same style. Very few colleges are successful in implanting a sense of impersonal corporate loyalty in their students. The few which do—like St. Stephen's in Delhi, Elphinstone in Bombay, Madras Presidency and Christian Colleges, and some others—do so because of the selfless devotion and the obvious probity of their teaching staffs and senior administrators.

Sadhus without a Cause

INDIA, IN THE DEEPEST SENSE, is not a wholly modern society. The educated youth of India face difficulties in living in a modern society, corporately organised, within which the individual chooses friends and spouse and occupation or profession, and lives in a diversified network of personal and corporate relationships. The boring life of adulthood does not attract lively, tender-spirited youths anywhere in the world—even in Britain, where they settle down, in time, like nowhere else. In India, too, adolescence and youth resist the machinery which makes dull, tough adults out of soft youths—and in India, they come up to college and university earlier than in the West. The resistance is all the greater in Indian youths because the life of the householder—the second *asrama*—has been the most transformed in the partial modernisation of Indian society. That is not a stage which he wishes to enter, as R. K. Narayan has shown so often and so well in his affectionate books on Indian youth (and above all in *The Bachelor of Arts*). The path of the *sadhu* is still trodden by a few, but its traces beckon to many minds. The path of the resistant to British rule was a variant of the *sadhu's* path, and it was trodden by many and for a long time; in the decade from 1907 to 1917, of 186 persons arrested for revolutionary actions, 68 were students. Now that the British no longer rule, the same impulses still move in the young men, but without the great "cause" which justified their "self-sacrificial" withdrawal from routine preparation for a life of adult responsibility. (Indiscipline is much rarer —but not by any means unknown—in medical and technological colleges, which, unlike the arts and law faculties, draw young persons with a little more than average vocational aspiration and a little more confidence that their aspirations will find a place for realisation in a modern Indian social structure. Also important is the fact that classes are smaller, equipment is more adequate, and supervision is closer in these "professional schools.")

The college and the university are the first way-stations on the road to this modern world, so uninviting, so unrewarding, so unprotecting. They are encountered when the aspirations towards individual existence are in most tender embryo, when the fears of harshness and coldness are most timorous, and when resistance to the impositions of authority is most strenuous. A mind which cannot attach itself to intellectual objects, a libido which is prevented from attaching itself to sexual objects, a spirit which resents the burden of familial discipline and resists incorporation into modern impersonal adult institutions—what direction can it take except rebellion, blind, causeless rebellion?

The turbulence of the Indian student is not the product of the tradition of the Civil Disobedience movement in which Indian students played such a great part in the first years of the twenties, the thirties, and the forties of the present century. Rather, the reverse is true. The participation of the Indian student in the Civil Disobedience movement was a product of the disposition to refuse to be involved in the world of impersonal bureaucratic rule. It was a sort of truancy which manifested a deeper discomfiture. That discomfiture was the early product of India's movement from a primordial traditional condition into a modern large-scale civil order. It is against this that the Indian student is protesting; and the end of the protest is not in sight.

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Karl Jaspers

Our German Trouble

Some Critical (and Self-critical) Remarks of a German Philosopher

IF IT IS freedom and peace that we seek then we must meet on a ground of truth that is beyond all factions and standpoints, all our determinations and decisions. If it is free and truthful that we become then we return permanently to this common ground, for it is there that we remain linked together even when we are opponents. Truthfulness does not lie principally in content but rather in the form in which it is conceived, in the manner of its exhibition and discussion: in the intellectual style of reason. Such truthfulness ceases with the isolation of obstinate minds, or where there is spiritual blindness and mental deafness, where there is a breakdown of communication. This, alas, is to be observed daily.

Throughout the whole of the politically free world, our greatest danger is untruth. Of course, I do not mean to say that the so-called free world is really free to-day; faced with total domination it has no more than a privileged chance of becoming free, and it will only survive if it seizes this opportunity in real earnest. The idea of democracy, and its republican mode of government, threatens to disappear when popular institutions tend to become merely formal, and degenerate into instruments for manipulation by politicians and economic interests. Nor do I mean to suggest that the economics of the free world are quite satisfactory. Our contemporary economic order, still in an expanding phase, will surely have to alter fundamentally both its structure and its ethos, once this process of expansion touches the narrowing frontiers of our present global divisions.

To many this seems an insoluble problem. Temporary palliative measures—piece-meal planning, governmental interventions, special techniques of credit and finance—are serving "only to delay" the breakdown. Marxism anticipates unemployment and hunger, and nothing is to remain but a total, terroristic planned economy. As a protection against this, the dishonesty of thoughtless optimism offers no help at all, as if boom-days will go on and on, as if consumption can be infinitely raised. Such a process of production and consumption is beginning to run wild; it is no longer creating a world in which man can feel at home; it does not really allow for any real ownership of genuine things. Since 1945, after the almost complete destruction of Germany, this process was able (with the well-known efficiency and will-to-work of this people) to restore things as quickly and effectively as if nothing at all had happened.

But the basis for this kind of drive is human beings whose existence becomes absorbed in the spiral of production and consumption; with lives caught between pleasureless work and empty leisure, distinguished only by the prestige of ever new acquisitions. In demand are radios, television, automobiles, tourism, elegant clothes,

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social life, de luxe accommodations, etc. Everything must speedily change; a restless urge towards whatever is newest responds to the production-requirements of industry.

Still, analyses of the degeneration of democracy and its economic process are plentiful, and not a few writers have made the effort to stimulate countervailing forces in our freedom.

WE GERMANS in particular have still to achieve our own integrity as a prerequisite of our new liberty. In the Federal Republic, after complete catastrophe, the most astonishing results have been achieved by energy and efficiency. There have been the contributions of both German capital and labour, and the sound, responsible, and practical policies of the Government's economic authorities. There has been the foreign policy of the Chancellor, who has attained the relative sovereignty of the Federal Republic and has linked the nation with the West. The German *Wirtschaftswunder* and the establishment of a new State should not be underrated by spiteful criticism.

But is this achievement by itself enough? Isn't the essential thing still unaccomplished? Germany's pride and confidence have been deceptive. So it is that Germans, beginning to take a bit of thought after so much labour (and not a little forgetfulness), have now been asking: Where does our sense of dissatisfaction come from, this sense of deep untruthfulness? What is missing? What has been neglected?

The few brief examples I should like to offer are in the form of simple statements, but they should more properly be understood as questions:

1. Our political education has scarcely got under way, but it already seems to have been completely lost sight of amid electioneering propaganda. The very idea of democracy demands contact between statesmen and people; without this, democracy exists only as a form of conflict among political parties, dedicated to the manipulation of the vote. But a genuinely free people participates in the guiding ideals and conceptions of a society, contributes towards shaping their intellectual form, and grounds their stability in its continuously active involvement in decisions.

2. Truthfulness requires that a people have a general sense of the origins of the present German situation from the Hohenzollern Empire through the Weimar democracy to National Socialism. Only by means of a deliberate change in our political thinking will we be really able to begin again from the beginning, only by remembering what has happened. To-day there are young Germans who complain that in the schools instruction in history stops short at World War I; they are beginning to doubt the honesty of their elders. But even young people ought to be told about the past; parents ought not to wish to protect their children from terrible disclosures. Both truth and political education are the victims of our German amnesia.

3. We Germans in the West are no different from our fellow-countrymen in the East. Our political freedom is not of our own doing; their tyranny in the East is not their own fault. We in the West received freedom as a gift from the Conqueror; they had total domination superimposed. Both régimes have their basis in the will of occupying powers.

In the West, by the will of the victors, we have been given the opportunity of democracy, a democracy which did not emerge from some struggle for liberation; what was decreed for us at a time when we were simply a huddled mass of German survivors.

Does Germany yet know what freedom is? Political liberty was created by Europeans in struggle; Kant once referred to "the events in Holland and Switzerland, in England and America," as the "most important events in modern history." To-day we Germans are only enjoying the political fruits of these events. But can we become true democrats? Up till now ours is only a superficial relation to democracy; it is a mere form of government, and has little to do either with hearts or minds.

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4. Germany has not found its way to any kind of new political conception, and as a result our people are guided instead by fictions taken over from the past.

At one time we had a Prussian *Kleindeutschland*, Bismarck's State which, under the title of the "Second Empire," untruthfully linked itself with the first mediæval Empire. This State, erroneously called a "Zweites Reich," brought us neither political freedom nor enlightenment, but did result in a most astounding economic prosperity based on technological leadership, in a splendoured (if a-political) liberal attitude towards many things, in magnificent scientific achievements, and in an eclectic culture. A lustre surrounds the memory of this epoch. But its deceptiveness was early recognised by Nietzsche (and a few others), and it was finally voiced with great bitterness by the historian Theodor Mommsen in his moving "Political Testament." Is the Bismarckian State altogether a thing of the past? We continue to live in Germany as though it could once again become a reality. We allow the ghosts of the past to haunt our present scene; and they prevent us from understanding our real dangers and our true possibilities.

Our contemporary political nationalism is unfortunate, for what is urgently needed is the federation of all European States, large and small.

5. Both our two great German political parties are based on something fallacious and untruthful. One, founded on a theory of Marxism which it has long ago abandoned, has been in great confusion. The other party is no less so, calling itself Christian, although no political party could possibly be founded on Biblical religiosity.

If there were to be a growth of a genuine political self-education in Germany the two major parties would cease to be involved in *Weltanschauung*. They would remain republican and libertarian, but their quarrels would become a frank matter of politics and personality. The people would no longer be duped. There would cease to be a general dissatisfaction with the parties and their alien tentacular grip on public office. At election time we should lose the feeling of being forced to choose reluctantly between two evils. Opposition might become a factor of co-operation and responsibility. Political problems must emerge from the actual course of events, and not be fabricated to fit an electioneering strategy.

What a great prospect it would be if Germany's Social Democrats could continue to free themselves from the dogma of a Marxist *Weltanschauung*, if they could really face up to the world situation and associate themselves with a bi-partisan foreign policy, if they could bring themselves to accept in principle the economic policies which have made the *Wirtschaftswunder* possible, and if they could now, with all their passion for social justice, dedicate themselves—not in order to promote a struggle between classes which no longer exist—but to help resolve the real work-a-day problems of post-war Germany.

And if, too, on the other side, the German Conservatives could free themselves from any superficial thoughts of a restoration and shake loose from official confessional patronage, if they could come to respect the motives of socialist principles and plans for specific social-democratisation and still make the nation as a whole conscious that without the spiritual and intellectual traditions of Greek and Roman antiquity, and of the Bible, the very substance of our civilisation would cease to exist. . . .

CAN WE GERMANS, then, find a new will and idea for our new community? Can we confront ourselves truthfully and manage to distinguish between those ancestors who are to guide us and those who have contributed to ruin?

On the territory of the mediæval empire with its Germanic dialects and language, we have to-day not only Austria, the western Federal Republic and the eastern German Democratic Republic, but also Holland and Switzerland which, like Austria, succeeded by will and good fortune in avoiding being drawn into the Prussian *Kleindeutschland*. Historic Germany, with what we like to call

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die deutsche Substanz, has manifested itself politically in a variety of different forms.

Our deepest sense of what we are cannot become identified with the politics of a particular German state. What an historic discontinuity there has been! Germany moved from one catastrophe to another, and clearly what was once possible for Romans and (in more recent times) for Englishmen is not conceivable for Germans. Least of all can our consciousness be linked with the ephemeral Bismarckian State, whose spiritual, intellectual, political, and moral pretensions were so honoured by dishonest historians.

The quest for Germany must begin with its pre-political substance—with our language, our mind, our homeland. And it is out of these age-old original things that the specific tasks of government are set.

It may be that there is little future for the national state. People as a whole are becoming more and more a-political. But the political self-consciousness of the individual citizen is State-oriented, and his freedom is dependent on constitutional guarantees. To be a member of a state is a matter of politics, but not belonging to a people. The vitality of peoples may increase in our world, though they may still carry on a concentrated life in one spot. States are bound together territorially, peoples are not. Individual Englishmen, Chinese, Germans, Jews, etc., may in the course of generations even come to transform the bases of nations and states.

Our German trouble has been our failure to achieve any unifying a-political self-consciousness beside which the state might be considered as something separate and apart. Nor is there any hope—when Germans are basking in optimistic fictions tempered by bursts of stolid anxiety, when our people go on, thoughtlessly, improving their material living standards. I would prefer to find despair abroad in our land, at least in the form of the kind of anger and grim laughter which conceal a hidden love—because the object of the love they still bear within them seems to be lost. Our last century of history was a very questionable thing, but I am thinking of our historic background of a thousand years, and it is here that a new basis of truthfulness has to be found.

THERE ARE sceptics who are convinced that little that we know is true, and consider themselves realists, even pessimists, for in the last analysis they see nothing but tragedy and chaos and irrelevant utopianism. Theirs is the familiar thesis: This is how men are, and this is how they have always been, nor can they ever be any different.

If this is a discouraging view, it is neither demonstrable nor irrefutable. But it is by human decisions and not by mental abstractions that the course of life is determined. He whose hope is for human reason knows as well as the sceptics (and the realists and the pessimists) how much of the world is governed by the lie, but he also knows the magnetism of reasonableness.

Who knows the meaning of the universe, or where it is going? Perhaps it is only the purity of this not-knowing which makes possible that which we call truth or reason or the service of God.

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Three Poems by Alan Ross

DRIVING MIRROR

Asphalt through green, the road
Is open behind and ahead,
The car, too, cruising at fifty,
Dusk sifting the hedges
    And the sulphurous
Air subsiding, gone flat
In the musk that hits us,
    Cowparsley and mossroses,
Again sentient, nosing the verges.

Open country, known like a hand
Held often but rarely examined,
And in my reflector the view
Continuing behind, though new,
    Seen the other way round,
Disconcerting—a defiance of logic
That asserts we cannot be both
    Going and coming,
And must look one way at a time.

Villages at evergreen moorings,
Spatters of corn, and now the sky blurring
And deepening, so no more
Can be gained from the mirror.
    I switch on the radio,
Relax. But soon, closing up fast
Behind me, headlamps tearing
    My Indian-inked mirror,
A car I had given up for lost
Miles back in the traffic,
Dazzles and blinds. We resume the old frolic,
Two magnetised cars whose drivers,
Once at some lights, exchanged glances
    And were indestructably
Linked, though often obscured
By intruders or darkness,
    Or simply the recognition
That elusiveness, disappearance from view,

Were laws of the game.
I slow, and she does the same,
Her pale hair illuminated
By headlamps whose flames
    Bore at my back
And burn. I smile, while my foot
Depresses the pedal. At eighty
    I finally lose her,
Though her profile pursues like a tune.

There's nothing to look back for.
Ahead salt air, the great paw
Of black hills. A horn moon
In blue velvet whose softness
    Both warms and traps—
We share these still. Yet my eyes
Over and again stray to the mirror,
    Drawn by no image
Save recurrent blanks only I recognise.

MARK MY WORD

If letters spelled out on the page
Can conjure up the wanted image,
Then let all the others go,
The written wish will make it so,
The object undetected grow.

Hold the paper to the light.
In spaces where the echoes slurred,
A message that at first was blurred,
Resolves itself; the white
Areas now mark my word.

A STONE'S THROW

Choose a stone with a polish
As smooth on it as an olive,
Wrap it carefully in vineleaves,
Take aim and throw;
On whom it lands you will bestow
The indestructible flavour of yourself,
Which nothing will ever demolish
No matter how bitterly each grieves.

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Jacques Barzun

Romanticism Today

WHEN I FINISHED writing a book on the subject almost twenty years ago, little or no evidence was at hand to suggest that Romanticism had anything more to give. After the thorough debunking of the entire 19th century which we owed to the decades between world wars, it seemed reasonable to expect the end of Romantic diversification, to see emerging the outlines of a cultural consolidation akin in spirit to earlier classicisms.

But the second World War and its aftermath showed that Romanticism had still one more charge in its belly. The events and implications of armed conflict reawakened the deep and vivid emotions that a time of peace, wit, and satire tends to repress. The ideas attached to this re-birth of feeling naturally bore upon the fate of the individual and took the familiar form of a feud against society. Young and vigorous artists, with their clients and interpreters, quickly established as the mark of the sensitive a creed of total rebellion against western culture. The abstract, artificial hatred which is felt in war and which soon becomes real cruelty, informed these attacks on bourgeois life. One heard again the tones of romanticist anger, the scorn of Stendhal, Büchner, and Gautier; one was reminded of Julien Sorel, *Woyzeck*, and the Preface to *Mademoiselle de Maupin*.

At the same time the welfare state which arose out of the war brought into social existence still another wave of consumers desiring art—large numbers of people unfamiliar with the rebel tradition. Far from weary of the pleasures just brought within their reach, they were concerned chiefly to learn and to enjoy. For their sake mass journalism and public institutions turned cultural and educative. And inevitably, in this endless task of introducing and commenting on the classics any genuine cultural change was again postponed.

Yet the tendency of these two side-effects of war, the individualistic and the socialised, has proved to be not contradictory but harmonious and single: between them, unless I am much mistaken, it is ensuring the elimination not alone of Romanticist art and its sequels, but of all the high art of the last five centuries. The Romantic purpose, in other words, has come by the severest logic to end what it began, destroying in its last effort all the romantic and classical forms that took their rise in the Renaissance.

This final Romantic purpose I speak of has as yet no official name, though it is not entirely new. Trying to describe its beginnings in my book *The Energies of Art*, I ventured to call it "Abolitionism," to suggest its radical character: the revolutionary intention is no longer merely to shelve the past but to erase it, and by doing this to produce in man a wholly new consciousness—not a new outlook upon the old makings of life, but a life made of a new substance.

To effect the first part of this purpose, by declaring the past to be as wrong and absurd as the conventional present, the target aimed at in the latest critical theory is Art with a capital *A*. Art as such is to be destroyed. The abolitionist temper makes no distinction between, on the one hand, its hostility to past great works, and on the other its disgust with the uses to which all Art is being put in feeding the curiosity of the emancipated masses—through the incessant propaganda of museums and libraries, of mass-journalism and the cultural industries that produce discs and reproduce paintings, and of the educational institutions, naïve or fraudulent, that market the virtues of these commodities.

THE MOST lucid interpreter of this abolitionist philosophy is Mr. Harold Rosenberg, the art critic and champion of the so-called Action Painters. In their work Mr. Rosenberg sees the definitive break with tradition which earlier men fumbled, half achieved, or retreated

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from. The step forward consists in replacing the old artistic intention by an act—the act of painting without preconception or intent. What results is a simple meeting between the materials and the painter's "biography," thus abolishing the very idea of the "work of art." This act, substituted for Art, takes away from painting its æsthetic properties, the last remaining bit of meaning after earlier revolutionists had removed moral properties and intellectual properties. Our critic says:

> The big moment came when it was decided to paint... just To PAINT. The gesture on the canvas was a gesture of liberation, from Value—political, æsthetic, moral.[1]

Mr. Rosenberg rejoices in this quietus of Art and in this he is backed by the arti—that is, by the actioneers themselves. One stumbles over their proper title, but with respect. For their words and attitudes are not singular or whimsical, and in any case not negligible. One need not be a practitioner to see that "Artists" have painted themselves into a corner. There is nothing left for them to "say" in any manner that relies on mind. Every conceivable stance, all imaginable devices have been tried, combined, and parodied. The heedless prolongations into our century of the several Romantic styles, their dilution, overdevelopment, or self-conscious avoidance, have driven our most gifted men literally out of their minds and into the realm of gesture, where the most random is the truest.

Nor is this situation confined to the plastic arts. An experienced critic of new music, who is also a composer and a musicologist, Mr. Richard Goldman, supplies in a critique of Stravinsky's latest work a confirmation of the view that the arts have come to rest in a Grand Central Terminal. Speaking of Stravinsky's long search through the past for musical substance that might still be fertile, Mr. Goldman concedes

> the inevitability, in our anxious and history-conscious age, of the artistic ransacking of the past in search of a companionship that Mozart and Beethoven no longer provide. They are not only too big for us, on a different scale, but represent a different relation to civilisation.

And he considers the likelihood that "harmony is dead, that the composers of the 18th and 19th centuries have explored all the possibilities of what we have come to call traditional harmony, and that the composer to-day can add nothing to what they have left us." This relation of past to present, taken together with the enormous verbalism that goes with the slightest of new works, leads the critic to conclude:

> I fear that [like Webern who "so analysed music that only style remains"] enough like-minded activists on the periphery of art will succeed in analysing music out of existence.[2]

Mr. Goldman mentions in passing that Stravinsky may wind up exploring electronic music. The remark is a clue to the logical course dictated by the exhaustion of the past. It tells us of the abolitionists' second purpose, which is to develop a new consciousness, pure and unheard of. So far, the sounds of electronic music are meaningless, like the drippings and droppings of the abstract expressionist and action painters, like the words and images that the beat poets seek to capture with a tape-recorder during their mind-less monologues or in the trances of drug-taking. The search is for materials absolutely disinfected from Art and ideas. Each kind of artist wants to come upon, overhear, or summon forth something that shall in no way be remembered literature, music, or painting. The suspension of intent is to preclude in the "act" any habitual choosing of the material or censoring of the sensibility. The aim is to flee from the previously actualised and also from the prescient foreshadowing. It is a sacrificial effort, a true anti-mental education.

THE SOCIAL and political model of this programme is obvious. It is the dream of total revolution: to start with a fresh slate, to discard even the ghost of an echo of the past. Undoubtedly the temper, if not the doctrine, of Marxist Leninism lies behind much of this energy to achieve a liberating blankness; and in this too one can see the ultimate intensification of the original Romanticist idea: Marx's abolitionism, based on Romantic premises,[3] leads logically to destroying any institution connected with the past. We thus arrive at the æsthetics of annihilation which best suit a century exasperated by two world wars and twenty abortive revolutions.

Yet precisely because this exasperation is now magnified by the awareness of recurrent disaster,

[1] Harold Rosenberg, *The Tradition of the New*. Horizon Press (New York, 1959), p. 30.
[2] *Musical Quarterly*, April, 1960.
[3] For the historical sequences supporting this view, see my *Darwin, Marx, Wagner* (Anchor Books, New York, 1958).

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a distinction has to be made between the first Romantics' revolutionary animus and ours. Exasperation can be of the mind or of the senses or of both. The Romantics got rid of the burden of old art and old periwigs with senses fresh and eager for a world of experience which they knew existed just beyond the arbitrary barriers of classicism—physical nature, remote lands, barbaric centuries, the vocabulary of common words and feelings, the truths of private thought, the abysses of love, religion, and despair—in short, the varieties of experience as against the proprieties of reason and social life. Some romanticists did go on to explore the self with the aid of drugs, trances, and dreams, and they all systematically "worked" the materials and techniques of their arts. But by and large they enjoyed for their artistic purposes free access to great abundance. Their heroism lay in the struggle with society and with the riddle of the universe. But they did not have to strain for subject-matter, forms, or doctrines. They did not need to contrive a painting-machine to produce unexpected designs, like our contemporary Jean Tinguely; or to record factory noises as the makings of music, like the composers of *musique concrète*. Nor did they feel impelled to rely on chance motions, scattered points, or number systems as a means of avoiding the *déjà vu*, as do some of our poets and painters and serial composers. On the contrary, the first Romantics found a vast realm of sensation and imagination which the neglect or prohibitions of their predecessors had kept untouched—the realm which artists now agree is used up.

The Romantics, moreover, went forth on their adventures with an expressive purpose that was by turns or together: moral, social, political, psychological, and æsthetic. They were working, for the sake of new institutions, at an improved definition of Man. For we must not forget the most important fact about the 19th century, which is that it immediately followed the 18th: that is to say, the Romantics were brought up in the Age of Reason and carried its faith and intellect forward. Our latest romantics are of necessity in a different case. They want to carry nothing forward, but to get rid of all their inherited æsthetic and intellectual lumber; they have no public hope, for they feel soiled and guilty from contact with any part of existing society. They want to strip bare and dig down to a hoped-for bedrock showing no trace of an earlier passage of man. This is what Mr. Allen Ginsberg means when he says that man himself is obsolete; this is what Samuel Beckett and others are trying to show us on a stage where no responses are predictable or congenial; this is what Mr. Henry Miller is explaining at length in works where visions of love and feasts of sexuality outrank and displace all other concerns; this is what Mr. Norman O. Brown theorises about in *Life Against Death*, which pronounces the doom of mankind unless we return to the indiscriminate self-gratification of the infant: Man is played out, an orgiastic mysticism is in the air, expressive of the search for a total renovation.

To SUCH SENSIBILITIES, it is clear, the old high Art since Petrarch and Giotto is a horror of childish contrivance and intellectual axe-grinding. The only acceptable art is the art of Unconsciousness, of Accident, of No-meaning. And hence in the majority of artists an obsessive preoccupation with those parts of experience that are forever neutral in themselves and that mean only what the intellect attaches to them by an act of will—sexuality, narcotic visions, or the bare sequences in a stream of images.

As I said a moment ago, the germs of this near-nihilism existed before the present generation of beat poets and of painters calling themselves Obsessionists or makers of *"art brut."* We find those germs in late French Symbolism (Ducasse, Laforgue, Jarry), in Marinetti's Futurism, in the German Expressionists, in the Surrealists, in Kafka who wanted his works destroyed, and in Paul Klee, who said: "I want to be as though newborn, knowing nothing, absolutely nothing of Europe." Indeed, the first collage was the first denial of Art. Yet here again one feels the difference between words and attitudes directed in the old way, as a criticism of life and a preparation for a new Art (of which these same critics were to be the makers) and the present mode of denunciation which is a calculated, intrepid striving for purposelessness.

At this point the disturbing thought occurs that these artist enemies of Art are moved not alone by nausea at the idea of the past, and not alone by fear and hatred of a society in the grip of science and machinery, but irresistibly also by the model of science itself. Proclaiming a universal purposelessness and seeking by experiment an unknown substratum which shall prove bedrock reality is the paradigm of science. It seems a further contradiction that men who vilify the age of machine industry conduct so

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many of their trials towards the new non-Art with devices born of that industry. The drugs of their trances (heroin, lysergic acid), the tools of their search (tape-recorders, electronic synthesisers), the forms of their rationalisation (number, algebraic logic) as well as their critical and advertising vocabulary[4] are none of them products of art or nature, all smell of the factory or the lab. And in this, I think, we must see not a concession or a convenience but a reenforcement of the desperate hostility to Art.

THE SPECTRE of our industrial world brings us to the second great influence tending towards the same Carthaginian end. On first considering the situation of our most advanced artists and their small numbers, it might be thought that their fury of destruction would be checked and reversed by the tremendous surge of desire for the arts which has agitated the societies of western Europe since 1945. Surely, in an age of such intense dissemination of "our priceless heritage," multiplied as it effectively is by mechanical means, it cannot perish at the hands of a few men, however exasperated. The people, considered by Romanticism the true seedbed of culture, seem to have regained their rights of possession; they will not soon let go this high art from which they were excluded until, precisely, the Romantics re-discovered their role as culture makers and enjoyers. Can we not trust their developing taste? Is it not, in any case, a noble extension of popular rights when the modern state gives its citizenry free access to the arts and encourages their study or practice? This, this at last, is sharing the wealth! Presumably, not only the Romanticists of the 1800s but also the Rationalists of the 1700s would approve, seeing in this diffusion the spread of light and the blessed outcome of the free popular education which they struggled to establish.

All this is true. Something like a cultural revolution has occurred in the West during the past thirty years, especially in the United States, where it seems a natural accompaniment of industrial democracy. Anywhere, it is as fully a consequence of the Romantic Revolution as the nihilism just described. And to the extent that this dalliance with art brings our increasingly leisured working population pleasure or even simple distraction from care and boredom, the change is matter for rejoicing.

But there is another aspect to these same facts. That most artists and our best critics express indifference or scorn at sight of the popularising of Art cannot be attributed entirely to professional envy or habitual discontent. The most radical naturally resent the confusion delaying the advent of non-art. But when those who are not abolitionists also distrust the cultural boom, we ask why. The answer is simple: feeling the old attachment to high Art, they see in the very abundance and availability of the democratised arts the causes of a prompt dissolution.

AND THEY ARE RIGHT. The powerful devices of mechanical reproduction and high pressure distribution to which we owe the cultural "awakening" necessarily distort and thus destroy. All the new media make arbitrary demands on the materials fed through them. And because the public to be served is large and failure costly, it is important that the product suit—hence the endless cutting and adapting, re-working and diluting, which end in travesty.[5] The films of *Hamlet*, *Wuthering Heights*, or *David Copperfield* are obvious examples of one kind of demolition. There are subtler ones. To see the works of the Impressionists twisted into backgrounds for advertising perfume; to hear the melodies of Bach, Mozart, Berlioz, and Chopin re-handled by Tin Pan Alley; to listen to absent-minded hacks giving the lowdown on high art, not solely in blurbs for books and discs, in mass media, or over the air, but also on the walls of museums and in the glass cases of propagandistic libraries—all this is destructive in the same measure that it is communicative. The very bulk of the output kills appetite. Symphonies in bars and cabs, classical drama on television any day of the week, highbrow paperbacks in mountainous profusion (easier to buy than to read), "art seminars in the home," capsule

[4] By way of example, the composer John Cage, who uses random points on paper to assure his music the desired "indeterminacy," calls the resulting text not a score but a "graph." In this kind of pseudo-scientific usage he is at one with the majority of 20th-century artists.

[5] A crude understanding of "the greatest good of the greatest number" haunts all the purveyors of these expensive cultural goods. We have recently had the spectacle of a well-endowed and well-patronised museum of 20th-century art which so bedevilled its director with anxieties about the public "approval" of the collection that he gave up his job. He resigned on finding that the trustees had hired a polling agency to ascertain whether the unabating flood of visitors "really liked" what they saw.

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operas, "Chopin by Starlight," "The Sound of Wagner," "The Best of World Literature:" this cornucopia thrust at the inexperienced and pouring out its contents over us all deadens attention and keeps taste still-born, like any form of gross feeding. Too much art in too many places means art robbed of its right associations, its exact forms, its concentrated power. We are grateful for the comprehensive repertoire which modern industry for the first time puts within our reach, but we turn sick at the aggressive temptation, like the novice in the sweetshop.

Even the otherwise commendable Do-it-yourself movement, represented by the Sunday painter and the Friday evening singer or player, contributes to the dissipation of the artistic tradition: high art was not made for these uses. In its own time, its receivers fed on a scarcer diet, and their sense of style was adjusted to their sense of scale, as measured by the drawing-room, the theatre, the market-place. Now that a whisper can resound mechanically over a multitude and a string quartet fill a stadium, forms and ideas are reduced to indistinctness. Any given art tends to become a homogeneous substance, its great works losing in their repetition the character of events.

One observes this not as an occasion for reproach but as a reminder that the masterpieces of high art since the Renaissance possess three characteristics that nothing in modern life or in the education of the new consumers prepares them to receive and cherish. The art with a capital *A*, which is being repudiated as well as popularised, is an art of discourse, that is, full of ideas; it embodies and evokes the strongest emotions, rather than purveys immediate pleasure; and it is highly organised æsthetically. Now what characterises the contemporary taste in art, whether Classic, Romantic, or Modern? It is the dislike and distrust of ideas, the substitution of sensation for strong emotion, and the taking refuge from æsthetic understanding in the intricacies of technique. Hence the inevitable distortion of what the larger public assimilates.

THESE PREFERENCES of to-day are of course legitimate. They explain why for thirty years the smaller public, knowing or naïve, has swallowed without resistance every innovation of contemporary art. The former philistines have learned their lesson well and managed to see in the new whatever seemed congenial to the yearning for privacy. And the New has branches to suit all tastes: there is the plain New for the brisk vanguardians, the Near-New for the faltering, the Old-New for the laggards. A little ahead and in a seasonable haze stands the New-New, from which at times, by a tremendous effort, particles of the New-New-New detach themselves, like a helium nucleus out of radio-active material. In all these can be enjoyed the absence of articulate thought, of high passion, and of the specific artistry of the last half-millennium.

But when these self-protective tendencies, bred in the best minds and soon unconsciously acquired by others, go to work upon the art of another time, they automatically twist it out of shape, suppress its meaning, reduce it to fragments, and finally eliminate what has been absorbed, till no one is left who instinctively knows what the whole is all about.

If one adds to this the recent and infinitely depressing political use of art by foreign offices and departments of State,[6] and goes on to note the growing demand for government support of contemporary art in countries that had so far escaped that burden, one is ready to conclude that the western world faces a period of permeation by broken-down, low-calorie art that can only range all sensible people in the anti-Art party. The Romantic worship of art, having lost its purpose, heads towards self-extinction. The nations of the West now resemble those tribes that eat their gods to get the good there is in them.

If this is so, we are at one of those turning points that are so difficult to believe in, because on the surface many continuities seem to assure the future of the tradition. Underneath there is emptiness—what Blake saw and said at the end of the 18th century:

The sound is forced, the notes are few.

There can be a great deal of sound and but few notes.

TO SAY THIS is not to condemn the age, but to discern its fate. There are moments in history, as Burke late in life observed of the French Revolution, when the tide sets so universally in one direction that the spectacle is like the hand of Providence at work. A man—or even mind itself—would be time's fool to say

[6] As late as 1937 this abuse was confined to the dictatorships. See my notes on the Paris Fair of that year in *Of Human Freedom* (1939).

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anything but that the outcome bears the seal of necessity. And just as intellect should refrain from passing judgment, so should the moral sense and the intimate emotions. There is nothing to reprove and nothing to bewail. One might prefer to have been born in an age when creation was abundant and its enthusiasm contagious. It is a flattering self-indulgence to wish so. But one should always doubt whether at the time one would have found that creation genuine and that enthusiasm healthy. One might, with many others, have regarded the new work as the end of all agreeableness and reason; and what is even harder to concede and yet is true, one might have been right so far as the available evidence went. An age is always too crowded for seeing in it the few things that are by definition unique. One sees chiefly the cloud of dust around them, or one does not know where to look for them, or one sees them in a de-naturing light which later, suddenly and mysteriously, will go out. The Gettysburgs and Waterloos are but a vast confusion; it is largely accident when to any apt witness the field of carnage appears as the park commissioner will preserve it for posterity.

An example of the difficulty in its various stages is the curious uncertainty of the present time about the cultural work done in the first decade-and-a-half of this century—fifty years ago. One of the men close to that work, Blaise Cendrars, says "Cubism has disintegrated." Denying this categorically, a more recent observer, Mr. John Golding, calls Cubism "the most complete and radical artistic revolution since the Renaissance."[7] This and the proposition that Cubism was not a fantasy but a new and exact realism still seem paradoxes; yet having thought much on the subject and tested my reflections in numerous ways, I find myself in agreement with Mr. Golding. I go further and think it demonstrable that Cubism and its allies in the other arts represent the sought-for break with Romanticism. On this account Cubism (using the term inclusively and not just for painting) is still the most important and productive, as it is certainly the purest and strongest, of all the movements of this century.

Cubism broke with the Romantic tradition by breaking with the method of Symbolism and Impressionism, which were then the latest, and seemed the last, flowering of the old tree. Cubism changed the direction of thought and emotion by subordinating what is individual and subtle to a new desire for structure and solids. Concerned with space and time, Cubism caught and fixed the new perceptions arising from changes in man's command over space and time. And these perceptions it managed not merely to render but to organise. Intellectually, the new art was not regressive but contemporary; it was in tune—knowingly or not—with the characteristic facts of the new century: the work of Planck and Einstein, the Eiffel Tower and the *Galerie des Machines*, motion pictures and Blériot flying the English Channel, the rehabilitation of the Will by DeVries and Nietzsche, Bergson and William James—the will which vindicated the artist and his ways by brushing aside determinism and supplying a principle of control in the complexity of altered sensations. Independently, the arts responded to the vision of a vast simultaneity of elements—ideas, sights, feelings, memories, colours, planes of existence—which it was obviously the business of the artist to reduce to memorable order.

Logically, architecture was the first to succeed in this task; its materials and specifications were so clearly *given*, and its function, as always, fitted it best to express the social as against the individual reality. Railroad architecture had begun to show what could be done in the mode of simplicity to accommodate the emergent masses in their anonymous blurring of individual outlines. In keeping with this model Cubism was abstract and dense and (in the vogue word) dynamic. It was an art of masses in the technical sense, that is, of objects and of mind working upon objects. By 1912 the vagrant line and vaporous air of Impressionism and Symbolism—Verlaine's beloved *"nuance"*—were finally The Past. The new exploration was no longer of the self, its dreams or its drugged senses, but of the world and the fresh sense of its multiplying parts. The vulgarity of the world when taken analytically had alienated the Symbolists and had turned them inward upon themselves; but this vulgarity disappeared when the shape of the world was abstracted from the particulars: it makes no difference in the *Nude Descending the Staircase* whether the "person" in it is beautiful or ugly, moral or immoral, illiterate or learned, male or female. The painting itself, the art which it exemplifies, makes beauty and truth out of all possible cases or guesses at the actual fact by a synthesis which is the collective reality.

This is so radically at odds with the "art of

[7] *Cubism* (New York, 1959), p. 15.

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comment" which returned to favour, for emotionally understandable reasons, after the massacre of 1914–18, that Cubism has not yet made its full revelation. Yet many have felt unease at our inability to give up the Symbolist art of analysis and nuance. This was certainly in Gide's mind when he wrote in 1943:

> I cannot believe that the art of the future will delight in affectation, subtlety, and complication.

More recently a number of books on the Cubist period have tried, with an envious kind of wonder, to discover what impulse moved the strange decade before 1914. No one so far has plucked the secret. This may come when the contemporaries are gone, together with the deserters, exploiters, and muddlers.

MEANTIME we remain face to face with our heroic activists, who are trying to break the spell, to finish with Romanticism by a last romantic act. Goethe's Faust perceived that to make a world "In the beginning was the deed." The deed is no less necessary to make an end, especially in an age like ours, in which naïveté combined with power would go on forever finding new layers of population to instruct in the meaning of Mona Lisa's smile while out of every million a few discovered and refined on Rimbaud and Mallarmé. The various "deeds" of our Obsessionist painters, sinister playwrights, and electronic musicians are at least interrupting that daisy chain. We see in the growing response to their work how right they are. The pleasure they give goes much deeper than that of being shocked, puzzled, and a little insulted. Rather, what the public is responding to is the promise of liberation, it is the idea of "Enough! Good-bye to all that." The *duty* towards art—to love it and understand it, to be independent, to side with the best, to catch allusions, to interpret myths, to remember names, titles, influences, versions, and principles, to refute error, to draw distinctions, to stay sensitive, to know it all, but also to be fine and avoid all that needs avoiding: the vulgar, the middle brow, the highbrow, and sometimes even the avant-garde—these infernal commandments of our religion of art become dead letters the moment there is no art to behold, no ideas, words, purposes, or principles to follow, but simply an event in somebody else's life, of which no special cognisance need be taken. To know this is like experiencing the relief that Henry James found even in the death of those best loved; it is the licence to practise a serene and silent atheism.

OUTSIDE THE FEELINGS, in the seamless fabric of history which suffers no discontinuity, the condition of our cultural affairs necessarily shows a different aspect. And the student of history, though unable to prophesy, is led by all he knows to believe that the most violent of endings have sequels. No Protestant Reformation, no French Revolution, endures as a pure thought or a live act for very long, and cultural acts and thoughts are liable to even more rapid mutation. What may we expect of the artistic abolitionism which has been gathering strength for a hundred years and has come forth as the indispensable act of the present moment? Quite apart from the transiency of all things, it seems to me a state of mind especially difficult to sustain. Assuming as I do that its heroes will not retreat, I see a peculiar difficulty in the scope of its denials. Their work is all denial. This is indeed the ground of the heroism and of our gratitude. But action that is wholly against must lead to inaction as soon as it is successful. Success means to create a blank, a void, an absence of oppressive things and intolerable memories. Suppose them abolished, what then? The void is not in itself a danger, for by the time it is reached life has changed, the new mind is taking shape and the open space inspires it like a fresh page. But to the makers of the void, who being men cannot help being purposive, the prospect of success must inevitably seem, if not a dead end, at least the outer edge of the known world.

OUR REALISATION OF THIS only heightens our respect and our confidence. The total repudiation of Art by our leading men coincides with the frittering away of high art through vulgarisation. What can this convergence mean except that the act of abolition will not be nullified by the persistence of old objects in the common memory? And if we are assured of this, then we may suppose the birth of a new consciousness neither far off nor unwelcome. Whatever the time, we have every reason now for believing our artists when they tell us that Art is dead. They are, as always, the best witnesses to our present position; we must echo them and defend them, just as we must second and encourage the acculturation of the eager newcomers to Art. We repeat after each, but not inconsistently: "Art is dead, long live the arts!"

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Melvin J. Lasky

Africa for Beginners

A Traveller's Notebook (II)

"One must be free in order to learn how to use one's powers freely and usefully. To be sure, the first attempts will be brutal, and will bring about a more painful and more dangerous state than the one that was.... However, one never ripens into reason except through one's own experiences, and one must be free in order to undergo them...."

KANT (*1793*)

ON TO GHANA from Nigeria, and the first impression, to hasty Western eyes, is that one has moved half-a-century forward, from, say, 1789 to 1848. But this surely is a difference which is important only on the old calendar: in our own days it gets worked away in the space of a very few years. The roads look better and things seem more settled in; Accra is a leap ahead of Lagos (and oh so eager to keep its lead). New planes are swarming on the runways—Comets, Boeings, Ilyushins—and there is a hint of Africa's "greatest international airport" serving a dreamy "Pan-African Airways." In this, and in so much else, there appears to be *ambition* here, and within the natural limits of tropical habits and traditional inexperience, much impressive drive and dynamism. No doubt about it, things are "on the move," and one worries for a moment a bit about our Nigerian friends, fumbling about nicely in the first year of their political take-off.

At the airport café, even before I could learn to say *"Osagyefo"* correctly, I heard what I must know—from a student, that it was about time that the Nigerians took a strong stand against the Sahara Bomb; from a journalist who had just returned from Moscow and Peking, that all Africa was taking its place in "the camp of peace and socialism"; from a smiling official who had come to meet us, that imperialists would still be welcomed and tolerated for a little while yet. At the airport kiosk I bought all the available newspapers and periodicals, including the *Ghanaian Times* (subtitled with the caption: THE PARTY IS SUPREME), the Accra *Evening News* (same caption plus the stop-press news that the paper was founded by Kwame Nkrumah, silhouetted black-and-white on a red mast-head), a copy each of the latest *New Times* and *International Affairs* from Moscow, and an assortment of pamphlets in the "Little Lenin Library." I was, before I quite knew it, in the thick of things.

The first part of M. J. Lasky's travel impressions, based on his recent two-month journey in Africa, appeared in the July ENCOUNTER.

No Laughing Matters

A DAY of nothing but misunderstandings. When would one learn that there are times and places when love is not love, colour is not colour, a word is not a word?

I went along to Legon where the university students had called a meeting. Guest-speaker in the jammed auditorium was the new U.S. Ambassador, who agreed to do what his predecessor had never ventured: talk politics in public. My impression was that it was all an unmitigated disaster. The American was fairly intelligent and even eloquent, but he was alone and helpless in this ideologised jungle. There were titters when he tried to present "our much misrepresented policy in the Congo." There

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were giggles when he took up "the over-sensationalised matter of the U-2." There were roars when he professed "sincere loyalty to the U.N." He fared no better, or so it seemed to me, when he touched upon China or Berlin or the Bomb or anything. Decibels of laughter went up all evening, and in my ears at least the noises were deriding, derisive, derisory. But no. Not so at all, I am told. I've missed the real point again: the point being first to understand the true meaning of a laugh. Was it a European laugh of scorn and dissent—or an African laugh of surprise and embarrassment? Was it a collective laugh of political militancy—or an idiosyncratic laugh of some private emotion?

Mrs. D. tells me of the day when she learned. She had just begun teaching African children in a small Accra school. On the first day she went through the roll-call and everybody tittered. On the second day, having spent hours the evening before almost mastering the difficult pronunciation of all the names, she was still faced with giggles from all sides. Finally, on the third day when the whole syllabification came trippingly off the tongue and there was still loud laughter, she burst out, "But why are you laughing now? What's wrong?" "But nothing is wrong, dear teacher," a young boy replied, "we're only laughing because—you got all our names right! . . ."

Could it be? I suppose it could. In Japan a smile is not a smile but an involuntary twitch of facial muscles. In India a nod of the head is neither a no nor a yes but a kind of full-stop punctuation. And in Africa a laugh is not a laugh? I wonder.

Towards midnight, at the hotel bar, the misunderstanding (if any) was even more outlandish. The Englishman at the stool and drink on my right appeared to be lost only in nostalgia. He kept muttering, "—and think of it! this city—this capital—built by my compatriots —all men of culture and gentility and civilisation! . . ." He left with a vague threat to show me in the morning. . . .

What he did show me in the morning were twelve gigantic and unbelievable dump-heaps. What he had meant to suggest the evening before was only his blank-eyed astonishment, as a doctor, that gentle and cultivated and civilised administrators of empire could have allowed a city to grow and thrive *"without main sewage!"* Dump Heap No. 12 was in the middle of what might have been the public square of Nima Village, on the outskirts of Accra. It was only a few steps from the mosque; the garbage was piled up twenty feet high. Goats were grazing at the summit and children were playing along the perimeter. Faint whiffs of steam and smoke were emanating, for somewhere in that decade-old density heat was making for flames. In the making too, no doubt, were dysentery and typhoid.

"It's all part of the legacy," the doctor said.

When the African drivers came with their trucks and steam-shovels, he gave them some cigarettes and chocolate, for it was Sunday and they would have to do all the levelling in their own time. I was standing on the wrong side of the wind and wincing visibly. "Make believe you're on a farm," the driver said, "and it's all right. . . ." By noon the refuse had all been cleared. What remained was a charcoal stump: all that was left of the tree which evidently once stood in the middle. "It will be a green and pleasant square again," the doctor said, "when we get those new village latrines built further on down the road. . . ." Before moving out with our convoy of garbage trucks, they disinfected the square, and just for good luck sprayed some of the stagnant pools near the new water pumps.

I laughed with the African drivers about the new telephone poles which had been implanted solidly in the middle of some of the suburban roads, and we joked about the Italian marble in the splendid garden of the new villa belonging to one of the Ministers. Several miles out of town the trucks unloaded, filling up some ravine between two old quarry holes. Somebody's large house was only a stone's throw away, and I could see the African family moving about, washing, working.

"Hadn't they objected?" I asked.

"No, they hadn't," the doctor said.

"Indifference?" I suggested.

"No, idealism," the doctor said.

Palaver

THE PASSION for education in Africa is of the deep emotional stuff which, in Europe, set people out to storm the Bastille. In one Nigerian town I found hundreds of parents furiously protesting in front of the schools because (for some complicated administrative reason) classes for the bright and eager little pupils had been suspended for the third consecutive day. Here in Chito, across the river Volta on the road to Togoland, Ghana's remark-

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able little "residential college" became inevitable when the villagers set up a road-block and demanded of a passing professor, frightened in his Ford, that here too there must be knowledge.

"What could I say? I made a few vague promises of special tuition and tried to explain the complications of post-primary education. No money. No buildings. But a few days later in Accra I found the message: SITE CLEARED. AWAITING PICKS AND SHOVELS.... So it began. They decided to help themselves. A land-owner donated a beautiful site with a commanding view. Everybody helped to clear away the brushwood. Terraces were excavated and a winding road cut up the hill. All the eight clans worked together, and water was brought by hundreds of buckets from the village stream two miles away. I remember an old chief carrying a huge bag of cement on his head—in front of him was his umbrella-bearer trying to keep the hot sun off both of them as they stumbled upwards...."

I found now a half-dozen simple, efficient, cement-block buildings; I lunched in their canteen and browsed in the library. The thirty or forty students are housed in bare little châlets: one girl identified herself as "a trade-unionist" and one young man explained that he took leave from his prosperous, small stone-mason's shop in order "to better" himself. They all slept on wooden boards without mattresses. Of course they disliked the discomfort; of course it would have been more sensible to bring along their marvellously-matted straw pads. But, as I was told firmly, a modern school means proper modern beds. Their own straw mats would only be the distressing symbol of "the bush," and couldn't they ever get away from that?

We sat around in the common-room and conducted a painfully formal discussion about "the great issues of the day." They asked me what I thought of Imperialism. I asked them what they meant by Imperialism. One said: Foreign firms. I asked him whether he approved. He said he did and that Ghana hadn't enough of them. Another said they were bad because they made profits. A third said they should make some profit, but the rest should be given to students for scholarships. They were given assurances by an American present (who happened to be a New York financial writer) that "modern business enterprise" does work that way, and they were pleased. When I made it clear to them that he was an editor of the *Wall Street Journal*, they seemed to be unalarmed, but when I asked whether any of them had ever heard of "Wall Street" it turned out that none of them had. For most of them were fresh out of the tribes. They were from the Ewes, Ashantis, Fantis, Nzimas, and Akims; they spoke Twi, Fanti, and Ga. I took the liberty of asking them what their religions were and called for a show of hands. There were 15 Presbyterians, 5 Methodists, 4 Catholics, 2 Anglicans, and a Muslim. I didn't dare ask about "paganism," the questionable word out of 19th-century missionary vocabularies; but I did try "animism," and enquired how many really believed in a kind of "combined religion" between their formal Christian faiths and the traditions of their ancestors. All agreed (except for two of the Catholics) that the "combination" was a truer statement of their real beliefs.

I gave of my best for two hours on the subjects of politics, economics, and culture, and asked only in return that they sing some songs for me, for nowhere yet had I heard African music. One sang an Ewe work-song. A second began with an Ashanti war-song, and his tribesmen quickly brought out drums from somewhere and went on reinforcing his pæan to the splendours of human courage. A third explained that he had quite forgotten the old songs that his mother had taught him but he would offer a "new song." It seemed to be a delicate and charming thing, and when I asked for a translation it appeared that it was all about a beautiful young girl who becomes pregnant and is about to leave school in order to have an abortion, but after speaking to her mother decides to go on with her education. I was elated with his "new song" and asked whether (oh, literal sociological Westerner!) it truly reflected "new realities." He hesitated shyly and then said, "But I only know about such things from the song...."

IN THE VILLAGE we sat around for a while with the council of elders who were squatting on their stone places, propping themselves up against the tree trunks, but they brought a chair for me. Paul had to take his place to the left of the chief for he had been designated "son of the chief" for his pioneering of post-primary education in Chito. We drank palm-wine and laughed at odd bits of humour and gaucherie. Then the chief began belabouring his Danish "son." He had run away, deserted the village, and things were no longer going properly

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forward. Poor Paul! his wife had given birth to twins, and he had to move to the big city.

No, said the chief, "things now are lagging behind and we are saddened that you are no longer here to help us. We have built a college, but we no longer seem to be able to send our own youngsters up there to the hill. We are sinking back...." There was a tense, but not unfriendly, silence, and Paul had to reply.

"Remember our many talks in this very place when I was here." They all did.

"Remember all the plans we had? What is it that you wanted most?" They all replied, almost in chanted unison, a Water-Supply!

"And what next?" Then electricity for electric lights!

"And after that?" After that a Secondary School! (And after that, caught up in the rhythmic enthusiasm, a few of the elders added: a new workshop, a farm station, the promise of a sugar factory...!)

"And what has happened to all our plans and hopes?" Well, muttered the chief, things are lagging behind.

"No," said Paul, "not *things* but *you* are lagging behind because you are doing nothing and it is all your fault." Our fault? What could we do?

"Have you protested to the regional authorities?—you have not! Have you sent a delegation to Accra asking for your rights?—no, you have not!" But should we do that?

"Yes, you should!" (Then the chief turned to a young man, in immaculate white shirt and shorts, who was the village schoolmaster and the local Party representative, and said, "Ben, make a note!") But we just don't understand all the delay.

"Precisely," said Paul, "tell that to the commissioners and the ministers. Tell them that you want engineers and that you'll supply the labour. Tell them that you have waited long enough for water and electricity and a new school." ("Ben, make some notes!") But dare we make all that trouble? Don't they really know that we are waiting?

"They may or they may not! Go ask! Did Nkrumah ask once for Ghana's freedom? He went to the British and asked and asked again!" ("Ben, are you making notes?")

Paul stopped his haranguing, and in a moment the palaver was over. I had seen Ben make no notes at all, but Paul's Western militancy was infectious. One of the elders, in a burst of eloquence, cried, "In Churchill's words, Give us the tools and we'll do the job!" And the chief embraced him, and embraced Paul too, and said, "Oh, how I like Talkatives! I used to be a Talkative too...." Ben, the schoolmaster and Party representative, still stood quiet and distant, and all the time had said nothing.

Conversations

A TRIBAL CHIEF: "You know, one shouldn't really put questions like that. Writers come from afar and either want to see in us some kind of modern political opposition (which we aren't), or try to picture us as some strange primitive sub-species of man. Here is a photograph in a new European book on Africa and see this faked snapshot of one of us eating a slaughtered sheep raw—and to think how nice we were to him at our millet festival last year!

"Has our authority been curbed? Let me say only that things have changed, and that we all have to have a new approach to a new society.... Of course there are some of us who will speak freely and frankly. Have you talked with J. B. Danquah? Oh, there's a man who says what is on his mind! But don't forget, he doesn't have a stool to look after.

"But we are all prepared to help, if we are *allowed* to help. Our people are already moving into troublous times. Some things are happening too fast, and foundations are slipping away. People are getting to live in different houses, people are coming to eat different things. Some change is good, but is uprooting good? Our educated class has, I am afraid, become too alienated from our traditional ways. They find only darkness and ignorance in everything that's old.... For myself and my people, I do believe that much should change. But here amongst us I would say that more good things have been swept away than evil things.

"What ought to change? Some of our death rites, which are too expensive nowadays. Some of our marriage customs, which have become so confounded by new laws and old habits. Some of our divorce procedures, and 'witchcraft grounds' are still recognised if there happens to be a fire in the shop or a crash of the lorry....

"No, I am not speaking out against 'witchcraft' because we have our own fetish priests and they are there to heal and cure, and they *do* heal and cure. That's not the case with quack fetishism, of which there's a lot here, but in Europe too.... You know, you ought to meet one of our so-called witch-doctors. I have a

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European friend, an anthropologist, and whenever she comes to visit us, she stays at the house of the witch-doctor. She sleeps there, and eats there, but all the rest of you move into the air-conditioned Ambassador Hotel in Accra. You know, she was the first white person who ever spent the night up on our Mount Volta! You would want to go? Oh no, I wouldn't let you! You see, that is our ancestral home. You might come back mad in the morning. You might return out of your mind, raving about our ghosts and spirits. . . ."

A Teacher in Kumasi: "So you have been told that Ashanti led a reactionary tribal backward-looking revolt against Nkrumah? What nonsense! The heart of the matter was our concern for regionalism. Centralisation is dangerous, especially so to individual liberties, and isn't that the way things have turned out? . . . To-day there is fear in Ashanti. Even here in Kumasi governmental candidates run unopposed. We have no idea whom they will arrest, or even why. No, of course we have no real notion of how many. The united opposition which was formed too late—after we had lost the violent constitutional struggle of 1955–56—and was never really welded together, well, it just doesn't know what an efficient Secretariat is. If we had one, why we'd know the names of everybody who'd been arrested and when. . . .

"So most of us have really given up politics and just look on. We're saddened that so much of the country's resources are being wasted. We take a keen interest in all-African affairs but are disturbed by some of our interference in other people's affairs. We're a little tired of rhetoric in Accra, and wish that 'African Unity' at least meant some useful functional integration along the western coast.

"I am not too optimistic about the future because we are caught, don't you see, in a vicious circle. With so much illiteracy in the country how can one expect the people to understand the issues? But then it's the Government which is in charge of education—and they will condition all minds to the 'principles of Nkrumaism.' . . . And not only the children. We've all become children of the State! Everybody's organised now—the workers, the farmers, the women, the youth. . . . My only real hope is for a small miracle with the next generation. Our young people deserve better, and maybe our students will lead the way. After all, we're teaching them how to agree and disagree, how to criticise the staff, how to protest about meals and other conditions, and even how to draw up a proper resolution for the Bulletin Board. To-day they were criticising Sharpville. One of these days they may even feel moved to dare something closer to home. . . ."

A Foreign Businessman: "What troubles me most is their chronic tendency to over-spend for prestige purposes. They long for all the modern devices, and they want imposing public buildings, ships, and planes, and everything. . . . Have you seen what's standing around at the airport—Herons, DC3's, Viscounts, Britannias, Vickers, Boeing 707's, and 6 new Ilyushins. Will they ever have the air traffic to bear it? But if the UAR has jets, so must Ghana! . . .

"I think they realise how much overseas capital they will need if there's to be a steady development. But outbursts of economic nationalism frighten investors away. And then don't forget there is a real threat of nationalisation, despite all the denials, because there is a dogmatic left-wing in the régime which thinks that way. They don't want to look at the hard realities: for example, the primitivism in the countryside and the need to get rid of the slow hand-hoe by making a big effort with small farm implements. No, they want to talk about high-sounding 'industrial development' and all they really mean is a few modest assembly plants. . . . Still, I'll go along with their ambitious Volta projects if the World Bank feels, as it apparently does, that it will move the country towards the 'take-off.' . . . If only some of these able chaps could speak their minds openly and frankly! The theory is that there is criticism within the Party, but actually it's all very monolithic, tempered at times by crises of bureaucratic bickering among the powerful Ministers. . . . What is soundest is the small project—a new road system or water supply—done without too much ballyhoo. With these kind of things Nkrumah can transform his little country, for he has enormous financial reserves. The danger is, as I say, that he will commit himself to 'Pan-Africa' to the point of personal bankruptcy. . . .

"Otherwise all the prospects are very fair. I find this to be a very good market and a good field for investments. Basically the whole West African economy is on sound foundations. I don't think for a minute there will be a 'disintegration,' as some white Cassandras warn. That's all nonsense, that bit about 'returning to

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the bush!' Of course they'll use us and abuse us, but there is ambition here and enthusiasm, and growing skill and a driving will to progress. They're going from a crawl to a run, and who can deny that they are moving faster than they ever did under us? . . ."

A Young Writer: "I'm getting a little tired of all our sentimentalism. But I suppose that goes with trying to make patriots out of all of us. Isn't all nationalism a little bit phoney? Have you seen those murals in our new Party headquarters building which depict our glorious past?[1] Must we have a glorious past? If we did then all well and good, but if we didn't why worry? To-day is here. That's problematical enough. . . .

"I have been out of Africa only once—on a trip to Russia and China. I liked the Chinese more. I don't know why. You may be right; maybe it was the unconscious colour business, but I found the Russians just too hypocritical. Nobody I ever met turned out to be an individual. They all talked to me straight out of *Pravda*. I got to know one girl very well, and we were real friends, I think. But once our conversation turned to politics, and I mentioned Hungary and she shouted *'Putsch!'* I asked her to spell it, but it was a word I came to know. So I kept on getting into arguments. They would talk to me so long and so loud about the 'Rape of Africa' that each time I would blurt out 'Hungary' and leave. I just couldn't stand all that bunk about 'self-determination.' No, I must say I liked the Chinese more, they're at least honest. . . .

"Oh, I don't know how we are ever going to keep a balanced head in all this. I saw you the other night at Legon when we were firing questions at the American Ambassador, but believe me the week before we fired as many at the Soviet Ambassador, with the only difference that he simply refused to answer a lot of them. . . . For me our 'positive neutrality' is a real thing, but I only hope that we will not be turning neutral against the West. A friend of mine was recently offered a university scholarship to Chicago. They refused to let him go with the crack, 'What do you expect to learn there?' So now he's being sent to Leipzig, that well-known centre of scholarship and learning. . . .

"But the West must learn not to be so superficial with us. A Westerner comes along and sees the references everywhere to Nkrumah as the *Osagyefo*, or 'Mighty Warrior,' and damns us as hopeless sycophants. But why shouldn't he be called by some traditional chieftain's name? Why should he go around carrying some absurd title like 'His Excellency'? It may seem to some of you like the 'cult of personality,' but I can tell you that our people, right down to the man in the bush, are no hero-worshippers at all! One of our ancient festivals—you can read it up in Rattray—even has one day which is devoted to abusing the chief! We know that those in authority are men like ourselves. . . .

"Then Americans come along and like their blood-brothers, the English missionaries, furrow their brows over West African polygamy. But Americans have many wives, don't they? The only difference is that we don't have them serially, one after the other, but parallelly, all at a time. . . .

"I don't mean to minimise the problems, and the uncertainties they really produce in us, despite a lot of our cocksureness. And it's not all *vis-à-vis* the Europeans. There's trouble when we meet with the French Africans—they look down on us, maybe because they are Muslims, maybe because they've been in Paris. At any rate, for them we are *les sauvages*, and it hurts. . . .

'What troubles me the most? Well, all of these things, taken together! What kind of a life are we leaving behind, and what are we headed into? Is that traditional 'day of abuse' enough to save us from terrible leadership problems in the days to come? Are the traditions we have had, with their mixture of good

[1] In the technicoloured series of wall paintings (by an artist named Sweeting, and dedicated "to Ina"), I noted (1) Kanaissa, 7th-century King of Ghana, feasting ten thousand subjects in the Palace; (2) a lovely dusky Queen of Sheba (chocolate brown and not Piero della Francesca's traditional vanilla); (3) a Negroid Aesop, "imparting the wisdom of Africa to the Greeks"; (4) an African "teaching Mathematics to the Greeks"; (5) an African teaching the Greeks the alphabet; (6) three Africans, among beakers and test-tubes, "originating the Science of Chemistry in the ancient Empire of Ghana"; (7) a portrait of Tyro (African secretary to Cicero), "originating shorthand-writing in 63 B.C."; (8) a portrait of an African, with an attractive bedside manner, over the caption: "The Science of Medicine was originated in the ancient Empire of Ghana." . . .

The style was, alas, related to nothing in African art, and was executed possibly in blind imitation of vaguely familiar Victorian murals.

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and bad, really enough to sustain us?[2] Who knows how much of the past we should hold on to, and how much of the future we should welcome? This is a new and different world, and I'm most troubled about exactly what it is that will keep us going in it. We want progress for the people. But what deep down will keep us devoted to this shiny new ideal? An Englishman is a Puritan, a German is a Prussian, a Frenchman is a Grand Patriot, and they all have built-in feelings and motives which have steadied them in their course for centuries. I wonder if any of us really wants military power or even personal aggrandisement. What are our proper rewards? We'll have to get going on all the do-goodism of the liberal West—schools and latrines and hospitals—but do we really have the inner drives for it? Maybe that's why so many Africans in politics will be demanding love and adulation—that may be our kind of reward. . . ."

A Foreign Technician: "Well, you may be right: the Africans are obviously being driven by urgencies and necessities which mean next to nothing to me. Still, I have been horrified to find that I cannot get around to doing the job I wanted so much to come and do here! I'm not upset by the inefficiency, but I am upset that nowadays they resist so much, that they hate to have to be told anything. I don't mind the wasteful spending any more, but I do mind that it is still all on shiny equipment and also never for trained persons to handle it all properly. . . . Most of the Russians will be having an even more difficult time. One of them the other day tried saying those fateful words, 'But you're doing all this wrong,' and that's something you just can't tell Africans these days!

[2] Foreign anthropologists tend (possibly out of objectivity, possibly out of sentimentalism) to be more confident about the viability of traditions. In one of her studies of Ghana, *Search for Security*, Dr. M. J. Field has written: ". . . The chief, like the other elders, was elected by his own kinsmen, but if the town disapproved of their choice they had to choose again. If, after due trial, a Chief or Elder was unsatisfactory, he was de-stooled. One of the commonest grounds of de-stoolment was the arrogation to himself by the chief of more personal authority than the electorate conceded. . . . The idea that Britain introduced democracy into West Africa is quite erroneous. On the contrary, Britain did much to destroy the indigenous democracy. Neither is the idea of an opposition a new one. Alongside every chief was a *mankrado* or *krontinhene* of whom it was said 'every *mankrado* is opposed to the chief.' . . ."

"I suppose I don't really blame them. They've propelled themselves into offices behind desks and there they lose their wonderful sense of people and personal relations. My own Ghanaian deputy treats our African staff in the most appalling way! I doubt whether any white imperialist could ever have done worse. . . . Nor did any white capitalist society go in for more irrational bursts of 'conspicuous consumption.' Even Veblen would be left gasping. Last week one of our departments simply doubled its budget—somebody high up discovered that his Nigerian counterpart had just imported some very new thingamajig, and in Accra's current rivalry with Lagos, we had to have one too, and immediately. . . . In another department I had been advising an inexpensive but quite adequate modernising programme, but, no, the Minister had to order a huge new plant. In a third, one of our men threatened to resign when somebody got the inspiration to abandon all black-and-white films and to do everything in colour. It's like Ghana Airways buying a Rocket Ship, he said. But they said, why not?—Ghana Airways does have thirteen jets. He insisted he would resign; and they conceded to him, but for how long? . . . I want so much to help and want so much to see that they get on successfully. But the saddest thing is that they just don't know what they don't know. . . ."

Two Ministers

They couldn't have been more different. The first was young and arrogant:

"Why do you want to talk to me? I don't have any time for academic discussions. The need is great, the time is short, and a job must be done. . . . All you want is to put the usual questions from the Western point of view. Well, let me tell you this. This isn't One-Man Rule, for our Leader consults with the people. Anyway, it's Party rule, even if one man is the most outstanding. And what do *you* have? Isn't England a party dictatorship with the Prime Minister exercising strong one-man rule? . . . No, we don't need any 'checks and balances.' Only big business wants those. No, we have no urge to put forward any 'individual points of view.' We have our discussion in the Party, and then we put the Nation first. . . . What kind of socialism do I believe in? I believe in African Socialism, and that's all I need to say. There's no point in holding an academic discussion. . . . Preventive detention? It was

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absolutely necessary! It was the only answer to the danger of violent overthrow of government. Look what *you* did when Western democracy was in danger—you dropped a bomb on Hiroshima! . . . Just stop worrying about us! Ours is a quest for Freedom and Justice, and we will find our way because we have the People with us! . . ."

I spent about an hour with him, during which time he seemed to be paying rather close attention to all the questions, answered them quickly and sharply, went on with his desk work (fingering his papers, signing a few documents, leafing through a number of ENCOUNTER and muttering about Schlesinger's nonsense about "heroic leadership"), received visitors (including an editor of an official Accra newspaper, who raced in and raced out breathlessly, and joined momentarily in the conversation about "a free press" with a curt but grandiloquent, "The need is great, the time is short, the job must be done!"), adjusted his tie and collar in front of the wall mirror, and most of the time had his feet American-style on the desk, only the feet were shoeless and bare which was, I thought, a better approach to informality than most office procedures I've encountered.

THE SECOND WAS elderly, dignified, and agreeably matter-of-fact.

"I don't really believe that our programme is over-ambitious. But we know we'll need considerable external help to put it through. We'll have to borrow some £50–80 millions for our new 5-Year-Plan if we want to do both Volta and everything essential, but you mustn't overlook that we simply have to do some things for political reasons. At the moment we're going ahead with a new cement factory, a paper mill, and a plant for making jute bags for our cocoa, and all of them should be self-financing in a few years. . . .

"The Eastern bloc? Yes, we will take aid from them, both technical and financial. After all, aren't they much more willing than the Western countries? Probably because they realise that we too are trying to build a socialist state. Not necessarily on the Eastern pattern, for we may evolve something unique in forms. But I do believe that as many things as possible should be State-owned and -operated. I find nothing wrong with that. State ownership of the means of production serves the common good. Private enterprise perpetuates the profit system. This is, I think, the sound economic approach. . . . Politics is another matter. It is true that for practical purposes we do have a one-party state. But did we impose ourselves on the people by a bloody revolution? Russia is something different. But if the Russians started training special agents for subversive activities here, that would be a turning-point. . . .

"I don't really believe that we have anything to learn from our Nigerian neighbours. Do you really consider that they have a strong government or even a national government? It is a weak coalition, and it will be a miracle if there isn't a break in the system in the next few years. We can learn something from economies that are being used for the People. Power cannot corrupt if it is being used for the benefit of the People. . . ."

We parted amicably in front of the Parliament building where he waited for his chauffeur to bring the ministerial Mercedes around to the door. When he left I copied the maxim on the marble pedestal of the bronze statue of Nkrumah, *viz.*: SEEK YE FIRST THE POLITICAL KINGDOM AND ALL OTHER THINGS SHALL BE ADDED UNTO IT.

A Letter

DEAR M.,—Another morning spent in the hotel lobby, for at dawn each day takes place my little drama of Room 310. The clerk ejects me, finally, irrevocably, irresistibly, and I sit on my bags until almost noon, desperate and derelict, until the manager succeeds in "finding something" and I move in again. Same room. Same drama every morning now for a week. If this is not desolating enough, try waiting around hungrily for the newspapers and whiling away an hour with the local *Times*, relieved only by the arrival of the *Ashanti Pioneer* which rounds out the misery. The *Pioneer* once voiced oppositional criticism but has been *"gleichgeschaltet"*; it is a daily bore now and even abstains from printing the interesting political news which is to be found elsewhere because the little man who sits in the censor's chair is over-sensitive. But this may be typical: what serial would an emasculated Ashanti paper, some of whose representatives were alleged to have been involved in a plot to assassinate President Nkrumah, amuse its readers with?—you'd never guess: a series on the Assassinations of Presidents, and this week everybody is following with bated breath Instalment IV, or how the rebels finally got Abraham Lincoln! . . .

The press of Lagos is no great shakes, but

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it is at least lively, critical, controversial. Here there is a dead or an increasingly deadening hand. The one still open spot is the *Daily Graphic*, owned by the Cecil King-*Daily Mirror* group in London and still British-managed here. It works under wraps but the wraps are golden: at 80,000 the *Graphic* circulation is double that of the Party's badly-written, badly-edited competition, and there is a handsome profit for shareholders. Do they want more? Hardly. They stay away from anything difficult, and in many independent circles there is great bitterness about the "betrayal" from London (or even "the West"): "gutless, mindless money-making—is that all you've got to offer?" so someone put it to me. Still, looked at from the other side, it is a moderating factor in the political picture; it doesn't run so much propaganda, offers an occasional escape from the incessant line, and now and then there is an item of some importance. I don't envy the editors who have to get on the daily tight-rope. True, you can listen to foreign news-broadcasts and one can subscribe to *The Times* or the Paris *Herald-Tribune* in order to follow events. But the party-controlled dailies, weekly, monthlies, drum out their message. The propaganda is far from being massive, and it will for some time be tempered by the vices of sloppiness, murky style, editorial stolidity. The same Russian story on a *Tass* man's nice impressions of Ghana was printed *twice* in one week. A hand-out is published from the Ghana Librarians revealing that the most sought-after book by borrowers over the year was—*Dr. Zhivago!* To be sure, the techniques and controls will improve in the next years. For now the newspapermen are unbelievably ill-trained and under-paid, and there are simply not enough men to go around; still, the indigenous tools for totalitarian control of opinion have been forged, and with these tools, I am afraid, they will get around ultimately to doing the job.[3]

A WORD ABOUT writers and intellectuals, for both seem to be linked in some way with the university college and this is the most substantial and important "open pocket" in the Ghana situation to-day. It is smaller than the college in Ibadan, but here as in Nigeria there is still an overwhelming majority of "expatriates" (mostly British, but a few others too) as faculty. The pale-faces, here as elsewhere (civil service, private business, army leadership), serve as a kind of mild negative check on positive measures of Party-Government co-ordination; at the college it is a bit more decisive because the institution, although government-subsidised, is still formally independent and touchily aware of it. For how long? Many appear to be rather unconcerned: the academic technicians, the oh-so-social set, the mediocrities. But I met many who are seriously worried about the Next Big Move. It would seem to be almost inevitable that the college be brought more "into line," into more co-operation with the socialist construction of the nation, into more "practical" and "positive" paths. If the commissars are shrewd, they should not have too much trouble. For one thing the situation is "objectively" with them; the university college, in its old-fashioned British patterns (Chaucer is taught, but no African languages or literature), does need reforms and all the liberal spirits will be too hard-pressed and conscience-stricken to demur. For another, few persons around have any real grasp of what they will be running up against. I met one evening with a group of university libertarians. Before I really knew what I was talking about I said that if I were a "Special Adviser to the Party," this is how I would proceed to do "the Job": I outlined a five-pronged attack (based on a few obvious things learned from *Unter den Linden*, Leipzig, Budapest, and both Moscow and New York City in the '30s), and several of the professors, I was alarmed to note, turned pale; evidently this is exactly what they were being disturbed about. The expansion

[3] This morning, under the by-line of Fenner Brockway, *The Ghanaian Times* publishes this: "Three years ago a friend in West Africa told me that he learned more in London about African events than he did in Accra.... That is not true to-day. The *Ghanaian Times* is full of news from all parts of the continent. To-day anyone who wishes to know what is happening... must read African papers rather than English."

This is generous and well-meaning, but absurd. Only the most fragmentary insight into "what is happening" can be gained from a reading of the African press, and nobody seemed more painfully aware of this than the intelligent African readers and writers I met; they were only bewildered by such misguided efforts to encourage them to believe that Africa, so far as the press was concerned, had already "overtaken the West."

Or is there method in some of the mumbo-jumbo? "GHANAIAN WOMEN TOLD TO GIRD UP THEIR LOINS. Hon. Kwaku Boateng, Minister of Information, has called on Ghanaian women to gird their loins and bring to light the qualities inherent in them to be able to move abreast with their men...." (Accra *Evening News*.)

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of the college into a university (and the new charter will constitute the new framework of control). The growth of party politics in the student body. Growing collaborationists among the faculty. Plans to invite academicians from Eastern Europe. New methods of appointment and administration. Etc., etc. If the operation is clumsy, there may be a kind of dramatic showdown, with a protest movement and some resignations. If this tragic turn of events does happen, who will remain to keep some spirit alive? . . .[4]

In general, I have the impression that things are really "on the move" here. Of course, silly things are being done and much is being wasted and emphases are often wrong; but that's life all over. This is a "populist" régime which wants to build and educate and rush forward into modernity and power. It is not without its idealism and accompanying starry-eyed enthusiasts; they may be 19th-century sentimentalists, but they are there. The "Volta Project" has been talked of for years (probably decades), but it is about to take-off, and I could not help being impressed by the roads in the Volta country, the new bridge across the river, the site plans, and the amazing artificial harbour at Tema, a half-hour down the coast from Accra. To be sure, there's a crack in the cement in the dry-dock, and how much capital has been tied up so long in this wearisome task; nevertheless, they want to make the grade, and they will, probably. They'll spray the cocoa and almost double the yield in some places. They'll cajole West and East to set up small factories, assembly plants, and the like. And when these things begin to pay off they'll have increasingly handsome reserves to play politics—inviting African leaders to "the centre," holding international conferences, printing the tens of thousands of brochures and leaflets which I saw going out of the Bureau of All-African affairs, intervening into neighbouring labour movements (and cabinet politics), and so forth.

There remains the question: is the model the Soviet one? Yes and no. The official theory is that Ghana's will be "a socialist economy," and inasmuch as their definition of socialism circles around concepts like "state control," "nationalisation," "ownership of the means of production," it is likely to be indistinguishable from Marxism-Leninism. To some extent a small group of politicians, a "power élite," are simply searching for means, methods, techniques. What better ways than the Soviet ones to organise a society for urgent specific goals? (Don't misunderstand me: there are, I am convinced, *better* ways, but they don't know them and nobody has as yet told them!) So the workers are organised in State Unions (or an *Arbeitsfront*), the youth in Builders' Brigades, the farmers in so-called co-operatives (really State Farms), the political community in a Single Party which is Supreme. (One Ghanaian said to me, "Don't trouble to work out the communist pattern—hasn't it occurred to you that it might be the fascist pattern? . . .") Almost everything, including the various charities (which are now, not unlike the *Winterhilfe*, a "Kwame Nkrumah Trust Fund"), have been co-ordinated, centralised, statified. Alone for this reason there is an increasing gravitation towards the East. If (*a priori*, or "subjectively") they did not want to establish a Soviet-like system, they would be proceeding to do so, for it is from the East that the techniques of Power and Organisation are being learned or copied. And for this reason the atmosphere of Russo-Chinese presence (with Czech and East-German trimmings) is important to them, and perhaps decisively advantageous to the Moscow-Peking axis. The experts from Leipzig are setting up a huge new printing plant, and I am sure that this will pay off not merely in terms of *how* things are printed but *what*. Nobody pretends to

[4] Since writing this I note a report in the (London) *Times*: "Accra, June 23.—About 500 students of the University College of Ghana were barred by police to-day from marching on President Nkrumah's official residence in protest against the possible dismissal of some lecturers. The college becomes a full university at the end of the present academic year, and it is believed that some appointments may be ended to pave the way for the change.

"Police stopped the students at the gates of the college. Some of the marchers carried placards reading *'We want academic freedom'* and *'We don't want politics in university.'* . . ." Among the other placards, according to *The Observer* (June 25): *"We want an independent university"* and *"No Russians —no Poles."*

An earlier *Times* dispatch (May 28) reported: "The Government of Ghana has abandoned its intention of cancelling the contracts of the entire academic and senior administrative staff of the University College of Ghana. . . . The incident illustrated with discomforting clarity the vagaries of the wind to which Ghanaian politics are exposed. It appears that the original proposal, which was put to President Nkrumah by Mr. Geoffrey Bing, the Attorney-General, was acted upon before anyone had a chance to consider it. . . ."

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know exactly how "suggestions" are made, nor to whom; but advice is in the air, and a word to the unwise may be sufficient.

IF THIS ADDS UP to a one-party state based upon national-socialism, it should still be added that Nkrumah is not Castro. There is still an opposition around: I talked with J. B. Danquah, who is irrepressible, and chatted with Joe Appiah, who speaks his mind. In many circles I found estrangement from the growing authoritarianism, hero-worship, centralisation, and Eastern-orientation. But unless there is some fantastic "ingathering of the tribes," I imagine the Nkrumaist state will prove solid. The opposition was first outsmarted, then dismantled; they failed to develop a popular programme or a popular leadership, and by now most of the younger oppositionists seem to have withdrawn into an "internal emigration." As far as the *Osagyefo* is concerned, moderation would appear to be the better part of militancy. Expropriation of foreign interests is evidently not the order of the day; and the recent purchase of the British gold mines was rather sensitively handled. Nkrumah has argued again and again, and probably most sincerely, that Western investment is needed and wanted (on his terms, of course), otherwise there may never be a "modern Ghana."[5] The Western component in the economy is substantial and could, with important consequences for policy, be enlarged. But I was told often: ***not*** if the techniques are the old-fashioned businessman's approach of looking for an extra per cent or two return on shares. The British, the Americans, and the West-Germans appear fairly wide-awake, and I will risk the old cliché about "a bold and imaginative policy." Given an "alliance for progress," there are profound things that could, with some daring and ingenuity, be accomplished here and elsewhere in Africa.

So far as I could see, there are no deeds yet and not even the proper noises.

J.B.

I HAD been told I would have difficulty finding the house, and I did; the little road leading from the main avenue was in fact closed off, as if the way to the old man, or his own way out, would thereby disappear. But there was ("there always is," the driver muttered meaningfully) the long way around.

So long as there was a broad, united national opposition, he was the leader of it, first as a Gold Coast nationalist against the British, then as a rebellious Ashanti chieftain against Nkrumah.

> *God's golden land,*
> *Our golden home,*
> *Arise! Arise! . . .*
> *Great is the glory that waits for thee,*
> *Golden of old, ever golden to be.*

He has been a poet, a playwright, a scholar (his London University Ph.D. thesis was on "The Moral End as Moral Excellence"), and in politics one of the nation's "founding fathers" (it was he who did the research in the British Museum in order to argue the case for calling the Gold Coast "Ghana").

> *I carried cocoa.*
> *and sold it . . .*

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[5] *Item:* "The Government has decided that nudity and other undesirable customary practices were outmoded and did not reflect the 'spirit and aspirations of modern Ghana.' The Government is therefore determined to uproot these practices, including lip-perforation and tribal markings. . . ."

Item: "Korle Lagoon—to all those who have seen it, the name symbolises all the dirt and filth of Accra. For that vast expanse of polluted water teems with mosquitoes and erupts the most abominable of smells. But soon its name will stand for all that is beautiful and pleasant in Accra. . . ."

Item: "Just by the Anglican Church, Adabraka, there is a foreign woman who is in the habit of beating her maid-servants, whilst beating them she keeps on screaming Black Monkey! Black Monkey! In view of the fact of the friendly attitude of the Ghana Government and Ghanaians to peoples of all countries and races, the shouting of Black Monkey does not foster friendly relations. . . .There are many monkeys of different colours in the world but decent people don't keep on screaming White Monkey, Yellow Monkey, or Black Monkey!"

Item: "Teenage girls now enjoy the liberty of attending night clubs and under the strong influence of alcohol they behave in the most promiscuous and embarrassing manner imaginable. In keeping with the low tastes of night clubs which admit them they will swill gin and guzzle beer in incredible quantity and at a fantastic rate. In addition, they smoke cigarettes faster than they would suck lozenges. The pity of it all is that some of our people take pleasure in rushing visitors to the country to such places where the sight of strangers excites the basest girls and excites the basest instincts. . . . The *Osagyefo* has called on the nation to make Ghana a 'Show Piece.' It is only men and women who are morally strong who can achieve this great and noble goal. Let us, therefore, wage a fierce war on moral degeneracy on the part of our young girls who would be the mothers of to-morrow's Ghana."

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I tried government,
and shared it...
I dyed my hair,
and stopped it;
I espied a truth,
and published it...
I stood up to the English,
and preferred them...
I saw life was a wicked thing,
and I loved it.

A remarkable man, and I would not be recording this about him if he had not said to me, "Write anything you please! . . . One thing about the political life of J. B. Danquah cannot be denied—it has always been conducted in public. I have never made a secret of the things I believe in, neither to friend nor foe. I won't start now.... And if I haven't been arrested until now, there are good reasons. Can't you understand—they are less afraid of *me* than of *you*. Afraid of International Opinion. That's what checks them...."

I can only hope that is true, for few things can be more unwelcome to the powers that be than the kind of radical dissidence which expresses itself (and with ringing Victorian phraseology) in doubts as to whether "we are really fit to govern ourselves" and fears that "we may be going back to darkness and barbarism...." The state of the nation had become a wicked thing, and he loves none of it. Education? The emphasis was all on quantity, not on quality, and "clerks nowadays can't even spell...." Economics? The cost of living keeps on rising, reckless spending of public money goes on unabated, and "why do we need an air force with jets when millions are still living in mud-huts, without water and electricity and practically unreachable by road?..." As for foreign affairs, he despaired over what he thought was a systematic anti-Western and pro-Eastern course, and "to think that it was I who defended Kwame Nkrumah before the Watson Commission's charges in 1948 that his real sympathies were in favour of some form of foreign communism!..."

There was, I suspected, still a bit of bewilderment over the defeat of the enlightened patrician leadership. "Somehow Kwame outfoxed us. We had raised the slogan: *Independence in the Shortest Possible Time*. He insisted on the slogan: *Independence Now!*... But tell me—is there any real difference between the two?"

I had to tell him that I was afraid there was.

"But what can be built soundly if there is only desperate demagogic haste? They say that the land belongs to the people, and they rush all our farmers into collectives where they will end up feeling like driven sheep! They say that they are running a constitutional government but they have forgotten, or never knew, what Paine once wisely said, 'A constitution is the property of a nation, and not of those who exercise the government.' When I tried the other day to speak with a high judge about the plight of our political prisoners, he said: 'Don't bother me with Habeas Corpus—why don't you go and have a personal chat with the *Osagyefo*?'... We don't know where we're going, but we're certainly on our way. Is it Switzerland in the Swamps that we must become overnight? A few miles from here, in Tema, in order to build the new town they bull-dozed the old town, and with it, of course, the people's sacred rock and sacred grove. The new houses are white and tedious, but even there ancient family traditions are returning.... When will they learn that power in a hurry disrupts, and absolute power in an absolute hurry disrupts absolutely...."

He told me a story, obviously with an analogical point. In 1844, when the British decided to resume power in the Gold Coast, they despatched presents to the King of Ashanti (including a gilt chair, a velvet robe, a candelabrum, a case of wax candles, and two cases of liqueur brandy). From Kumasi came the reply from the Asantahene: "I send you one small Tiger by my messenger...." Apparently (unless I wildly misunderstood) the day will come when the people will be sending small Tigers again.

At times in our long talk—when he would cry despairingly, "Are we then in the Balkans?"—I would wonder whether we were still in Africa. "Without vision, as was said in the Proverbs of Solomon, the people perish! Our people must not perish! *Floreat Ghana!*" But I would slowly be brought around again to a sense of the unique, ancient, and traditional land, when mention was made of neighbours and new allies—Guinea, Mali, Morocco.

"Who but they destroyed the Ghana Empire!"

"That was a long time ago, Dr. Danquah."

"Only 700 years ago! And who but Morocco destroyed the Songhay Empire and ruined the university of Timbuktu with all our scholars and books!..."

When I left him I felt that this must be disturbing him as deeply as those red, yellow, and green lights flashing out, day and night,

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KWAME NKRUMAH CIRCLE, just beyond the front door of his house.

Marx, Freud, and Other Witch-doctors

ONE hears much about Marx in Africa, but little about Freud. Can it be that Marxist analysis is relevant to the conditions and conflicts of the Dark Continent, and psycho-analysis completely inapplicable? Marxists have seized upon African millennial hopes but Freudians have apparently ignored African dreams. For dreams there are, with fears and anxieties and psychoses. No one thinks of these peoples any more as (in Lévy-Bruhl's phrase) "pre-logical" nor can they be really thought of as "pre-neurotic." When a distinguished doctor, who has spent a life-time of study in West Africa, was asked whether "primitive people have the same mental illnesses as ourselves," the reply was that "there are probably as many different kinds of healthy mentality among primitive peoples as there are among advanced peoples, and consequently as many types of mental illness." But if I read correctly her profound and brilliant book on the relations between witchcraft and psychotherapy,[6] Freud is either irrelevant to the peculiar turns of the African psyche or has been vaguely anticipated by the powerful and apparently successful *okomfo* at village shrines.

> The majority of those who come to the shrines complaining of sickness do not appear to have anything organically wrong, but they are in anxiety. They complain of palpitations, pains all over, headache, trembling, giddiness, and darkness in front of the eyes. The priest is quick to recognise these patients and comments, "There are troubles in your sickness," or "You are sick because you are keeping things in your head." Often he elicits confessions and fears by employing shock tactics. "What about a certain man? What about a certain woman? What about a certain quarrel?" If the patient looks genuinely blank he tries another tack, but if there is any hesitation or embarrassment, he presses the point until he has elicited either confession or specific anxiety. Adultery on the part of women is one of the commonest causes of palpitations and "pains all over." If the patient is reticent, he says, "Go away and come back when you ready to lay bare what is in your mind."

She offers no large conclusions ("all generalisations look foolish at the edges") about any new kind of "Afro-European psychiatry," but in her footnotes there are gentle reminders of how far Vienna on the Blue Danube is from her villages on the Black Volta. "Children's main grudge against their elders seems to be because of the much superior food which the latter eat.... In African societies, if a child resents the mother's relations with the father it is less likely to be because she sleeps with him than because she pampers him with food." And again: "In a region where snakes are not psycho-analysts' symbols but a cause of sudden and most unpleasant death, anyone who has a narrow escape from a snake comes to ask who sent it and why.... If a cocoa-farmer dreams of a snake in the grass it usually meanly exactly what we mean when we *speak* of a snake in the grass—treachery: the dreamer suspects a smooth-spoken neighbour of stealing his cocoa.... It is probable that in African dream symbolism a snake symbolises simply a sly, dangerous enemy...."

"Marx," then, would seem to be more relevant than "Freud."[7] Why is it that these new shrines, new in both age and character, are seething with vitality whereas all the ancient supernatural sanctions are moribund? Dr. Field's reply is that these remarkable institutions, which are apparently all privately-owned and profit-making, have sprung up "in response to a growing sense of insecurity which can be correlated with the expansion of the cocoa industry." Economic pressures are primary; political pressures associated with a triumphant nationalism appear less pertinent: "Rural people the world over—in Ghana no less than in England—know little and care less about any

[6] *Search for Security: An Ethno-Psychiatric Study of Rural Ghana*. By M. J. FIELD (Faber & Faber, 1960).

[7] Other scholars, other views.

Rev. Parrinder, in his *African Traditional Religion*, writes: "The snake is often connected with the ancestors and the underworld; sometimes it has the secret of sex...."

And Professor M. Fortes (in *The Web of Kinship Among the Tallensi*) observes: "A psycho-analyst might say that the Oedipus complex is apparently openly recognised in Tallensi culture. He would have to add that the Oedipus complex is built into their social organisation in such a way as to enable them to control it. The mystical ideas and ritual symbols in which the rivalry between successive generations is clothed form the cultural mechanism by which it is neutralised and made to serve socially useful ends...."

In Max Gluckman's *Custom and Conflict in Africa* there is the remark: "A man seeks companionship with other men, loves his sister, and sleeps with his wife."

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political upheaval short of military invasion or direct interference with their farms. Drought and blight concern them, but the birth of nations goes unnoticed. . . ."

I must confess that her insights are no less fascinating when they deal with the visible surface of life than when she sits in attendance at the shrines and makes clinical notes about patients and treatments. In my own catalogue of the inscriptions I had glimpsed on the mammy-wagons of West Africa, scrawled on the window-shields or painted on the tail-gates, I had copied the following mysterious mottoes, amusing proverbs, and strange epigraphs:

> *Some are crying and some are laughing. . . . Don't do any arithmetic. . . . Too good. . . . Life is war. . . . Say what you like. . . . Cry for life but not for things. . . . Two shadows. . . . Who knows? . . . All things are not alike. . . . Love is death. . . .*

Unsurprisingly enough, Dr. Field argues that in the choice of these inscriptions the lorry drivers unconsciously reveal their "dominant attitude, preoccupations, sentiments, and character-traits." After close-questioning of many drivers, she comes up with well-defined categories for the cryptic scribblings which include: (1) paranoid apprehension and boast; (2) financial anxiety; (3) adulation of financially generous kinsmen; (4) confidence in supernatural protection against enemies; and (5) miscellaneous ("simple gratification, meaningless verbiage, advertising, pious platitude, waggish quip," etc.). Thus the above selection reduces itself to the following meanings:

> "I am laughing because I have been able to buy a lorry, but other people are crying because they can't." . . . "If anyone knew what a lot of money I was making he would envy me." . . . "Things have gone well with me and I have a lorry." . . . "I fought to get this lorry." . . . "Whatever you say about me, I am not afraid, because my lorry is protected and you can't hurt it." . . . "Envious people are after nothing less than my life." . . . "I have an extra spirit, I am under supernatural protection." . . . "I don't know who can be trusted." . . . "I have been able to buy a lorry but most people couldn't." . . . If you love a woman and she doesn't love you it will kill you because you waste your money on her." . . .

I KNOW I shouldn't dare write anything about all this, but reading in the case-book of mental illnesses collected by Dr. Field brings forward a dimension of life which a passing observer may never even come to suspect. Here are her notes on the case ("fear-psychosis with hysterical features") of a young girl named Abena:

> One evening the patient and some women were eating their supper when the women made some disparaging remarks about the new *obosomfo* [priest]. The girl then said, "If his *obosom* [deity] has any power, let it show what it can do." They all then went to bed, the girl sharing a room with several younger children. About midnight the children ran out saying that Abena was dying and had been talking *basa-basa* [deliriously]. The parents found her naked, "mad," stiff and staring, unable to recognise anyone, see, hear, or speak. An uncle "smoked" her with medicated smoke without effect. They then hired a lorry and rushed her in the night to Amoma, a village with a Kramu medicine-man. He told them that she had insulted an *obosom* and was "caught." They then carried her to the new shrine where the *obosom* said he had indeed caught her and was about to kill her. They implored his forgiveness, which he granted in return for a sacrificial sheep. The patient became immediately well.
>
> I did not see the patient till several days after the episode. Her uncle (an ex-soldier) was the informant. He was a good witness. . . . The girl was a loutish, loud, loose-mouthed, unintelligent type and seemed to have thrown off her illness without any embarrassment.

Here is another case, this time of a literate and intelligent young man who had been the proud family scholar. He complained of feverish nightmares, and felt that his elder brother, who had always jealously hated him because he was a literate and tidily dressed, might kill him by sorcery, and that the African head-teacher under whom he worked was not only out to ruin his career but was likely to kill him by supernatural means. Death, he feared, was near, and many of his dreams involved funerals and mourning: in one the coffin was carried by "a literate at one end and an illiterate at the other." There was also a dream of a "Mohammedan coffin," which Dr. Field ascribes to fear of bad medicines usually purchased from Kramu (Moslem) medicine-men. "He said his mother wanted to put him under the protection of her *obosom*, but he thought the associated lotions and potions 'unhygienic' and that he might catch diseases from them. He then revealed a good deal of hypochondriasis engendered by school and training-college hygiene-lessons and by newspaper advertisements."

One day, a year after their first meeting, he appeared before Dr. Field's door, distraught, almost unrecognisable, pleading "Can't you help me? I think I am going mad." His dreams had lately become disorganised nightmares, and on

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questioning he confessed to tormenting fears and obsessive shame involving a seduction and venereal disease. He also revealed that he had been having visual and occasionally auditory hallucinations which he called "moving pictures."

> They moved slowly and silently across his field of vision from right to left. They looked either "fearful" or ridiculous, but always passed by without molesting him. There were such things as a man upside down, a man slowly changing into a dog, moving trees, lizards, antelopes, animals without heads, ferocious-looking wild beasts, and household articles such as cups and chairs. On one occasion as he sat relaxed in a chair a "man" suddenly appeared right in front of him with an open mouth out of which no sound came. After a few seconds the man disappeared. Sometimes he heard rough voices shouting, "Hoh! Hoh!" or ordering him about saying, "Come on, now!" but they never gave definite orders. . . .

(One imagines that the African Becketts, Ionescos, and Pinters, when they emerge, will have no lack of imagery; or even the Ingmar Bergmans. Among the "bad dreams" recorded in another case history are these: "A snake chases her. . . . She is in a graveyard jumping over the graves. . . . She finds herself dead and unable to move. . . . A strange European stands over her and tells her that her intestines are decayed. . . . She was weeding the cemetery. A coffin containing a corpse was there and something made her open the coffin and give food to the corpse. . . .")

ALL SHRINE PRIESTS rank as private practitioners of native medicine (licence to practise: several guineas a year), and Dr. Field calculates that there are at least ten thousand native practitioners in Ghana. According to her estimate, a popular hard-working shrine would deal with upwards of a hundred commonplace visits a day. An analysis of these humdrum cases throws light on "the troubles and desires of ordinary people": complaints of "not prospering"; routine thanks for a year's protection; unspecified illness; sick children; requests for the birth of a child; requests from pregnant women for safe delivery; thanks for the birth of a child; complaints of long childlessness; requests for protection (including chiefs fearing assassination); requests for help in new enterprises; marital problems (including requests for divorce); money urgently needed; complaints of impotence; drunkards requesting rescue; thanks for the death of an enemy; complaint of "seeing fire" (migraine?), etc., etc.

> I have many times heard people say that "one doesn't know his own soul" in contexts where this can fairly be translated "one doesn't know his own Unconscious, or unconscious motivation."

I have enquired after available pictures. Apparently there are none. Evidently photography is held to extract some modicum of "being," or virtue, out of the photographed object.

Towards a Manifesto

ALONG polemical day which began at the breakfast table when Kofi reprimanded me again for not consulting the astrological instructions in the morning press. For "Capricorn" in the *Ghanaian Times* there was this: "Fine opportunities are about you to expand, but it requires that your level of consciousness be raised proportionately." And in the Ashanti *Pioneer*: "Be sure to impress important people with your efficiency and ability to understand the most modern methods of operating. Be careful later in the day that you act circumspectly and safeguard your reputation. Talk little."

"Stalin was a very good thing, wasn't he?" Kofi said (and I was already trying my best to understand modern methods of operating). "If he hadn't been there, would Africa be independent to-day?"

"Then Hitler was also a very good thing," I added (raising my level of consciousness proportionately), "for without him India and South-East Asia probably wouldn't be free and independent."

"Yes," Kofi said, "Hitler too was a very good thing." (I decided to safeguard my reputation and to talk less.)

At the Press Club: many questions, no answers. Did I really think it was possible to move forward economically in any other way? Was it really possible to command loyalties and enthusiasm except with a militant party and an heroic leader? Who could be really sure that parliamentarianism could actually work? Mustn't social groups be pushed forcefully out of primitivism, or how else could they possibly be persuaded to move and change? A visiting American scholar insists: the pre-conditions for democracy have first to be achieved, and they

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are national integration and economic development. "For a whole generation after Washington and Jefferson, did the United States have a real national political opposition, and didn't the Americans find that 'alien and sedition laws' were necessary? . . ."

In the C.P.P. party-headquarters building, one of the organisation secretaries addresses me affably as "dear Comrade" and I smile knowingly at the stacks of political literature on his desk (M. Beer's *Social Struggles*, Lenin's *Two Tactics* and *State and Revolution*, Marx's *18th Brumaire*). He tells me that his guiding principles are "democratic centralism" and "My Welfare is Your Welfare," and that "Our Leader is our best teacher. . . . When you hear his name you are happy." He gives me a brochure entitled *A Portrait of the Osagyefo* by the Hon. Tawai Adamafio, the Party's general-secretary, in which I read the following (which, in 1961, is for rhythm, hyperbole, and sheer euphoria, unsurpassed by scarcely anything since 1941 in the Berlin of the *Führerprinzip* and 1951 in the Moscow of the "cult of personality"):

> There is not a single man, woman, or child in this country who would deny the fact that Kwame Nkrumah is a man of our heart and is a great man. But I wonder how many of us realise just how great a man he is. Those of us who have had the opportunity to visit foreign countries have been able to get first-hand experience of this. We have found that no matter where we travel, whether it be in Moscow, Tokyo, Peking, N.Y., London, or Melbourne, the name Ghana is synonymous with the name Kwame Nkrumah.
>
> To-day . . . to millions of people living both inside and outside the continent of Africa, Kwame Nkrumah is Africa and Africa is Kwame Nkrumah. When the question is asked: "What is going to happen to Africa?" it is to one man that everyone looks for the answer: Kwame Nkrumah. . . . To us, his people, Kwame Nkrumah is our father, Teacher, our brother, our friend, indeed, our very lives, for without him we would no doubt have existed, but we would not have lived; there would have been no hope of a cure for our sick souls, no taste of glorious victory after a life-time of suffering. What we owe him is greater even than the air we breathe, for he made us as surely as he made Ghana. . . .
>
> The tact and wisdom that Kwame Nkrumah displayed . . . left no doubt in anyone's mind that not only was he a great statesman and tactician, but also a genius. No matter what tricks they tried to pull against him, he always had the answer for them. He was invincible. . . . If you are lucky enough to work for the *Osagyefo*, it is like going to school again, for you learn something new every moment. . . . His charming personality and handsome looks cause havoc to the hearts of the opposite sex, both young and old, and before he married he used to joke that he was married to all the women of Ghana. In fact he is merely friendly with them. . . .[8]
>
> Perhaps Kwame Nkrumah has been born before his time. Maybe it will only be in the year 2060 that he will be really understood. Then people would read about his unbelievable achievements in the 1960's and marvel to themselves that such a man should live at such a time.

At one of the newspaper offices I ask about the recent difficulties with both Israel and Mauretania, and how it is that even the official statements of impulsive Ghanaian hostility had not yet been allowed publication in Accra. The foreign editor tries to explain that "some news is not really fit to print, and we would not want to publish anything that might reflect badly on other countries. . . ." I ask the editor-in-chief whether, in his opinion, there should be a Ghanaian newspaper which did not reflect Government or Party policy, and he replies: "I am not in a position to say."

Over lunch, a European barrister clarifies for me "the legality of Preventive Detention" with the formula: "Inasmuch as we couldn't obtain convictions through the normal courts and channels—you have no idea how inefficient police methods here are!—we just simply had to have a new law."

At the University College, a semi-academic adviser suggests that "only the academic intelligentsia" are not living up to the new responsibilities. "Our State commands the loyalties of our workers and farmers, our women and our youth, our journalists and even our old tribal chiefs. Why do these college professors insist on living in the past? They are the only ones who are still not moving with the times!" And a young British tutor added: "Some of my col-

[8] In an interesting passage in his *Autobiography* (1957), Nkrumah has written: "I have never wanted to become too entangled with a woman because I know that I would never be able to devote enough attention to her, that sooner or later whether she was married to me or not, she would begin to wander away from me. I was afraid, too, that if I allowed a woman to play too important a part in my life I would gradually lose sight of my goal. Few people have been able to understand this attitude of mine and I have been described by various people as a Don Juan, an impotent man, and even a eunuch! Those who know me, however, regard me as a very normal man with probably more than average self-discipline. . . ."

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leagues have been shouting hoary old slogans like 'academic freedom,' but who are we to set ourselves up as judges over what liberty is or truth? We must widen the academic range. We must encourage the political interests of the young. We must bring in teachers and scholars from Russia and Eastern Europe...."

At dinner, I am told that Westerners are even more superstitious than Africans. "What about forget-me-nots? or Friday the 13th? or walking under ladders? or why girls of sailors don't comb their hair? Sure, the libation is still poured in traditional African customs, but what about baptismal holy water or that champagne bottle at the launching of ships? Can it be that only your old rites are good and clean and civilised, and only our old rites are awful and primitive?"

In the Paradise Club, at a most surprising moment of the gaiety and enchantment, Krobo leans over to whisper to me, "I used to care very much for jazz. But I think now there's something degenerate about it. Probably the influence of American imperialism...."

Whereupon we all left, to argue it out in a last evening of discussion and debate. *Kofi:* "Your West can provide no model for us. We have seen the worst, and it is worse than we imagined. I don't care whether your coloured citizens have toilets or Cadillacs; whatever they have, they have no roots. They strike us as alienated strangers. They have no sense of rooted belongingness. In our worst poverty we are not so poor as all that...." *Jombe:* "Why measure life with ideological labels? Does anyone nowadays know the true meaning of Capitalism or Socialism or Comunism? Each of us can only stumble along, learning from experience...." *Krobo:* "No society ever reaches its ideals. Progress must be seen in decades, more often in a century. None of us can make quick judgments on policies and events in the short term...." *Cecilie:* "We must choose our friends in a camp which has faith in the future. I know where barbarians roam in a neon-lit jungle, and I know where there is hope in children and future generations...."

After all this, what forgiveness, or what hope for agreement and understanding? Yet by midnight, with the help of palm-wine and the coolness of a good strong fan, a small dissident and heretical group of us managed to form an effective faction and proceeded to draft theses for a new programme, nay, a Manifesto, which was calculated to baffle the East, convert the West, and rally men of all faiths to a true cause. If I make out the minutes of the meeting accurately, these are the truths we held to be self-evident on an argumentative, ideologised night in Ghana in the spring of 1961:

1. *Economic.* A dynamic, expanding, mixed economy, guaranteeing employment, welfare, and increasing prosperity for all citizens.

2. *Political.* A democratic and stable government, with checks and balances to ensure the civil liberties of criticism and opposition.

3. *Social.* A community without discrimination, without invidious distinctions of class, caste, and religion, and devoted to fostering both physical well-being and diversities of personality and conviction.

4. *Cultural.* A pluralistic society, in which idealistic or spiritual activities beyond work and material achievement—art, religion, literature, theatre, poetry, sports, leisure pastimes—are encouraged to flourish in a many-sided form and style.

5. *Ideology.* A passionate and dedicated world-consciousness, in which new personal links are being constantly renewed between nation and nation, race and race, religion and religion, towards a creative, libertarian, and humanistic sense of the brotherhood of man.

All this, eloquently announced in the moon-lit garden under a fig tree, we decided to call "The Theory of the Democratic Revolution," and for a moment when we were saying our good-byes it was as if we had said farewell to all our differences.

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Strong Smells and Polite Society

By Adrian Stokes

THERE ARE those who feel the essence of an object to be the smell: but for the æsthetic mood, the smell may be no more than a vulgar or improper fraction. I shall argue that persecution, hate and, indeed, the hate of him who smells it, are epitomised by an evil odour. Goats and sheep stink: rather than by their horns they rebut many of us in this way. On the positive side also a person's smell seems absolute: you may not eat him or her, but you possess the object by smell, probably the inside as well as outside. We do not eat at all if we have no mind to, but our noses are never shut on physical substance that comes to us as smell. We swallow smell whole, as it were, and in so doing we may become enveloped or possessed.

In saying so, naturally I take advantage of Dr. FitzHerbert's establishment of the association of milk and the nursing situation with the mother's smell, particularly from her armpit. Contrariwise, I suggest it to be feasible that the infant's use of projective identification is sometimes conducted through the medium of the object's smell or imagined smell which offers, perhaps with the help of a smell made by the infant himself, an absolute-seeming grip. A wider projectiveness characterises the ejection of strong-smelling fæces, sometimes in phantasy a good substance, sometimes bad, sometimes a present or an act of creation, sometimes an attack. But the theory of reaction-formation, it seems, does not concern itself with phantasies of bad smells, bad fæces, as well as good, from the beginning, in spite of the naming of a subsequent phase as anal-sadistic. It stands to reason that every positive attribute of original objects must also have a negative side. Much repression goes to work later in regard to positive attitudes to fæces: surely this will have been helped by the earlier feeling of persecution from a bad aspect of smell, that is, from persecutory phantasies with an olfactory attribute; from the strength, in fact, of our own hate. I presume that revulsion and persecution by smells, and aggression through smells, must have been present from very early days.

IT IS NOT generally observed that the smell of Madeira cake can be identical with the smell of cold roast chicken. We are little interested in the composite nature of smells, their parts and correspondences. We tend to think of each olfactory experience as unrelated, although our noses, deprived of much practice, preserve the capability for considerable analysis. Consequently, for this reason alone, there is no art of smell, since art depends upon an additive or balancing process between parts. To see or to hear is to observe details, dovetailing, whereas the sub-divisions of an odour are vapid. In contrast with the quality of perfected seeing, the apprehension of a body's odour suggests the enveloping impress of a part-object. We use the same verb, transitively or intransitively as the only change, whether we refer to ourselves as smelling or to our smelling of objects. Hearing, sight, touch were the conspicuous senses for learning to attribute to others, as to ourselves, independent or self-sufficing being. We shut our eyes to drink in deeply a profitable smell; we are blotting out the world of whole objects in favour of a world of permeation that blurs differences between ourselves and it.

THAT WAS the context for my turning to this subject some years ago.

There will be many reasons, other than impermanence, why taste and smell lack *direct* satisfaction in art. The one of possible interest here

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> may lie with the æsthetic stress on whole objects, with the repudiation of those sense-organs originally tied to part-object discrimination in a manner never sufficiently to be overthrown for æsthetic purposes. . . . I shall suggest that in art the mother must be re-created through the forms of the integrated ego-figure to which she already belongs as introjected objects. In the relationship to this æsthetic figure, and similarly in the earliest signs of our mature relations to the mother, tactile and kinæsthetic perceptions are, in my opinion, uppermost. Unlike taste and smell they afford sensations which can be enjoyed through vision, at a distance, as are the so-called tactile values in a painting.[1]

I instanced at that time the defiant repudiation of smell expressed by some Bohemian habits, and the meaninglessness of a statue soused with perfume. To argue that a scented statue would be "too life-like" for the purposes of art emphasises once again that odour spells contact rather than the contemplation from a certain distance of a self-sufficient object with which, nevertheless, we may have the proclivity to identify ourselves.

There is the expression: "It stinks to high heaven," meaning first, I think, that the essence of stink is the quality of boundlessness, boundless badness. Why to heaven? Perhaps because dog dirt in the street not only fills our universe but invades a traditional paradise that possesses no home-made stinks; the emitting substances have been changed for golden pavements. It follows that there is no marriage nor giving in marriage, more plainly, no contact between bodies who can see each other and perform celestial oratorio: they may not smell or be smelled. For, smell implies animal contact as we say; unlike touch, it suggests, from first breath to our last, this contact only, or else incorporation. We may profess ourselves to be notably adult, dissecting the smells of sweat, milk, fæces, and perfume scientifically, remarking their correspondences and chemical affinities: with none need we show pleasure or disgust. There is pleasure, however, in this power, considerable pleasure, in the lack of immediate involvement. Usually we have little chance to show detachment in a plain manner, but here is the opportunity for treating of a primary bounty and of an ultimate object of disgust with reserve yet without using many abstract terms. Scientific poignancy, more dramatic than is usual, results from the surviving nature of smell as an enveloping experience.

Of course, it would be hateful if things did not smell: they would not be real. The sense of actuality will always be supported by this evocation of our original objects. Please do not mistake me there. An unparalleled sense of renewal, as of nostalgia, can be latent in a chance smell. But, in the process of integration, we have learned that what is unspeakably good of this kind may swiftly pass into what is equally bad, just as parts of the milk are changed by digestion into fæces: and I am afraid that when we, at any rate, speak of smell, smell *tout court*, we imply a bad smell. I think we thereby express renunciation of the tyranny of a part-object, a tyranny that derives from the quality of obsession and from the alarming propensity of the good object to change into the bad. Since it remains so primitive there is no security in olfactory experience alone; we prefer in many contexts to enshrine the good object differently so that the issue of smell be not paramount at all times. We are helped in this by the fact that if we are long surrounded by strong smell, we cease very largely to notice it. Decay is more poignant to us when our noses become suddenly aware. All organic substances "go bad," reek. "To go bad" means in common parlance "to stink." Of course signs of decay may be visual, but such an impression would not by itself have a parallel with enveloping influence, tantamount at first impact to an oral influence, upon the observer. Should you want to know whether the butter is rancid, you will raise it gradually nearer to your nose. But even a smell from a distance may be no less close a contact: to phantasy, strength spells closeness. Smell enlarges hugely the confines of orality and often isolates the badness of a taste. We may suspect that the taste of fæces behind the smell would not be as bad as that smell. There is a sense in which any strong smell touches us closely, too closely; be it good or bad, our feelings, I believe, are very often, and markedly, ambivalent for this reason. The world has become too small, perhaps suffocating.

On the other hand the varied scents in the vast countryside are reassuring. Even so, the gloved lady bountiful in her rose garden is not a valid symbol of bliss. Those who dote on banks and beds of flowers, hideous as a rule visually, are unlikely to have much love of art. For the many intellectual states of envelopment, religious, political, philosophical, social, æsthetic, to which we are prone, I can think of no olfactory accompaniments as indispensable. (The needed scent of Schiller's apples is most exceptional.) Part of the virtue of incense, of joss sticks, of all forms or pretences of sacrifice, is that the smoke, the vapour, ascends to envelop the god as well as ourselves. Without such visual union the emanation of incense would be as vulgar as the whiffs of scented cinema on a wet night. (We may have in mind a visual enactment when visiting a still redolent Catholic church after a service.)

[1] *Greek Culture and the Ego* (1938).

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AN ENORMOUS psychological contrast between the biological functions, eating and evacuation, comes to mind: the one is literally the means of necessary incorporation, the other of the projection of un-needed by-products. Some would argue that since many forms of decay are poisonous or unhealthy, it is natural that the smells associated with them should be considered noxious. This awareness hugely reinforces, no doubt, but will not have initiated, phantasies of persecution by strong-smelling substances, phantasies that have been similarly and far more explicitly standardised by a training in cleanliness. What interests us now is the peg from which realisation of dirtiness depends. My contention has been that a persecutory, no less than a positive, attitude to all smells exists from near the start, and that, in so far as some of the positive attitudes—we are very conscious that much erotic interest persists strongly (as Dr. FitzHerbert in particular has shown[2])—are suppressed, this process will be helped by the fact that the negative attitudes are not suppressed, though they may be organised, redirected, by the amplifications of early training and by the cultural repudiation of decaying substances. I shall argue on the cultural side that the habits of our own polite society in regard to cleanliness demonstrate their connection with the earliest forms of badness and persecution, more clearly than do the habits in this respect of some primitive societies for whom there has been less repression of positive attitudes to bodily smells.

Both good and bad smells, then, are referred to the infant's phantasies concerning the good and bad breasts. I imagine that in the course of infant training or any need for cleanliness, fæces tend to become the very representative of a strong, negative smell; that the pinching out and ejection of fæces and the squeezing out of urine likewise become, whatever positive factors remain, representatives of negative projection. It may well be that a link between the first form of projection and of defæcation is reinforced thus. Though in the processes of defence we have needed ceaselessly to incorporate the bad object and to project the good as part of the endless projection-introjection series, it is obvious that the primary programme will have been to incorporate the good object and to expel the bad, originally (according to Melanie Klein), the destroying power within the organism of the death instinct. Projection, of course, implies an object on whom it is made. We do not mind our own smells and products. They become immensely bad only when subject, or potentially subject, to the observation of another on whom I consider that they have been projected.

REMARK THE WORDS: stink, smell, stench, taint, rank, stoat; also, musty, fusty, nasty, putrid. These are explosive sounds in the first syllables or monosyllables, that suggest somewhat a projection of substance from a narrow passage, perhaps equated with the narrow passage of the nose where stink receives acknowledgment. I find it significant that in the index of Roget's *Thesaurus*, from which I have taken these words, sub-references for "stink" are "to dislike" and "hate." Thus, for "hate" Roget gives the phrase, "to stink in the nostrils."

I see no cause for surprise that the delineation of what remains bad should not in art initiate as ample connections as its counterpart. There is no art of the merely repulsive. Why should there be? Once more, art is not concerned immediately with part-objects: in our society, I repeat, smell as a rule means bad smell; strong smell, at least, as in the title of my paper, connotes bad smell. I find significance in the fact that we call an almost total absence of smell, "wholesome."

I HOPE I am not being misleading by my emphasis upon projection. More widely considered, smell has the primitive character of a mode of recognition, of incorporation, that dogs us. The day, the vegetation, the time of day, have compound smells. We are sometimes jostled, as it were, by smells, reoriented to objects that pass swiftly from view. On a railway journey, for instance, the smell of the carriage and of what it contains, the smell of the engine-smoke and smells outside that we pass, interfere with each other. My impression is that this restless and involuntary discernment is felt as a form of appetite or of surfeit; that all these smells are judged in relation to possible food smells as well as, of course, in relation to bad smells and scents. Due to their smell, we have to take on many objects to which we might otherwise be indifferent. Such closeness and repeated incorporation suggests once again the tyranny of part-objects, a tie that blurs the separateness from the object and consequently our own wholeness or self-sufficing. I have mentioned in regard to bad smells the psyche's primary projection. I think the sense of smell ties us no less to the more primitive modes of introjection; and that since we are forced continually to enlarge such introjection, the attack of the sudden bad smell finds us defenceless: it envelops us.

I have argued in the past that some envelopment in this sense issues from the work of art,

[2] Dr. J. FitzHerbert, "Scent and the Sexual Object," in *The British Journal of Medical Psychology* (Vol. xxxii).

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yet I have just pointed out that art allows no direct opportunity for smell. In one aspect, then, art, in common to some degree with other states of intellectual envelopment, serves as a substitute for smell, providing a sublimation of primitive contact since, by an intimacy reminiscent of smell, art presents us with what are pre-eminently whole objects. Aesthetic form frees us from the jostling of objects, yet brings us very close to them.

To SPEAK OF ART is by no means directly to the point. Nevertheless, I will mention, as have many others, a pinching out of good fæces as it appears in painting. The use of paint upon canvas or board often suggests the power of producing a good mess, apparently odourless. I am thinking of a characteristic profusion in pictorial art, a brio that nevertheless creates order. I don't know whether I am right to describe these acts as sublimations since the tie with the cruder impulse is so palpable. The smell attribute of fæces is, however, entirely suppressed in the finished work. But it has appeared as the good smell it once was, in the guise of the smell that the artist enjoyed at the time of his work, the odour of turpentine and of other mediums. I call them good smells since I have noticed that by most painters they are greatly relished. Pictorial profusion contrasts with verbal effusions for which, it seems, there has been, at an early stage, a bad fæces connection. We sometimes hate an outpouring of words as such. Reading between the lines of a professional reviewer, we may often discern an involuntary equation of ceaseless words, his own and his victims', with excrement. Also people's thoughts have a heavy, lugubrious aspect; it can be judged from the faces of the customers in the department of a bookshop that sells educational matter; the teacher's own stuff must be absorbed into the system and later expelled with copious ink in an exam. There are, of course, usually, several pleasurable elements, but these are not my concern.

I have said that the aspect of the bad smell I have in mind suggests early negative projections: whether we like it or not, they must be reincorporated upon the incidence of the hated smell. If we examine our feelings at this moment, under the influence of the mere mention of nauseous stinks launched upon our gathering, we find that this is likely to be so. What you or I happen to see is often no blame to us; we shoulder responsibility for the bad smell; it has found us out, come home to roost; it is an attack. The atmosphere is heavy, loathsome, and until we get used to it, we are disconcerted. Though blame be put elsewhere, we see others, and fear that they see ourselves, as tainted.

THE MODERN cliché to express hate, namely, to hate someone's guts, appears to be tautological. We tend already to dislike everyone's guts. The point of this expression is the bringing together of a specific hate and the dirty inside of the body. The expression means: I think of such-and-such person in terms of their guts only, which are of course aggressive and hateful. I see him as a drain, that is to say, I hate him. He stinks, and the stinking is unfathomable, irredeemable: it goes on and on, ends only in death and after utter dissolution. My hate, then, ceases only after his death, after I have killed him, when the bad thing in him ceases to be. But why do I hate him so? He has done this and that, his character is of such kind. But surely my hating him contributes to the volume of his capacity for stinking. It is my hate that stinks in him, and I have put into him my own capacity to stink as an addition to his own. He stinks doubly.

In most of us there exists the propensity to adequate hatefulness with what stinks, especially if we are taken unawares, I have said. The wafting into a gathering, I have reminded you, of a sudden and strong bad smell may be a cause to all of acute embarrassment. So far as there can be no pretence to disregard it, the appropriate expression will be one of severity combined with a disclaiming look. We are reminded of what is hateful in ourselves and others, of powers permeating occasions that disown them. The lid lies off and the rotten rots the good as the stale decomposing and rancid processes in the garbage bin act upon what was once good food. Love integrates, hate decomposes. They have the same prime objects or part-objects, the human body and its products. The conjunction, before all else, qualifies the human situation.

SOME CONTACT with the products of another's body, whatever the disgust, can be the means of a degree of intimacy, a contact much desired in the case of our original objects and extended, at any rate in some part, to later object-choice. Public houses are crude *crèches*. The talk that is called "smut" or "dirt" covers all subjects that are sexual. I think we need a new term to indicate the many catharses of aggressiveness-cum-eroticism for which the term "sadism" seems too loaded. My impression is that the talking of "smut" is sometimes an aggression modified into a warm and even affectionate coarseness by the erotic component. Apart from the concealment, the separation of these drives is an urgent demand of our polite society for the intercourse appropriate to the majority of occasions. This may seem puzzling, because our polite society enshrines an ideal of adult

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behaviour wherein extremes are not split-off and kept apart.

On the other hand, the manners of society assuredly reveal an awareness of ambivalence. In the view of society, sublimatory interests, or else a wealth of indirectness, should transform public aggressive-erotic displays. As a result, there is brought closer to view a primary situation whose compulsions can never be altogether distributed. I refer to representations of the good and bad breast. The integrated ego, says Melanie Klein, is supported by belief in a beneficent object, a source of health and well-being. Particularly in early development the belief has entailed splitting, the keeping of the good apart from the bad. As you will have seen, the character of the original bad object appears to me to illumine our present hatred of bad odours on polite occasions. In spite of the coagulation and the integration, achieved after the depressive position has been worked through successfully, the phantasy persists that something or other is illimitably, unutterably, bad in connection with the body, though the conscious mind repudiate any such thought. If, in addition to the power of aggression at all ages, we study the Kleinian account of the early mechanisms —such as the envy of the good, such as the greedy desire to scoop out the mother's inside through the power of hate as well as of envy, emotions that quickly convert the good into the bad since the object becomes invested with our own aggression conceived as illimitable—there can be no surprise that many phantasies concerning the inside of the body should be dominated by those of disgust and horror. It is well known that the sight of blood, where it causes feelings of nausea or of faintness, is associated with unconscious aggressive phantasies. There exists the tendency, moreover, to project bad objects of whatever kind into other people, where they become representative of their insides. I shall try later to indicate that this conception of the inside on the part of our society is not only a reflection of splitting mechanisms but of an attempt to modify the primary split between the good and the bad, to steer the middle course (as it were) from which both can be constantly viewed, though not approached.

I HAVE TAKEN bad smell as an object of greater horror, in the case of the inside, than an unpleasant tactile sensation. Yet equal or more horror can be excited by the feel of things, and even by the sight of their shape, without the conjunction of smell. Indeed smell is, as we say, human, and/or animal in connotation. However bad, it has that jot of goodness in comparison with some experiences of horror; and in spite of what has been said we still want people to have "guts," the stiffening with aggression indispensable for courage. The ghosts in Odysseus' Hades were strengthened by the smell of blood. Bad dreams, I believe, distribute no smell, and that reminder of the inorganic may well summarise an ultimate stoniness in the transactions of a nightmare.

But the other point about smell is that it carries. It comes without any activity on our part. It invades. And so, at first sight we may feel that if fæces and corpses, other people's fæces, were odourless, we would have far less horror of them and, perhaps in the case of fæces, no horror at all; they would then be tantamount to mud. But is this correct? Spittle may be more or less odourless yet the gob of others is repulsive if we are forced to handle it. It does not, however, handle us, as does smell by its power to invade and carry. I find myself at a loss to draw up a table in the right order of repudiated substances from the body. Where does one make the entry for blood or for vomit? Is this a regurgitation of the milk in a bad aspect, or of a half-way stage in the conversion into fæces? Perhaps the deeper meaning of the two possibilities are much the same. It seems that whereas the fresh mother's milk, and perhaps the semen, are mostly good, all other substances projected from the body are extremely suspect, and one and all are impolite.

Whenever possible the blame is put on smell, due to the invading, interrupting quality of a scent, that serves to epitomise the element of attack. Of course at the moment of violent hunger, of starvation, all squeamishness goes by the board, perhaps to return more strongly later: we would have eaten the food of the hyena, vulture, or owl. I wonder whether the infant's hunger is not often of this kind.

A DISGUST from smells varies enormously, as do the smells, from culture to culture. It would be hazardous to make any sense-experience the invariable representative of the bad object.

That is not to say that there is not a revulsion in common to whatever may be considered unclean or poisonous. Stale corpses are probably the nearest to an object of consensus. We do know that no one is, or has been, without the fear of contamination, of persecution. The feeling of persecution may be identified with any substance, but there can be no doubt that the most likely are organic. A chemical bad smell—generally the *strongest*—is not also the *worst* if we can convince ourselves that it does not arise from any well-known organic substance. It becomes less of an attack upon us, but only less,

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since some equation is inevitable with the nearest physiological smell; we need to remind ourselves that the source is different. This too goes to show that the centre for attributed impurity is the body. Theologians have never doubted it. Where we will differ from them is in awareness that, at root, the body represents the highest good also. A strong separation of the good and the bad is the supreme fallacy, their bringing together our greatest achievement. Long separation of their simple and immediate contexts has been witness to the untutorable compulsiveness of even the finest minds.

In regard to sweat especially, I would remark that the surviving erotic attitude may be reinforced by the love that delights in comprehending not only succulence but also something of the bad and of one's own aggression towards it, thereby repeating, perhaps, an aspect of the victory that was won in favour of fusion and of whole objects at the time of the depressive position. I wish I understood more of the *nuances* contained in the expression, "strong meat." I believe that the full understanding of a myriad of such simple phrases would clarify our terms and establish psychoanalysis in the popular mind. As well as scientific probity the aid of poetic sensibility is needed.

I WOULD CONTRAST with the better implication of "strong meat" a trace of the primary envy in those people—Jonathan Swift may have been an example—of unsatisfactory sexual development, whose delight is to ease the torture of the attraction to the beloved, to the good and far too ineffable body, in discovering as well as imagining that it also contains bad smells. Such a sufferer is tortured by the goodness of this good thing; he is in fact glad to turn it into a bad thing. "Smut" seems often thus inspired. Envy is envious of the good—thereby hideously idealised—and would destroy it. The desire to humiliate often has the same origin. It is an attitude that can be expressed concretely by calling it a desire to conceive of the object as a vile smell whose attack justifies the counter-aggression. For those, however, who can enjoy themselves, there are few more subtle pleasures than to find in badness a greater goodness. The excellence of "high" pheasant, a "strong meat," and of other delicacies that have begun to rot, attest, bear witness as well to remnants of early attitudes to good fæces and to the breakdown products of the milk that suckled the infant.

THE FARMER, THE COUNTRYMAN, acquires a tolerance of the cycle that ends in decay (and fertility). His attitude to nature suggests the hypothesis that in the calmer moments of infanthood, a similar integration of bodily states, whether the infant's own or the mother's, were momentarily referred to the self-same object without distress.

However that may be, here surely lies our own first delight in the country: in such moments we all partake of the soil, we are fellow-countrymen of a strong local speech, another reminder of "strong meat," and fellow-countrymen of Shakespeare; whereas the discrimination of urban and any modern cultured life makes wider splits between the good and bad in the form of cleanliness and dirt. The old-fashioned farmer was thought to feel awkward on introduction to the drawing-room. He became conscious of his dirty nails. He felt coarse, and so he was. The infantile, young, balance between good and bad to which I have just referred, is lost, maybe despised as bad form, in cultured society. Both good and bad are observed in a manner more urgent by the conventions of the drawing-room. The split that appears to be made, though sometimes alarming, is modified by behaviour that takes a position, as it were, within the chasm, seeks to fill it with a wealth of expostulation. Polite behaviour is the art of unceasing expostulation. It follows that the extreme terms themselves, the very good and the very bad, are equally neglected by the approved forms of conventional attitudes in favour of a neutral ground. But the ghosts of the very good and very bad are near at hand, more nearly admitted than they are by the manners of the farm. The countryman's sanity, his mask, his ego-figure built up with the clay of infantile balance, have been discarded in favour of a balance more hardly come by, since it is founded upon the awareness of conflict in which the possibilities of a larger ego-integration have existed. These contrasting attitudes that I have isolated are, of course, usually mingled. Our own peasants, if such there be, are often very conventional in some adoption of a polite model. The paganism to which I have alluded is to-day more easily encountered in novels than in life. And so the farmhouse parlour is likely to show appalling taste, with no reminder of ego-structure in regard to a resolution of conflict. The décor is benteel, a degradation of polite standards, without the support of any art. It is pointed out to us by a watercolour or two of mountains, sunsets, perhaps unsullied blossoms, and little girls holding posies.

THE TRUE ARTIST is never genteel, though the servant and interpreter of urban culture. He borrows something from the countryman's out-of-door attitudes, applies them to the admitted conflicts of polite society. But art itself is not supremely a polite activity, nor is a strong enthusiasm for it altogether "good form." "Good form," of course, is a revealing

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metaphor for a shapely coalescence in the presentation to other people of one's own psyche.

As the farmer handles his fields, surgeons and doctors handle the decay and dirt of the body itself, yet they must treat their patients as gentlemen and ladies. This need, tiresome though it can be, often fits well with their own needs, stronger in them than in many others, to re-possess the integrating vetoes of polite convention.

THE MOTHER'S INSIDE was once our home. When relish for life flourishes, a horror of bad smells and of the inside decline. Even at the social function, if love predominates, we would not have people be without their organs, were that possible. Nature, the countryside, the sea, obtain much of the comfort they bestow from the mother's inside with which, in their terms, we can feel at one. In regard to detail, however, the internal organs are little less strange than the id: the only workable substitute for horror of them is not only pity but scientific curiosity or interest. No wonder the origins of science, of Greek philosophy, are largely medical and physiological. Whereas the functions of the internal organs can be loved—we speak of "the breath of life"—no one falls in love with a lung. It is, of course, unseen; but were we endowed with X-ray eyes, I doubt whether they would add greatly to our erotic interests. As it is, we who are not surgeons experience the inside of other people's bodies neither in terms of vision, touch or taste, but only in terms of smell and (to a small extent) of sound.

I HAVE ALREADY referred to the neglect by our polite society of the very good or the very bad in favour of some neutral ground, and I have described the intrusion of a bad smell on a social gathering. Some tremendous social gaffe, of course, the "letting of the cat out of the bag," is equated with that intrusion, and so is, to a lesser extent, much social inadequacy, causing nervousness on those occasions or stimulating social ambition. Perhaps if you don't keep up with the Joneses, you will be viewed as lumps upon their rubbish heap; perhaps your sole function will be visualised as that of a more or less efficient drain. What at the moment will be stressed by the "clean lines" of a craft, that is to say, of a boat about which we are likely to learn in the weekly society papers? Possibly the lines appear lean, and hence clean, because in a context of a solid floating on the sea, fatness can be equated with our waste-products deposited shapelessly in, or upon, water.

POLITE CONVENTION expresses through its vetoes a continuous awareness of a degradation easily assumed, an awareness that nothing, nothing physical, is good all the time. Even of delicious food we can become entirely sick: we could be drowned, scalded, or smothered by a sufficient quantity. Everything organic goes bad. Pretence and denial implicit in some forms of refinement are considered altogether vulgar, since it is a reminder in the very negation of that which it would deny. The use of perfume, on the other hand, for an inappropriate occasion, is likely to possess the vulgarity of confession more than of concealment. The proof that "correct" behaviour, for all the many vetoes (a vetoing rather than a denial of the good and the bad) is not the product of splitting only, may be found in the accompanying sobriety amid much that is debonair. Correctitude is by no means idealistic, and ugly people, well-groomed, are more likely to be "correct" than the beautiful whose beauty feeds their omnipotence. Clean, undemonstrative ugliness is perfectly "correct": it provides, in fact, the backbone of good breeding. The bad is regularised, perhaps formalised, certainly made odourless. The drab clothes of the men, pressed and of expensive material, are a guarantee that nothing exotic, over-refined, idealised, is afoot. It has not long been so, of course, and what is sometimes called "high" society is rather more romantic. But always, I suspect, true elegance must not seem altogether to deny the possibilities of decay. We will remember that in more flamboyant ages there was always present the correction of flamboyance by palpable disfiguration and body-smells and by the general lack of sanitation. The courtiers at Versailles were wont to relieve themselves on the ante-room tapestries. The male adoption of drab attire, on the other hand, seems to have accompanied the dissemination of the water-closet; but a "loud brown" in suit or shoe has been considered the acme of vulgarity.

AND SO, in a very constricted and often spiritless form that works well, average conventional behaviour keeps before us a dulled image of the good and the bad, the one muddied by the other. If the bad can be held in strict restraint, so can the good. There is much that is far too good for our polite society; ideas, for instance, penetrating thought, and (very often) wit. I speak, of course, of the *mise-en-scène*, not of the methods through which those who play there delight to rearrange it.

In every society, then, there exist conventions for balance, a coupling of the good with the bad, a figure of ego-integration to whose moulding all social gatherings contribute. In this ethos the mere conception at least of enveloping odour circulates, together with the graces and elegance that shall suitably abound.

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POETRY

Quoting Shakespeare—in German

On the Splendours and Miseries of Translation (I)

IN ACT II, Scene 2, of Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, Enobarbus attempts at once to extol and to explain the essence of Cleopatra, the secret both of her sensuous and of her spiritual beauty, with the following lines:

> *Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale*
> *Her infinite variety*

I did not live in England for long without having had this quotation strike me from all sides. It was "a familiar saying," perhaps the most familiar saying of all, whenever the subject turned on the brilliancy and power of women, on female beauty and wisdom.

What I must try to explain is why the quotation would be completely unknown to someone coming from Germany, even though, once heard, it made an immediate and lasting impression. Consider the passage in the celebrated Schlegel-Tieck translation. There it runs:

> *Nicht kann sie Alter*
> *Hinwelken, täglicher Genuss nicht stumpfen*
> *Die immer neue Reizung*

A single reading or hearing of the words is enough to show clearly why this, unlike so many other Shakespearean lines, has failed to become proverbial in German. The initial negative, that *"Nicht,"* gives it a clumsy and disjointed rhythm, whereas in the original it is the word "Age," the subject both in the grammatical and the poetic sense, which not only gives the English a precise and majestic emphasis, but at the same time places the poetic idea to the very forefront.

If one looks closer still, one will surely also find that in this context it is almost contrary to the sense to translate *"custom"* by *"täglicher Genuss"* (daily enjoyment). More important still, the expression *"infinite variety"* does not even correspond to *"immer neue Reizung"* (continually fresh charm), quite apart from whether the German offers a proper poetic equivalent.

Consider another example. This is an instance of the reverse, namely where the translation is, I believe, happier than the original. At any rate, the German has become proverbial.

One autumn some years ago I was walking over the Yorkshire Moors with an English friend. I was suddenly struck with sadness at the sight of the bare, windswept northern heathland, and I quoted to him those lines from *As You Like It* which are spoken by the melancholy nobleman Jacques in the Forest of Arden.

> *Und so von Stund' zu Stunde reifen wir,*
> *Und so von Stund' zu Stunde faulen wir.*

"Very beautiful," said my friend. "From whom is it? Goethe? Schiller?"

Now my companion knew his Shakespeare as well as any. Why were these particular lines completely unknown to him? It struck me that in England, with a few exceptions, those Shakespeare passages which have become an overwhelmingly powerful and effective part of English vocabulary and usage are utterly different from those which—thanks to our incomparable good fortune in having the classical Tieck and Schlegel rendering—have become quotations and "household words" in Germany. My young English friend was unfamiliar with the lines from *As You Like It* and took them for a quotation from Goethe or Schiller. (What higher compliment could be paid to the Schlegel-Tieck translation?) I myself in similar fashion have met in English books, lectures, newspaper articles and conversations with countless sayings and expressions that struck me either by their beauty or truth (usually both); on closer acquaintance I found them to be Shakespeare quotations which were completely new to me (despite an exposure to the Bard

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since early youth) because in Germany they were simply unknown, or rather "unfamiliar."

So it is that I came to occupy myself with the question of how it is that our linguistic consciousness could be fed by two different streams from the same source. If this is not to be accounted for by mere accident but is governed by some deeper causes or laws, then doubtless these are to be sought for in the difference between the two languages themselves, and in the variation in mode of thought which is closely bound up with that difference. The conclusions that one reaches by comparing the original with the translation are certainly not always completely valid, but at least they are fruitful enough to justify closer examination.

On returning from our walk that autumn, we promptly looked up the passage

Und so von Stund' zu Stunde reifen wir,
Und so von Stund' zu Stunde faulen wir

to see how it went in the English edition. We found:

And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe
And so from hour to hour we rot and rot.

But surely the idea of ripening and decay is much more forcibly expressed by the Shakespearean repetition with its double "ripe and ripe, rot and rot"? Is not the English monosyllabic verb "rot" (related to the German "verrotten") stronger and more original than the two-syllable German word "faulen"? Has it not altogether more "pith and moment," to use an expression of Hamlet's (this time one that has become proverbial both in English and in German, "Und Unternehmungen voll Mark und Nachdruck," III, ii, 86)? And yet—in English the lines have not become "a quotation," while in German they have. Is it that the Schlegel-Tieck version is more concise, and by abandoning the repetition impresses itself more forcibly on the memory? Or is it in fact this repetition, this determined insistent hammering home of the idea, that has prevented it from becoming a well-known and favourite passage in England? It is difficult, if not impossible, to say; we are in that uncertain realm of conjecture on matters of linguistic and national psychology.

IN THIS connection I am also reminded of the last words of the dying Romeo: *"O true apothecary! Thy drugs are quick."* In the German this is rendered: *"O wackrer Apotheker! Dein Trank wirkt rasch!"* In Schlegel and Tieck's translation the words have become proverbial in Germany. I cannot remember ever having heard or read them quoted in England; even the Oxford *Dictionary of Quotations* does not list the passage. Why is it that these words have not become a part of the English "treasury of quotations"? They are preceded by the incomparably beautiful passage:

O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest;
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

The translators were unable to do justice to it.

O, hier bau'ich die ew'ge Ruhstatt mir,
Und schüttle von dem lebensmüden Leibe
Das joch feindseliger Gestirne ...

is only a faint reflection of the original. The short line which follows only gives the effect of a feeble after-thought, an anti-climax (and perhaps for this reason has not become proverbial in English). But of this Schlegel and Tieck have given an especially happy rendering. In translating *"true"* by *"wacker"* (good, honest) they have indeed remained completely faithful to the English sense, but they have also given it an ironic undertone: for, in German, one often uses the word *"wacker"* when one wants (always somewhat ironically) to express the idea of *"tüchtig"* (efficient). The change from "drugs" to *"Trank"* (potion), with its suggestion both of a love-potion and of something alcoholic, gives the German word here too a subtle accompanying note. Shakespeare wrote: "Thy drugs *are* quick"; in the translation we get, not "Dein Trank *ist* rasch," but *"wirkt* rasch," which is so much better suited to the German language, and so very much more correct. In addition, too, it offers a particularly clear example of the way in which (when required by differences in the style and spirit of two different languages) it may be permissible, and indeed necessary, to render qualities of "to be" (*sein*) by its effects, without violence or injustice. Whether the ironic tinge of the whole passage, clearly discernible in the translation, was intended by Shakespeare (or whether it can also be sensed in the original by English readers and listeners) is something which I would find difficult to say. But be this as it may, it is undoubtedly the touch of irony which has not only made the passage proverbial in German; it has been converted into a popular phrase which Germans like to use in the most diverse situations, tragic as well as comic, seriously or flippantly.

I should like now to take an example of a passage where the unique beauty of the original is, I think, quite matched and reproduced by the splendid translation. The lines in question have become proverbial in both languages. They occur in *The Merchant of Venice* at the beginning of Act V, where Lorenzo speaks of the

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magical powers and moral effects of music, and then goes on:

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

*

Der Mann, der nicht Musik hat in sich selbst,
Den nicht die Eintracht süsser Töne rührt,
Taugt zu Verrat, zu Räuberei und Tücken;
Die Regung seines Sinns ist dumpf wie Nacht,
Sein Trachten düster wie der Erebus.
Trau keinen solchen!

A word-for-word comparison of the two passages does, I suggest, reveal the full extent of the beauty, the freedom, and yet at the same time the exactitude, that characterise their uniquely harmonious relationship. What a happy insight of Schlegel and Tieck to refuse to translate *"the motions of his spirit"* quite literally by *"die Regung seines Geistes"* (the motions of his mind); for the man "that hath no music in himself" cannot, for that very reason, be said to possess a mind (*Geist*). Whatever other connotations might be attributed to this (perhaps all too suggestive) German word, the German language has, at least, given it one definite denotation, once very beautifully expressed by Thomas Mann with his phrase *"Adel des Geistes"* (nobility of mind). But surely this nobility must be lacking in the man "that hath no music in himself"; accordingly, Schlegel and Tieck make use here of the expression *"Regung seines Sinns,"* an expression which suggests his *"Gesinnung"* (disposition) and *"Gemütslage"* (frame of mind), two ideas that are also contained in the English word *"spirit"* and therefore fit the Shakespearean intention.

Similarly, if the translators had rendered *"affection"* literally as *"Zuneigung,"* if they had introduced a note of tenderness, how unsuitable it would have sounded in the context. The verb *"Trachten"* (striving) used as a noun, rare and poetic though it is, does conjure up a world of base impulsive craving and desire, welling out of the "affections" of "Erebus," out of nocturnal underworld depths.

Apart from these organically necessary linguistic divergences (or perhaps, in fact, by the very aid of them) the translators have succeeded in a curious way that defies analysis or explanation. The translated words recapture that harmonious poetic music of words with, as Goethe noted, scarcely less "strength and tenderness" than in Shakespeare's own *Himmelstönen*.

THE idea that our life is only a kind of universal theatre, and that we ourselves are caught up in it, participating only with unreal and shadowy actions, was a favourite conception of Shakespeare's (as indeed it was for the whole baroque theatre). It may be that some three hundred years later, at the time of the Schlegel-Tieck translation, this idea had already lost much of its originality; at any rate, it is expressed by Macbeth shortly before his downfall in the following lines:

Leben ist nur ein wandelnd Schattenbild;
Ein armer Komödiant, der spreizt und knirscht
Sein Stündchen auf der Bühn' und dann nicht mehr
Vernommen wird; ein Märchen ist's, erzählt
Von einem Dummkopf, voller Klang und Wildheit,
Das nichts bedeutet!

Consider the same passage as it is in the original:

Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

One only has to listen to these two versions: the one passage, not only as a whole but even in each of its separate phrases, has acquired a proverbial character in the English language; the translation has not succeeded in doing the same in my own tongue. It is the peculiarly English but, at the same time, perfectly natural mingling of Latin and Greek with Germanic words which gives it its character, its special colour; no translator, however ingenious, could possibly conjure out of it such a beguiling verbal music and composition of sounds, for he was working in and with linguistic material that was quite differently constituted. The close juxtaposition, the familiar linking of a word such as *"tale"* (*Märchen*), in which one discerns the Low German *"vertellen"* and the High German *"erzählen,"* with words of Latin origin such as *"sound"* (Klang) and *"fury"* (Wildheit) is not only fluent and intelligible in English but earmarks at once both the music of the language and the rational sense of the passage. In German, on the other hand, words from other and more ancient languages, always identified as *Fremdworte* or "alien" words, have seldom or never become assimilated as something natural. One has only to picture to oneself how impossible it would be in German to use the word "idiot" in such a highly poetical context as this from *Macbeth*.

Consider one more example of this natural mingling of two linguistic worlds, the Classical and the Germanic, which is so much at the essence of the English language, but which appears especially striking and beautiful in Shakespeare. Again from *Macbeth* (a play,

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moreover, which seems to us, both by reason of its atmosphere and its history, one of the most "northern"), Macbeth is speaking of the blood-guilt which he has incurred by his murders and says that not even an entire ocean would be sufficient to cleanse the stain from his hands. "Weit eher," he says,

Weit eh'r kann diese meine Hand mit Purpur
Die unermesslichen Gewässer färben
Und Grün in Rot verwandeln

In Shakespeare's own words the passage reads:

This my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green one red.

"Die unermesslichen Gewässer färben"—"The multitudinous seas incarnadine": here the terse Anglo-Saxon monosyllable "seas" (cf. the German *"See"*) stands between two splendidly polysyllabic Latin words: *"multitudinous,"* which is very finely rendered *"unermesslich"* by Schlegel and Tieck, and the archaic verb *"incarnadine."* In the latter word one may easily discern a trace of *"carne,"* the Latin word for flesh, so that Shakespeare is really also using it to suggest "blood-red." But in spite of the use of these two unusual words with their strangely magnificent iridescence, in spite of the contrast they strike with the homely word "seas"—or rather precisely because of that—this line has become a "familiar saying."

PERHAPS this takes one to the very heart of the question of why Shakespeare in the original has had such a completely different effect on English ears and sensibilities from that which Schlegel and Tieck's translation has had on worshipful German readers and listeners. Shakespeare wrote in the luxuriant, passionate, and exuberant baroque language of the 16th century. Schlegel and Tieck translated his work into the more classically moderate language of the 18th century. Their achievement, masterly and representative as it is, was nevertheless bound to be accompanied by a certain process of "rationalisation." (In the German theatre every scene, every line strikes the audience as being "clear" and "understandable.") For this reason Germans have often connected Shakespeare with their idea of a *Dichter* who (like the German classicists of the 18th century) was also at the same time a *Denker* and, like them, evoked by means of his world of characters another world of ideas, full of intellectual and spiritual problems. In England, on the contrary, Shakespeare is less the philosopher than the poet, the man of words, magic, and music. So it is that every German visitor tends at first to be taken sharply aback at English performances of Shakespeare. He finds that the declamation is too violent, and that there is too much activity on the stage. But the declamation enhances the effect of the pure language, and the activity that of the spare action.

I would suggest that whenever the magic of the words becomes completely one with the sense of the speech, as for example in Hamlet's monologue *"To be or not to be,"* then both in English and in German almost every line of this monologue attains the ranks of "quotation" in both languages—something which might indeed be attributed to the fact that Hamlet's "problematical nature" belongs as much to the German Classicists and Romantics as to the English Baroque period, and so in this instance Schlegel and Tieck felt completely at home.

But the real and final reason why (apart from *Hamlet*) the passages quoted from Shakespeare in England and Germany are so entirely different, lies, I am convinced, in the fact that the same words in the different languages never truly coincide. They correspond in meaning, but always deviate in sense. Different associations are called up in the two languages, echoed by profoundly different emotional values. It was Maugham who once noted that the English word *"Home"* and the German *"Heimat,"* although so closely related, nevertheless aroused entirely distinct feelings. I suspect that even the happiest translations never can show more than the reverse side of a fine and noble tapestry. But, of course, they often make it possible to discern the beauty and genuineness of the original fabric with especial clarity.

Friedrich Walter

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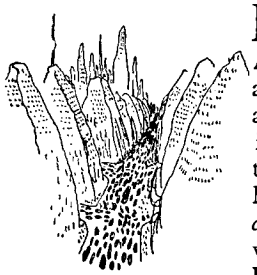
NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from New York

Of G.E., T.V., J.F.K. and U.S.A.



FOR ALMOST three decades now, the American Customs authorities have valiantly—and by no means ineffectually—struggled to prevent Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* from penetrating our virgin American soil. It was, officially, an "obscene and pornographic" book. Nevertheless, Grove Press, its lust quickened by its success with Lady Chatterley, recently published an American and unexpurgated edition. The Post Office first banned it from the mails. Then, with no stomach for another court fight, it lifted the ban. But the Customs have not budged. So it is now possible to publish the *Tropic of Cancer* in this country, to advertise it, to purchase it in any bookshop—but if you're reading it on board ship, you may as well throw it over the side upon sight of the Statue of Liberty.

This crazy little situation somehow strikes me as symbolic of the way we live now. I have just spent a week in Washington, D.C., seeing old friends and new frontiersmen, and I have come to the conclusion that (a) this is the most intelligent and enlightened Administration in my lifetime, and (b) it is also in some ways one of the foggiest. When a Senator complains that the Kennedy Administration has been "switching its emphasis from one imaginary emergency to another with such rapidity that not even the Congress can make head or tail of the true needs of the nation," he expresses a sentiment that is by no means limited to the Republican opposition.

There was Cuba, of course. But that was so egregious a blunder, so impossible of explanation even by those who helped make it, that one hesitates to read a larger meaning into it. It could have been simply a *lapsus calami*. More symptomatic and revealing are those little disturbances of government which are our newspapers' daily bread, though I'm not sure of the extent to which they are reported abroad.

HERE ARE SOME EXAMPLES:

1. I suppose you have read about those officials of General Electric and other prominent firms in the industry who went to jail for having, in secret and premeditated collusion, fixed prices and allocated orders in what was supposed to be competitive bidding for government and public utility contracts. Oh, what an orgy of criticism and self-criticism this evoked! Any business leader who did not have his say on the need for a profound re-examination of corporation ethics, any cleric who did not fulminate against the corroding materialism of modern life, any politician or leader-writer who did not preen himself as a willing St. George against this dead dragon—well, there just weren't any. And yet the whole business is really a farce. Only a couple of weeks after the executives were put away, the anti-trust division of the Justice Department announced that, as a condition for settling its civil suit against General Electric, it would demand that G.E. agree *not to sell its products at unreasonably low prices*.

The plain truth of the matter is that if G.E. acted according to the pure principles of laissez-faire, it would long ago have driven most of its competitors out of business—and would then have been liable to prosecution under the anti-trust laws. The main reason G.E. entered into the recent conspiracy was not to gouge the government or the public, but to enable its competitors and itself to lead an orderly co-existence. In the American economy to-day, a firm as gigantic as G.E. *must* establish prices and, to some extent, allocate markets. To be sure, the Government could do it—but that would be "socialism." The Kennedy Administration, in the great tradition of Jeffersonian radicalism, sees its mission as harassing the "trusts" rather than sensibly regulating them. And the ironic aspect of this affair is that the managers of G.E. must also cry *mea culpa* and solemnly pretend that what happened was a wicked deviation from the true way—for they too are committed to the absurd dogma that America is a land of free enterprise and free competition.

2. This example again involves "competitive bidding." In every session of Congress, including the present one, a Congressional committee or sub-committee gets quite a bit of publicity by "exposing" the fact that the Pentagon's procurement policies violate the principles of the market-place. Deep in the Congressional mind, and in the American public mind, is the notion that the Pentagon is a "consumer" that ought to acquire its *matériel* by strolling

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through the armaments super-market and picking out the best buys. In fact, of course, the Pentagon is a customer of the armaments firms only in the sense that General Motors is the "customer" of its various sub-divisions that manufacture automobile parts. But it has to play the role prescribed for it, request competitive bids, insist that a certain portion of the contract be sub-contracted, etc., etc. This leads to a jolly little game in which Western Electric sub-contracts to North American Aviation, North American sub-contracts to Martin, Martin sub-contracts to Garrett—while on the next order, the movement is in the reverse direction. (The terms of the sub-contract, it ought to go without saying, have usually been fixed before the "competitive" bid was filed.) Fortunately, armaments research and production are as effectively planned in the United States as in Russia—it is only the apparent rigmarole that is different. If America were an easier country to administer, the case for nationalising the armaments industry would be overwhelming. As it is, there is clearly good reason for establishing it as a regulated public utility (even if that is an odd title to apply to the manufacture of Polaris missiles). Instead there is a division of labour: Congress and the press periodically expose; the Pentagon gets on with the job; everyone keeps up the pretence that "individual initiative" is at work to help us forge the arms that will win the cold war.

3. If I were to write a letter to the New York *Times* suggesting that, in the national interest, General Motors ought to be subjected to a forced loan of one billion dollars to the U.S. Treasury, at 2 per cent interest—I shudder to think of the abuse that would come my way. Prominent among the abusers would doubtless be General Motors, which would point out the pernicious implications of my proposal, and which would omit to mention the fact that, at this very moment, it is subjected to a forced loan to the U.S. Treasury of one billion dollars, at 2 per cent interest. The reason for this generosity is that General Motors has no choice but to use its accumulated earnings in this way: there is not room for further expansion by G.M. in the automobile industry without the anti-trust authorities pouncing upon it, and if it were to expand into other areas they would pounce even more quickly. So it quietly invests the money in Government bonds, which even the Government finds it hard to object to. No real harm is done—except the harm that comes from living a myth rather than a reality.

4. Mr. Newton Minow, the new Chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, is 35, brilliant, articulate, and ambitious to be a distinguished public servant. Shortly after taking office, he won headlines (and my affections) by denouncing TV in the United States as "a vast wasteland" and declaring that he was determined to civilise it. I do not question his determination, which has already galvanised the TV and advertising industries into militant defensive action. I suspect, however, that this determination will dribble off into rhetoric. A reformation of TV would involve facing up to certain facts of democratic life in America; and facing up to these facts could mean committing political suicide.

SHORTLY AFTER his first, inspiring speech, Mr. Minow issued various "clarifications" and elaborations of his good intentions. He was certainly—most positively—against the Government having anything to do with TV programming. "We might as well all move to Russia if we ever get to a thing like that," he added. (The alternatives of moving to England or Canada or West Germany or Italy seemed not to occur to him.) He was even "utterly opposed" to the kind of regulation of TV commercialisation that the British Government exercises (or is supposed to)—*e.g.*, advertisements being inserted at the station's discretion and the sponsor having no control of the programme. This, he thought, was a problem that it was up to the American television industry itself to solve. What, then, did he recommend?

What he recommends, it has turned out, is that fine, old-fashioned American panacea: more free competition. He wants to diminish that "concentration of power" in the hands of the three major networks (NBC, CBS, and ABC) which results in their supplying more than three-fourths of the programmes shown by local stations during the "prime viewing hours." He can't ask the networks to get rid of local stations they might own, since this was largely accomplished by the Eisenhower Administrations. But he can, and presumably will, encourage the setting up of new networks, which would give better representation to all that is good and true and beautiful in American life.

I hope he fails, for his own sake as much as for mine. The trouble with TV—as everyone knows but won't admit—is too much competition, not too little. The three present networks are by no means insensitive to the criticisms directed against their product; the chairmen of their boards and the directors who sit on them are not at all happy at being repeatedly denounced as hucksters and vulgarians; the idea of a Third Programme is a constant temptation to them. But it is a temptation they must resist. Experience has consistently demonstrated that, when a network produces a splendid

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"educational" or current affairs programme, it has the devil's own time getting the local stations to show them. Too many such programmes, and the locals will switch to another network (ABC has been the prime villain during the past two years) with a hungrier eye for the buck—and the first network's advertising revenues plummet. Even if all three networks could be persuaded to collaborate for the sake of public virtue, the locals would soon turn to independent entrepreneurs who would provide them with the Westerns and gangster films that pull in the audience (and, subsequently, the advertisers).

What ails TV in America is not near-monopoly but near-freedom. The industry needs to be organised to assume its collective social responsibility, not further disorganised to pander to the lowest common denominator of public taste. But if Mr. Minow ever hinted at this, American conservatives and liberals alike would revile him as "a tool of the vested interests."

WHAT THESE four examples are intended to illustrate is the dilemma of a "New Frontier" that is enmeshed in a radical-liberal tradition with little relevance to the basic problems of American society. The legislation so far introduced by President Kennedy is fully in this tradition: an increased minimum wage, health insurance for the aged, low-cost housing for the indigent, and so on. Most of this legislation is commendable enough—though one could wish for a more candid avowal of the problems connected with them. (Low-cost housing since World War II has, on the whole, been a major disaster for American cities.) What a future historian is bound to find astonishing is all the legislation that is not only not being introduced, but is not even being thought of. A revision of corporate law so that General Electric is recognised to be something more than a "person" like you and me; the recognition by law that our huge trade unions are something more than "voluntary associations"; an admission that, in an affluent industrial society, large public revenues have to be raised by some kind of sales tax (as in Russia, incidentally), instead of relying on a progressive income tax that progresses to absurdity (*no one* in America pays 90 per cent of his earnings in tax, though many are theoretically in that bracket), and a hotch-potch of excise taxes; an avowal that, in a healthy society, the mass media must be governed by some other criterion than private profit—I could go on for pages, and so could you. No signs of such new thinking are visible on the New Frontier.

The term itself, by the way, is revealing. It goes back deep in the history of American reform. Ever since the 1890's, the mirage of a "New Frontier" has haunted the American imagination. On this New Frontier, the individual American would once again, as in the days (or legendary days) of the unsettled West, be a sturdy, independent producer (and accumulator) of the nation's wealth—free and equal and master of his fate. It is a nostalgic term; and every "progressive" movement in American history has been animated by this nostalgia. It seems to be part of the American character to look backward into the future. This makes for tricky navigation and unforeseen disasters. It has all been great fun and very exciting—but one wonders if the United States, in 1961, hadn't better take a cold look at the compass.

Irving Kristol

Lawrence's Other Censor

THE SIGNS of a growing counter-attack against the methods and attitudes of the defenders of Lady Chatterley are most welcome. It would have been a sad thing if the intellectuals of this country had allowed themselves to be frozen into the embarrassing moral stance in which they were displayed during the trial. Mr. F. R. Leavis in the *Spectator* along with Mr. Colin Welch (in ENCOUNTER), Miss Kathleen Nott (in the *Observer*) and one or two other adult reviewers have ensured that this will not happen. However, the counter-attack ought to be pressed further still—against Lawrence's own moral equivocation in this book and his consequent failure of artistic integrity.

It seems to me that it is this failure which is the source of the book's remarkable faults, remarkable for a writer as good as Lawrence; it was an enterprise beyond his moral range. The point is best made with the help of a particular example. I choose one which comes at the very climax of the development of the sexual relationship between Mellors and Lady Chatterley—the purification ceremony when they spend a night together, before her departure for Italy, and he "burns out the shame" in her. He does this by various feats of love-making which are undescribed, though we are left in no doubt that what Mellors did was unconventional and even perverse. He imposed his fancies on the woman. "It cost her an effort to let him have his way and his will of her. She had to be a passive, consenting thing, like a slave, a physical slave." And again: "She would have thought that a woman would have died of shame."

What really happened? One might have

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thought that since Lawrence regarded this "phallic hunting out," that is the physical acts themselves, as crucial, he would have included some reference to them. Indeed, since they were, by his own account, more exciting, more truly masculine (finally convincing the woman of her utterly passive feminine make-up) than the bits of straightforward sex described in some detail earlier, the reader is tempted for a moment to suspect the existence of some second clandestine censor who managed somehow to expurgate a piece out of this unexpurgated edition. This censor, in fact, was Lawrence himself. He cannot bring himself to use words that will baldly describe these intimacies. He has to hint about things seen "on Greek vases." Was it, as he says so contemptuously about the other people who are afraid to use simple four-letter words about more ordinary sexual experiences, that he was in the end uncontrollably ashamed of the whole thing?

Certainly it leads him into a piece of strident, ejaculatory writing (with an exclamation mark to every other sentence in several paragraphs—see Penguin edition, pp. 258–9) which is of outstanding badness even among the long passages of pert, girl's gush writing that the book contains. Here is a specimen. He is giving Lady Chatterley's reactions to Mellors' unabashed wilfulness in sex, her thoughts about his superiority to other men. "What a pity most men are so doggy, a bit shameful, like Clifford! Like Michaelis even! Both sexually a bit doggy and humiliating. The supreme pleasure of mind!" Then after a further reference to the need for "sheer fiery sensuality, not messiness," there is the peroration: "Ah, God, how rare a thing a man is! They are all dogs that trot and sniff and copulate."

Somehow even copulation is now held against the Cliffords. That is tenable because Mellors has now shown her something better. But what? The clue only comes much later, coyly in characteristic fashion from Clifford himself. Lawrence never stops taking his revenge on the poor man. Clifford in his letter to Lady Chatterley (p. 280, Penguin edition), describing the fuss made by Mellors' wife about his sexual behaviour towards her, says: "Humanity has always had a strange avidity for strange sexual postures, and if a man likes to use his wife, as Benvenuto Cellini says, 'in the Italian way,' well that is a matter of taste. But I had hardly expected our gamekeeper to be up to so many tricks." It seems a reasonable guess that this same anal perversion was what had startled Lady Chatterley during the night with Mellors when she had been purified by "the refinements of passion, the extravagances of sensuality."

Now if this is what Lawrence really meant, that the practice of these sexual perversities is an essential part of his process of resurrection from the depressed condition in which men and women to-day find themselves, it was peculiarly cowardly of him not to say so. This cowardice wants to be looked squarely in the face; it is useful in detecting the shoddy quality of much of the writing and most of the thinking in this book. Readers are made that much poorer when something which is meretricious, rhetorical, and weak is presented to them as a thing of genuine artistic quality. The worst weakness of the D. H. Lawrence of "Lady Chatterley" is a kind of high bible-punching pose that he adopts throughout the book; it keeps coming up in the throw-away pulpit preacher's words, sounds and phrases that are used to make the sex descriptions sound holy, and in the awful self-righteousness with which he asserts his (and Mellors') rights over a benighted world of lesser men.

In this way he manages to mask and muff, if not to conceal entirely, his essential message which is that the male in order to reach fulfilment must assert himself utterly, wilfully, perversely, *using* the female "like a slave" in sex. He gets some way towards saying it outright in the description of the night with Mellors. But in the end he funks it, because he does not have words that he is capable of using to express what he has to say. He retreats into gush. This breakdown in the writing, which seems to be directly correlated with a failure of nerve, is constantly in evidence through the novel.

Andrew Shonfield

Heroic Leadership?

TO AT LEAST one reader Professor Arthur Schlesinger's recent article in ENCOUNTER ["On Heroic Leadership," December 1960] has brought disappointment. The article puts one really important question: In countries where democracy is impossible, what kind of régime is the best from the point of view of the democrat? Now that great empires are breaking up into a host of independent states most of whose citizens are desperately poor and illiterate, this question has only to be put for its importance to be obvious.

That Professor Schlesinger does not answer it is not to be counted against him. To be able to answer it, we should need to study several countries which are not democratic, or are so only to a slight extent, and to enquire whether they are moving towards democracy or away from it, and for what reasons. It may be that the information needed to answer this question

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already exists. But, if it does, nobody appears to have collected it and used it for this purpose. Certainly, we ought not to object to Professor Schlesinger's article merely on the ground that it is speculative and inconclusive.

But, unfortunately, only a small part of the article is devoted to putting this question and to suggesting lines of enquiry which might help in finding an answer. The bulk of it is given over to other matters, which are treated superficially and whose connection with this question or with one another is often not clear. The article reads as if it had been hastily put together by a busy man who had not had time to sort out his ideas.

I must confess that the phrase *Lockian democracy* took me by surprise; for I have lectured on John Locke for many years now without discovering that he was a democrat. I know that democrats have rested their arguments for democracy on assumptions taken from Locke, but so too have socialists rested their arguments against private property in the means of production on statements made by Locke in his account of how titles to property first arose from labour. Locke was no more a democrat than he was a socialist; he was satisfied with the peculiar balance of monarchy and aristocracy which he found in the England of his day and which he thought James II wanted to upset.

Perhaps Professor Schlesinger, when he speaks of *Lockian democracy*, has in mind some such theory as Tom Paine's. He would certainly not be the first professor to speak of John Locke as if he had written Paine's *Rights of Man*. Paine was a democrat who had nothing whatever to say about what Professor Schlesinger accuses "classical democratic theory" of neglecting, namely, the function of political leaders in a democracy. But why should he not have neglected it? He was out to explain what makes government legitimate and not how democracy works; and this was also the purpose of Rousseau and Bentham, to mention only two other writers who, unlike Locke, really were democrats.

No doubt, democracy does sometimes need strong leaders and does not produce them, as, for example, in France under the third and fourth republics. Though this failure in France has been accounted for in a variety of ways, there has been no serious attempt to compare different types of democracy with a view to explaining why some produce strong leaders more readily than others. This is an omission much to be regretted, but even if this attempt were to be made it could hardly throw much light on what Professor Schlesinger calls "heroic leadership;" for these "heroic leaders," whose function he wants explained, mostly do not operate in democracies. Admittedly, in the modern world, all governments, democratic or not, have a good deal in common, and a study of how Nasser acquired and maintains power in Egypt might conceivably deepen our understanding of how, say, Chicago was once governed. But that is another matter, and has nothing to do with Professor Schlesinger's complaint about the defects of democratic theory.

The stronger our faith in democracy, the greater, presumably, our hope that countries which have recently gained independence will become democratic; and so the greater our desire to know whether they are likely to do so. Clearly, we ought to study their social and political systems much more extensively than we have done. This would involve, among other things, studying how leaders arise in them and what their functions are; but I see no reason for selecting this aspect of a complicated situation for special study. Has it been more neglected than others? I doubt it.

Professor Schlesinger discerns what he calls "a line of argument," which he attributes to both Locke and Tolstoy, and of which he says that it "deprives history of its moral dimension by depriving the individual of accountability for his acts." This juxtaposition of Locke and Tolstoy is merely odd, but the conclusion which comes hard upon it is astonishing:

> the heroic leader has the Promethean responsibility to affirm human freedom against the supposed inevitabilities of history.

If man is free, then he is so whether or not there have been great men who have changed the course of history. We do not prove that a decision is free by pointing to the importance of its consequences, any more than we prove that it is not free by pointing to their unimportance. Professor Schlesinger's argument purporting to show that Max Weber's charisma is a useless concept when it comes to explaining the authority of leaders other than "medicine men, warrior chieftains, and religious prophets" is also misconceived; which is a pity, for a hard knock at Weber, whose reputation is inflated, is long overdue. No doubt, a Hitler must, if he is to get power, resort to transactions unknown to the medicine man or the chieftain, and cannot use power effectively unless he has a bureaucracy under him, and yet his authority does also largely depend on his having what Weber calls charisma.

Why, I wonder, the reference to one, Amaury de Riencourt, who argues that democracy leads to imperialism which ends inevitably in the destruction of democracy? Why does the writer

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suddenly bring this man and this argument to the notice of his readers? The argument is unrelated to the rest of the article, and is not impressive. The British set about acquiring the largest of all empires before they became a democracy, and have now lost it without ceasing to be one. As much could be said of the Dutch; and even the French are nearer to losing what remains of their empire than to abandoning democracy.

The study of history is indispensable to the political theorist, who is therefore inclined to treat the historian respectfully: that is to say, the historian producing history, especially when it is history of the quality that Professor Schlesinger produces. But when the historian ventures into another field, it is a different matter. Not that he should not venture; but, if he does, he takes risks.

John Plamenatz

The Law and Literary Merit

By Raymond Williams

THE EXTENSIVE PUBLIC discussion which followed the trial of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* for obscenity has been centred on two important aspects of the case: the general conflict of values which the prosecution brought into the open, and the literary merit of the novel itself.* I want to look at a third aspect, which is important in literary and social criticism, and which certainly occupied my mind as a witness for the defence: the question of how far literary merit can be established within the legal process (as is now permissible under the new Act), and the related question of the reference a literary judgment has or ought to have to moral and social judgments. The book of the trial,† edited by C. H. Rolph, is a useful basis for this discussion. In some ways, certainly, it is disappointing: I had hoped for something nearer a verbatim record (some reviewers have assumed that it is virtually so, but in the only case I can check from personal knowledge important questions and their answers are in fact omitted). I would also have preferred a more objective tone: I sympathise with most of Mr. Rolph's comments, but they are so mixed up with the evidence that they often get in the way. Nevertheless, we have no comparable document, of a case in which literary critics had to come out and try to show and justify their procedures in public, within terms not of their own choice. As such, the record is unusually interesting.

The first and most obvious point is, of course, that evidence of the novel's merit had to be given in answer to questions framed by lawyers. There were, naturally, the usual preliminary discussions with solicitors, but still, as it turned out, one could only answer in terms of what one was asked, and I know in my own case that things I wanted to say had to go unsaid, within the discipline of relevant answer to the questions actually posed. This is a genuine difficulty, on both sides. Obviously lawyers will ask questions along the general line of their case, and this line will to some extent have been determined by the nature of the pre-existing evidence: in this case, general critical opinion about Lawrence and the terms in which he is normally praised or defended. But in a case of this kind, the defence, with the best will in the world, cannot determine the general line of the trial as a whole. It is certainly noticeable, looking through the record, how much time was spent chasing the opening speech of prosecuting counsel, and I do not suppose many critics would choose to begin a discussion of the literary merits of the novel from that particular performance. Perhaps this could not have been avoided, though in terms of establishing the merits of the novel it certainly wasted a great deal of time, and in effect conceded the proposition that literary merit depends on a healthy moral sense (a criterion which has not exactly been noticeable elsewhere in modern criticism). Yet I feel also, looking through the record, that the line of the defence had in part also been based on similar grounds. The most obvious example is the preliminary assertion that "the author . . . is clearly a very strong supporter of marriage," and it is significant that this point led to one of the worst tangles of evidence (the cross-examination of Mrs. Bennett) and to several incidental critical lapses. It is

* Cf. in recent ENCOUNTERS, "Black Magic, White Lies" [February] and "Lady Chatterley, the Witnesses, and the Law" [March].

† *The Trial of Lady Chatterley*. Penguin, 3s. 6d.

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easy for a literary critic to agree that lawyers know much more than he does about the successful conduct of a case, and in this instance, because of Lawrence's standing, there was a general willingness to co-operate which I think at times over-rode discretion. Perhaps no similar case will arise again. But I think if it did, critics appearing as expert witnesses would be wise to get the terms on which they give evidence much clearer. If you go to a court of law you must respect its procedures, but equally if the witnesses are called as experts their own procedures are relevant.

ANOTHER POINT requiring consideration is the nature of answers to questions in evidence of this kind. On such factual matters as the general standing of the author, whether he is taught in universities, and so on, there is no problem. But to questions on the general theme of the book, and even more to questions of literary judgment and discrimination, it should be obvious to everybody that the answer is an opinion requiring supporting argument, and that of its nature this will rarely be simple. Several witnesses answered in this way, when they could, and Mr. Gerald Gardiner, for the defence, was very active in their support. Yet still, in a court of law, such things as these could be said:

> "Bishop, I don't want to be offensive to you, but you are not here to make speeches. Just try and answer my question 'Yes' or 'No,' if you can."

> "I do not want to stop you if you have something further to say, but the question is just a simple one to answer without another lecture. You are not at Leicester University now."

> "Never mind about substantiating it."
> [This was withdrawn, after protest.]

> "These views that you have heard from these most eminent and academic ladies and gentlemen.... I do not seek to draw fun simply for the fun of drawing fun at their expense by such comments as I make, because let it not be thought for one moment that I question their absolute integrity; I do not. But I do suggest that they have got what in Scotland I think is said to be a bee in their bonnet about this matter, and indeed, when one sees and hears some of them launching themselves at the first opportunity, with the first question that is asked of them, into a sermon or a lecture, according to their vocations in this world, with apostolic fervour, as they did, one cannot help feeling that, sincerely and honestly as they feel, they feel in such a way that common sense perhaps has gone by the board."

> "As we all know, in these days the world seems to be full of experts There is not a subject you can think of where there is not to be found an expert who will be able, or says he will be able, to deal with the situation; but our criminal law in this country is based upon the view that a jury takes of the facts and not upon the view that experts may have."

> "They, it may be (for many of them have been students of this author for many years) are able to read into that book some message or some meaning that they decide the author is trying to convey, and nobody, of course, for one moment questions the honesty of their opinions."

> "Well, as I say, these various witnesses have purported to tell you what was in the mind of the author, what the message was that he was proposing to give or attempting to give by this book, and of course you will pay whatever attention you consider is right to their evidence, and you will make your assessment of it. But you will no doubt ask yourselves whether, unless a person was a student of literature, an authority on English literature, and a student of Lawrence, he would be able to read into this book the many different things that many of these witnesses have said he intended should be in the book."

When it is remembered that the last three of these comments came from the Judge, it is certainly open to question whether Parliament's intentions in the matter were in fact established in court. In this respect, there is the important matter of the dog that didn't bark—the non-existent prosecution witnesses as to literary merit. Their absence was explained by Prosecuting Counsel on the grounds that he had begun by conceding literary merit to the book, but that it was still obscene, and on this witnesses were not admissible. There is an important question of fact here, for it has been widely reported in conversation that the Prosecution did invite literary witnesses, but failed to get them or at least enough of them. It would be as well if this could be cleared up, for the record. In my own view, it would have been a more honest trial if the quite large number of people who believe *Lady Chatterley's Lover* to be a mediocre or even very bad novel could have been represented. For, as it was, evidence of literary merit was on the whole tied to the defence against obscene publication, whereas the question of merit is in law (as I understand it) an isolated one, on which conflicting evidence might well be heard. It is, that is to say, a separable issue, to be brought into consideration if obscenity has been established, and surely then the expert witnesses might have given evidence without reference to their views on whether the novel (good or bad) should be published, or on obscenity. There were innumerable muddles in the trial, when

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deliberately or through the sheer complexity of questions, witnesses strayed into these other fields, or were in effect led there. But the likelihood of such muddles was very great from the moment when witnesses were tied to the general defence.

I SPEAK as an interested party, but I think that on the whole, in the circumstances described, the literary witnesses did reasonably well. This is not the same thing as saying that because one gave evidence for the defence, one agreed with the whole defence or with all the other defence witnesses (a point that should be obvious, but that has been ignored in some subsequent controversy, where "the defence witnesses" have been spoken of as if they were a bloc). Through all the fantastic muddle, most of the essential points were made, from the position of those who admire Lawrence and think *Lady Chatterley's Lover* a good novel. I have already said that I wish other literary evidence, finding it a bad novel, could have been given, for I think defence witnesses have been exposed to a peculiarly nasty kind of subsequent comment, from qualified people who find the novel bad, and who go on to suggest or state, from their own certainties, that of course the defence witnesses were lying or at least telling half-truths, in what they supposed was a good cause. Since evidence was on oath, this is actionable; but I don't suppose anybody wants that. What needs to be said is that this argument should have taken place in court, and that it was in no sense the fault of the defence witnesses that it didn't. These at least had the courage of their own (possibly mistaken) convictions, and the Old Bailey is after all a more demanding place than a party.

THREE MORE GENERAL questions arise. First, will it ever be possible, in practice, to consider the book "as a whole," as the law requires? Genuflections in this direction were continually made, but unless literary experts are allowed to make some preliminary general statement on the book, of an agreed length, I don't see how it can be done. Question and answer on its own leads inevitably to fragmentary evidence. Second, since literary judgment depends on comparisons, have the conditions for this been established? As I read the record, I have the sense that they were just achieved, during the course of the trial itself: that comparisons as to literary merit are admissible, as to obscenity not. But before this was settled, one witness had been told "Don't say 'knowing Lawrence,'" when to the question asked, about repetition, the answer "He always writes like that and he brings it off" seemed fair.

Third, and most difficult, there is a whole complex of questions, in effect inseparable, which refer to standing controversies in criticism about "intention" and about the relation of literary merit to morality. It is hardly surprising that with these questions unsolved in criticism itself, they were not solved at the trial. Most of the real muddles stemmed from these issues, and not only because at times the case veered towards a trial of a fictional character for adultery. The most interesting thing to me was that I would have said, before the trial, that critical opinion in Britain and America on the whole concludes that literary and moral questions are separate, at the level of academic discipline. For some years I have been profoundly dissatisfied with this, believing it to be a late product of æstheticism. But then, at the trial, it seemed that many critics in fact habitually combine literary and moral judgments: not at the stupid level of whether a given character behaves well or badly, but at the level of a judgment of the human importance, and value towards life, of a given novel. I think many critics will be stimulated by this case to look over and revise general theory in these matters, to bring it into line with what are evidently their own most natural and deepest responses. It will certainly not be easy, but we cannot leave things in the mess they are, and we might be able to give better evidence, in any future case, if we were clearer about it.

For public opinion is still not convinced, in my experience, that a verdict of "obscene but in the interests of literature" would ever be justified; and I certainly don't think it would myself. What we have to do, perhaps, is to consider "obscene," and even "shocking," as critical terms, and try to clarify them, if only as a means of rescuing them from the conventional stupidities repeatedly exposed at this trial.

I would add one further comment, outside my own field. Since a culture *can* be degraded, and persons *can* be corrupted, it is urgent that we know much more about the conditions of these processes. The expert evidence most lacking at this trial was in a field where at least some facts are verifiable: the known effects, negative and positive, of work that might be thought to "deprave and corrupt." If even some tentative findings on this could have been put into evidence, one would have had the impression of a more serious society: not one settling an issue which was really a case of historical lag, but one settling or trying to settle issues vital to its health and security. This acquittal was right, but it is not a case for random cele-

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bration. Sooner or later we shall have to face the real issues which it both exposed and confused, and to do that we must, first, go on examining and revising the law, and, second, go on clarifying our separate disciplines to the point where, especially in sociology, psychology, and literature, we can offer some new general principles of literary merit and the public good.

What Future for Africa?

A Reply to Edward Shils — By ELSPETH HUXLEY

PROFESSOR EDWARD SHILS puts the case for African political freedom with a cogency that suggests I was trying to deny or refute it. A chastening riposte: I seem to have conveyed almost the exact opposite to what I intended. I started from the assumption that colonialism in Africa is a dead duck. (Mr. Hodgkin rightly says many Africans don't think so while Algeria, the Portuguese colonies, and the Union remain; nevertheless, this was my starting-point.) What next was the exercise.

The prospect of African freedom—more than a prospect now, surely, a fact—is to me, Professor Shils thinks, "abhorrent" and "awful." He says my arguments "deny the worthwhileness of African freedom," and that I "imply a negative answer" to the question whose answer I took for granted, whether Africans should be free, "by arguing that Africans will not make good use of their freedom." A misunderstanding, indeed! I nowhere implied—certainly I didn't mean to—that Africans should not rule themselves because they might not do so in a way we approved of. To begin with that would be absurd—who is to stop them? To go on with, freedom must entail freedom to misgovern, if that should come about—"better to reign in hell than serve in heaven." That has always been obvious. It is just because they so often seem to me to refuse to recognise this that I quarrel with the "liberals," to use a horribly loose, almost meaningless term for lack of a better.

Even now, or so it seems to me, Mr. Shils is refusing to face the charge. Basically, his argument follows a line like this. (I hope he will forgive me if, striving for brevity, I over-simplify.) Africans must have their independence. They want a "modern society," defined as one "humanitarian, liberal, open, and economically and socially progressive." Mrs. H. thinks they won't be able to achieve this kind of society because of their incompetence, backwardness, and general inferiority. Therefore, she wants colonial rule perpetuated. Therefore, she is being scornful, disparaging, reactionary, and generally an old colonialist shell-back.

With great respect, I think several fallacies lurk here. Agreed, I suggested that some African countries, after independence, mightn't continue with our "liberal" pattern of democracy: free speech, toleration of minorities, oppositions, etc. (Cassandra was not looking very deep into the crystal ball: this has already happened.) One fallacy, I suggest, lies in the conclusion that this will come about because Africans, needing to love the highest when they see it, will *try,* and fail, to achieve our kind of society: imperfect, but "modern" and free; their failure will prove them incompetent and inferior.

No, no. My whole point was that Africans might not *want* to copy us at all, but prefer something else. If they are shooting at an elephant in one direction, and we are shooting at a haystack in another, and they don't hit the haystack, but we do (just), does that prove them to be inferior marksmen? There, I think, is the misunderstanding. Some Africans, I agree, *do* want to follow our so-called liberal principles; others, obviously, do not. For various reasons, it seems at least possible that these others will strengthen their position and come out on top. For the life of me, I can't see why Mr. Shils takes this view as evidence that I am scornful, disparaging (etc.) towards African intellectuals, graduates, been-tos and so on. I like and respect some of them very much—others less, some not at all, just as I feel towards paler-skinned civil servants, professional men, and graduates. I was trying to deal with aims, what people really want. If their aims are different from those of Mr. Shils, or of myself, that is their affair—although, of course, it might become our affair if we differed from them in their own countries.

If I may, still with great respect, continue to scratch for fallacies: why does Mr. Shils equate a "modern society" with one that is "humanitarian, liberal, open, and economically and socially progressive?" Desirable, yes; but

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modern? What are the societies of China, Russia, Yugoslavia, Indonesia, and many other countries, if not modern? (And ancient as well: as are all societies.) Wouldn't M. Sekou Touré maintain that Guinea has a society every bit as modern as Sierra Leone, in fact a good deal more so? Where does Dr. Nkrumah stand on this—the most influential man in sub-Saharan Africa? Or President Nasser? We must face the fact that, attached as we are to our "liberal" society, millions to-day are more inclined to put it among the old fuddy-duddies than among the up-and-coming moderns. Sad, but I think true. That Africans want, and will doubtless have, "modern" societies I agree, but not with Professor Shils' definition, in this context, of modernity.

Now, I'M NOT TRYING to make the simple suggestion that most of these new African countries will "go Communist" and land in the Russo-Chinese camp. (If it is one camp, not several.) I know they see the danger. Equally, I don't believe that they think there is no god but Demos and that we, the Western nations, are his prophets. There are two points to remember: first, the tremendous pulling-power of the Russian (and now, one understands, the Chinese) success in doing on a massive scale just what African leaders know they must do—transform huge, illiterate peasant populations into industrialised proletariats, magnify economic productivity and harness the natural resources of their countries. Second, the strength of racial hatred felt towards white ex-colonialists and not *all* dissipated by political freedom, and the anxiety to replace all vestiges of colonialism by expressions of the African personality. Totalitarian countries have the great advantage of apparent freedom from this colonialist "taint," and of course they make the most of it.

Mr. Shils says the alternatives to African states liberally governed are colonial rule, or "the disaggregation of the new states into their tribal constituents." Here I disagree. The first of his alternatives is out; the proper "or" to his "either" is the pulling together of the state under some form of personal and/or one-party dictatorship. This may be the only way to overcome tribalism. It is what happened in Ghana.

When Mr. Shils remarks that the spread of liberal-humanitarian-democratic ("modern") values "would make African societies better, even if practically no one was in favour of them when they were initiated," I am with him wholeheartedly, but fear that if practically no one was in favour of them, they would not last long. In fact, this is exactly what happened: those values *were* initiated by the colonialists, when practically no one was in favour of them. A good many converts have been made: the crucial question is, now that the initiators have withdrawn, are those converts many enough, strong enough, and convinced enough to sustain and spread these values? Or will the liberal-values baby get thrown out with the colonialist bath-water? I don't think I gave so dogmatic a negative answer as Mr. Shils suggests: we are all groping. But we must be honest about the trends, even if we don't like the look of them—or what we think are the trends.

With Mr. Shils' last point—in effect, don't shoot the pianist—I have much sympathy. The pianist has a terribly intractable instrument, and no time to practise scales. I must, however, touch on two points. One: when nations become independent, members of the U.N., spawners of ambassadors, they must take their place in the adult world and accept the rough-and-tumble which includes criticism of their actions by people whose fortunes these actions may affect. They can't have it both ways: independence plus the cosseting which is part of colonialism. Understanding and sympathy, yes; immunity from criticism, no. Wouldn't it be a continuation of colonialism, a form of undercover patronage, to absolve them from the common fate? To pull punches because people are black seems to me as wrong as to punch them on the nose for the same reason.

Second, the difficulties faced by the pitifully small cadre of educated young men and women in trying to conduct the public life and economy of these new nations are as Professor Shils so clearly describes: formidable, appalling even, and deserving of our full sympathy. But why are these difficulties so acute? Only, surely, because the dissolution of colonialism has gathered a momentum so giddy as almost to destroy the possibility of a gentle, orderly, and fruitful transition, of a kind that would preserve the values Mr. Shils rightly reveres.

DON'T LET'S HAVE any more misunderstandings here. Colonialism had to go. Not only that, the British version of it always *meant* to go. From the very start, in Africa, it was regarded as "trusteeship," and the essence of trusteeship is that it is temporary. The ward grows up. The nub of the argument about colonialism was that of timing. When was it to go, what preparations were to be made for its departure, what were the tests of the ward's readiness to do without it? It is easy to be cynical about this, and say that many people never meant it to vanish. No doubt this was so; but the record of the colonial service is one of steady, genuine preparation to abdicate.

It is easy now to say, too, and no doubt true,

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that the pace was too slow. There were reasons: dealing with human beings is like forestry, you have to reckon in cycles of about thirty years. (Forestry may need up to two hundred.) It takes a generation to produce, rear, and educate to the point of responsibility a human being. Actually this takes two cycles, because in Africa you had to start from scratch and undo, first, much of what existed. And the education of women was, in many places still is, an appallingly intractable problem. Let us grant that colonialists were slow; but there was, roughly, a programme. On its completion, a reasonably adequate corps of reasonably educated people was to be available to run the country; also a small, partially-informed electorate, adequate to provide for a restricted franchise and, with luck, to reduce the worst dangers of demagogy.

Nationalism, coming in like a whirlwind, swept the whole programme away. We sometimes forget that it was only in 1947 that Ghana, the harbinger, had even an African majority in the legislature. Ten years later, it had gained full independence. Since then, no other country has had anything like ten years; latterly, the whole process has been telescoped into two or three, and linked to universal suffrage. It has outstripped by many years the educational programme. (Tanganyika, independent this year, has, I think, less than twenty graduates.) Everywhere the Western-educated class is still hopelessly inadequate to cope with the demands made upon it; and there is no educated electorate.

It is the hot wind of nationalism that in many places may, I think will, blast and demolish those "modern" liberal values Mr. Shils believes in. And it is partly because so many "liberals" here and in the United States have so actively puffed this hot wind on, done everything to strengthen and accelerate it, instead of trying to temper it to shorn lambs, that I think they have done irreparable damage to the very cause most dear to them, that they have thereby betrayed the very Africans they have so self-righteously championed.

It is easy to say that nationalism had to snowball onwards at an accelerating speed, that no one could have held it back without force and repression. That is true now. I do not believe that it was true in its earlier stages. Without the active encouragement of British and American intellectuals and politicians—an encouragement often deliberately used as a weapon in the home political struggle by those in opposition—would those early nationalist movements have taken root and spread so quickly and effectively? I think myself the aid and comfort they received was decisive. Without it they would still have grown, of course, and ultimately triumphed, but much more slowly: and time is of the essence here.

Each year that goes by releases a new, and each year a larger, crop of better-educated people, and widens the experience of those already out in the world. Another ten years might have made all the difference. By the very speed they so largely engendered, the "liberals" have made it infinitely hard, perhaps impossible, for liberal values to survive in much of the new Africa. And so they have sold down the river—I don't say intentionally, but from a form of conceit—the inarticulate, still-peasant masses. It is they (the liberals) who have helped to place these few graduate/been-tos in such an impossible position that they may well be forced, even where they did not intend it, to swing away from a "modern" form of society to an authoritarian and illiberal one. This, I believe, has been a major, genuine, and perhaps catastrophic *trahison des clercs*.

CASSANDRA WAILS AGAIN: let us hope wrongly. I am sure she often mixed things up; anyway, no one believed her. Eventually, the human brushwood consumed, the expendable expended, the simple confounded, the hot wind will die down and, through blackened grassroots, new

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green shoots appear. Liberal or repressive, humanitarian or totalitarian, open or closed, free or circumscribed, "modern" or Marxist, democratic or hierarchic—who knows? Probably Africa will be spotted with all sorts of régimes, and many of the régimes will be mixed. All I was trying to say, I think, was what has often (of course) already been said: for instance, "There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right!" Including Professor Shils' and President Nkrumah's; Mr. Hodgkin's and Oginga Odinga's; those of the Oxbridge high table and the fig-tree market place. The horse carrying the brightest colours does not, alas, always win the race.

How to Quote

Exercises for Beginners — By A. J. P. Taylor

Trevor-Roper

(*Encounter, July*, 1961)

According to Mr. Taylor . . . Hitler merely sought to restore Germany's "natural" position in Europe, which had been artificially altered by the Treaty of Versailles.

For what ought the Western statesmen to have done when faced by Hitler's modest demands? According to Mr. Taylor, they should have conceded them all.

Winston Churchill believed in the balance of power and would have maintained frontiers designed on principles of security, not nationality. Intolerable cynicism!

Munich, according to Mr. Taylor, "atoned" for all the previous weaknesses of British policy. He [Taylor] praises Chamberlain's "skill and persistence" in bringing "first the French and then the Czechs to follow the moral line."

If only Chamberlain had not lost his nerve in 1939! If only he had shown equal "skill and persistence" in enabling Hitler to detach Danzig and the Polish Corridor, how happy we should all be!

The reason why the majority of the British people changed, between 1936 and 1939, from the views of Neville Chamberlain and Mr. Taylor to the views of Winston Churchill was their growing conviction that Hitler meant what he said. . . . A contemporary conviction that was strong enough

Taylor

(*Origins of the Second World War.*)

Hitler, too, wanted to free Germany from the restrictions of the peace treaty; to restore a great German army; and then to make Germany the greatest power in Europe from her natural weight. . . . . Maybe his ambitions were genuinely limited to the East; maybe conquest there would have only been the preliminary to conquest in Western Europe or on a world scale. No one can tell.

Wiser counsels were not lacking. Early in July [1939] Count von Schwerin, of the German War Ministry, was in England. He spoke frankly: "Hitler took no account of words, only of deeds." . . . This advice was disregarded. . . . The British statesmen were trying to strike a balance between firmness and conciliation; and, being what they were, inevitably struck the wrong one.

It [Churchill's] was a view which shocked most Englishmen and which, by its apparent cynicism, deprived its holders of influence on policy.

Idealists could claim that British policy had been tardy and hesitant. In 1938 it atoned for these failings. With skill and persistence, Chamberlain brought first the French, and then the Czechs, to follow the moral line.

Men will long debate whether this renewed war [of 1939] could have been averted by greater firmness or by greater conciliation; and no answer will be found to these hypothetical speculations. Maybe either would have succeeded, if consistently followed; the mixture of the two, practised by the British Government, was the most likely to fail.

There followed an underground explosion of public opinion such as the historian cannot trace in precise terms. . . . All the prophets had said that Hitler would never rest content; he would march from one conquest to another, and could be stopped only by force or the threat of force. Like

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to change the mood of a nation . . . surely deserves some respect from the historian. A historian who ignores it . . . runs the risk of being considered too clever by half.

But what about the European Jews? That episode is conveniently forgotten by Mr. Taylor.

It does not fit the character of a German statesman who "in principle and doctrine, was no more wicked and unscrupulous than many other statesmen."

According to Mr. Taylor, Hitler really only wanted the German city of Danzig, but since geography prevented him from obtaining it except by the coercion of Poland, he was forced, reluctantly, to apply such coercion and prepare military plans. Of course (according to Mr. Taylor) he did not intend to execute these plans.

It [the book] will do harm, perhaps irreparable harm, to Mr. Taylor's reputation as a serious historian.

water dropping on a stone, their voices suddenly broke through the crust of incredulity. They seemed to have been proved right; and the "appeasers" wrong. . . . Henceforth the appeasers were on the defensive, easily distracted from their work and hardly surprised at their own failure.

Many Germans had qualms as one act of persecution followed another culminating in the unspeakable wickedness of the gas-chambers. But few knew how to protest. Everything which Hitler did against the Jews followed logically from the racial doctrines in which most Germans vaguely believed.

In principle and doctrine Hitler was no more wicked and unscrupulous than many other contemporary statesmen. In wicked acts he outdid them all.

Previously Danzig might have been settled without implying any upheaval in international relations. Now it had become the symbol of Polish independence; and, with the Anglo-Polish alliance, of British independence as well. Hitler no longer wished merely to fulfil German national aspirations or to satisfy the inhabitants of Danzig. He aimed to show that he had imposed his will on the British and on the Poles. They, on their side, had to deny him this demonstration. . . . Of course Hitler's nature and habits played their part. It was easy for him to threaten, and hard for him to conciliate.

The Regius Professor's methods of quotation might also do harm to his reputation as a serious historian, if he had one.

A Reply

By H. R. Trevor-Roper

I AM AFRAID that after examining Mr. Taylor's use of German documents, I am not disposed to accept him as a tutor in the art of quotation. Nor do I think that his "exercises" amount to much. They are calculated to spare him the trouble of argument and to give a lot of trouble (or, more likely, bewilderment) to the reader. They are certainly no answer to the positive points made in my review.

In my review I tried to summarise Mr. Taylor's thesis. Of course such a summary is not tied exclusively to single quotations: it is distilled from many; and it is not refuted by single quotations which in no case conflict seriously with it but, at most, may sometimes illustrate only a part of it or vary the emphasis. In view of the bewildering inconsistencies in Mr. Taylor's own presentation of his thesis (some, but only some, of which have been shown by correspondence in *The Times Literary Supplement*), such variations are not hard to find.

For instance, my sentence No. 1 is not based only on the passage which Mr. Taylor now places opposite it. It is also based on other passages in his book. Thus, on p. 70, he writes, "Hitler wanted the Allies to accept the verdict of January 1918; to abandon the artificial undoing of this verdict after November 1918; and to acknowledge that Germany had been victorious in the East. This was not a preposterous programme"; and on p. 108: "whatever his long-term plans (and it is doubtful whether he had any) the mainspring of his immediate policy had been 'the destruction of Versailles.'" I cannot see that my summary is unfair.

Similarly, in quotation 9, if Mr. Taylor's own words are boiled down, what do they come to? In this single quotation he is saying that in the material world Hitler only wanted Danzig, but

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that, by now, he wanted to get it by means which would constitute a prestige victory. On p. 248 he explains that, for geographical reasons, Danzig could not be seized without direct coercion of Poland. In other passages, quoted by me, Mr. Taylor insists that Hitler did not want war but only a war of nerves backed by military force. My words, which quotation 9 is intended to refute, seem a fair summary of these passages. And the same can be said, I believe, of all the other "exercises."

In one "exercise" (No. 6) Mr. Taylor suggests that I have overlooked a paragraph in his book. I have not. I said that "a contemporary conviction that was strong enough to change the mood of a nation . . . surely deserves some respect from the historian," "Respect," not "notice." By "respect" I mean that the historian should consider whether such a "conviction" may have been based on sound reasons. I do not mean that he should merely note the change in mood, dismiss the arguments, and pass on.

I could make the same point about "exercise" No. 7. When I wrote that Mr. Taylor conveniently forgot the persecution of the Jews, I meant, of course, that he drew no deductions from a fact central to the evaluation of Hitler's rule and methods and particularly relevant to the question of the disposal of "inferior" races. I do not regard this serious problem as faced, or my statement as exploded, by a single parenthetical reference in which a crime unique in European history is flicked aside as the logical result of generally shared German ideas.

In "exercise" No. 8 Mr. Taylor suggests that I have deliberately omitted a distinction which he made between Hitler's relatively innocent principles and doctrines and his admittedly wicked acts. But I scrupulously quoted his limiting words "in principle and doctrine." And anyway, if his wicked acts are to be dismissed as merely "following logically" from his innocent "doctrines," what is the force of the distinction?

If Mr. Taylor had been able to convict me of any "quotation" comparable with his own version of the German documents (a subject on which he is now silent), or if he had shown my summary to be as inconsistent with his thesis as he so often is with himself (an inconsistency on which—see his letter to *The Times Literary Supplement*—he has also refused to comment), I should indeed be ashamed. But if these "exercises" represent the sum of his answer to my criticism, I am unmoved.

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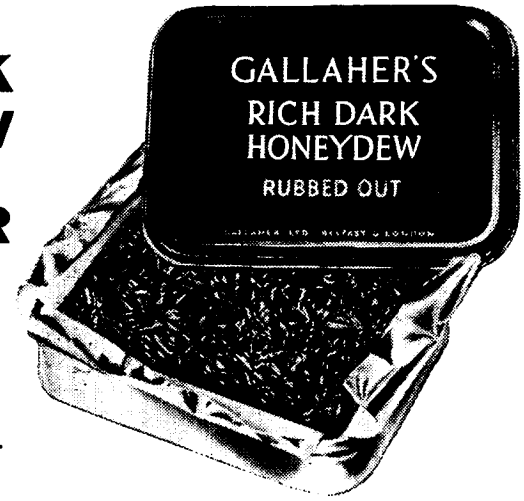

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Love, Death, and Mr. Fiedler

By Marcus Cunliffe

> Happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.
>
> Everything was in confusion in the Oblonskys' house. The wife had discovered that the husband was carrying on an intrigue with a French girl, who had been a governess in their family, and she had announced to her husband that she could not go on living in the same house with him.

THESE will be recognised as the opening sentences of *Anna Karenina* (in the Constance Garnett translation). What is there that stamps it as a "European" or at any rate as a non-American work? Why could no American novel, at least none written in the 19th century, begin in such a fashion? What is the special tone of American fiction?

Many attempts have been made to answer that sort of question. American novelists themselves —Cooper, Hawthorne, Henry James—explained that their society was too raw, too thin, too undifferentiated to afford scope for the novel of manners on the European pattern. No governesses, among other deficiencies. D. H. Lawrence, digging deeper, argued in his *Studies in Classic American Literature* (1923) that there was something very odd about Poe, Cooper, Melville, and the rest, an apparent innocence and softness disguising "the inner diabolism of the symbolic meaning":

> Always the same. The deliberate consciousness of Americans so fair and smooth-spoken, and the under-consciousness so devilish. *Destroy! destroy! destroy!* hums the under-consciousness. *Love and produce! Love and produce!* cackles the upper-consciousness. And the world hears only the love-and-produce cackle.

More recently, Richard Chase's *The American Novel and its Tradition* and Harry Levin's *The Power of Blackness* have examined the peculiarly disembodied and the deeply pessimistic qualities of American fiction. We may agree with these and other witnesses that there *is* more in American literature than meets the eye, and feel that the critic is justified in searching for hidden clues.

Leslie Fiedler is the latest, most confident, and most ambitious of the searchers.* He seeks a comprehensive explanation, with the aid of Marxist, Freudian, and Jungian terminology. He looks at the novel as a social fact and, at the other extreme, as an expression of deeply buried myths and archetypes. The emergence of the novel as an art-form in Europe was coeval with the emergence of the bourgeoisie. It therefore mirrored the taste of the middle classes, and especially their sentimental standards, since the "subject par excellence of the novel is love" or—as Mr. Fiedler also defines it—"the passionate encounter of a man and a woman." He considers Richardson's *Clarissa* to be both an early archetypal expression of this situation and a very promising version of it. European literature developed maturely along Richardsonian lines, producing abundant and adult examples of the novel of manners, society, heterosexual encounters (the terms seem interchangeable). It also for a time experimented with and then abandoned a second development, the Gothic line as exemplified in Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*. In the United States, on the other hand, the Richardsonian pattern became debased and perverted, while the Gothic element—also in some ways debased and perverted—survived and thrived, evolving into a distinctive American style.

Using this broad Richardsonian-Walpoleian division, Mr. Fiedler goes on to examine a number of American novels, famous and obscure. He finds none, from the end of the 18th century to the present day, that deal convincingly with relations between men and women. The female characters are either angels (the common 19th-century model) or bitches (the dominant 20th-century model), either sanctimonious or depraved. The only enduring friendships are "homoerotic," and what is more, pairings of white and coloured (Indian or Negro): Natty Bumppo and Chingachgook, Ishmael and Queequeg, Huck Finn and Nigger Jim. They *seem* innocent, as D. H. Lawrence noted: hence

* *Love and Death in the American Novel.* By LESLIE A. FIEDLER. Secker & Warburg, 60s.

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the fact that most of the acknowledged masterpieces of American fiction are often classified as good yarns, adventure stories, children's books to be put on the library shelf with Ballantyne and Henty and Kipling. Yet Mr. Fiedler goes much further than previous critics in analysing the pervasive queerness of American fiction. He sees it as full of covert, distorted sexuality—not merely homosexuality but also brother-sister incest (*e.g.*, in Melville's *Pierre*) and necrophilia (*e.g.*, of course, in Poe and less obviously in Harriet Beecher Stowe—the death-of-Little-Eva sequence in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*). He argues that these tendencies prevail to the present day, whether in the vicious fantasies of Mickey Spillane and Dashiell Hammett or in the more articulate and sensitive writings of Carson McCullers, Truman Capote, and Paul Bowles. Nor does he fail to discuss *Lolita*.

THIS BRIEFLY is Mr. Fiedler's thesis, though he elaborates and qualifies it through six hundred pages, far more ingeniously and insistently than I have space to illustrate. He has annoyed several reviewers. Donald Davie, for instance, said (*Guardian*) that the book is "fatuous and dull" and a "sustained fouling of the American nest." Some people have objected that though the thesis is true to an extent, it is not new. A second objection is that Mr. Fiedler has ignored "pure literary values," lumping good and bad indiscriminately together and indeed preferring to dwell upon bad books because their imperfections enable him to quarry any number of archetypes out of them. A related complaint is that he brushes aside novelists such as W. D. Howells whose work might contradict the thesis. A fourth general category of objection is that Mr. Fiedler's assertions may be new but that (possibly for this very reason) they are not true, or else true only in an absurdly partial sense.

The first objection has already been answered, I think. If Mr. Fiedler goes too far, there is no doubt that he goes further than his predecessors. As Graham Hough remarked in a perceptive review of *Love and Death* (in *The Listener*), "one has only to cast a quick glance over some of the conspicuous areas of American fiction . . . to see that a rough *prima facie* case has been made." Made, that is, before Mr. Fiedler starts. He is surely justified in expanding it, and in using all available methods, so far as they are compatible. This means, to come to the second objection, that Mr. Fiedler is entitled and even obliged to disregard "pure" literary quality. His thesis would be dubious indeed if he confined his evidence to a few select works, and hopelessly confused if he attempted to combine with his other approaches any orthodox literary evaluation. No matter what their level of intention, all works of fiction reflect to a degree the preoccupations of their own age. Myths and archetypes may be discerned in all of them. They are fictions in a way not understood by their authors. Mr. Fiedler is in fact well aware that some novels are better than others. He contends that the Gothic line has on the whole been an appropriate and valuable guide to American novelists—and that, for example, William Faulkner's novels have deteriorated since he departed from his Gothic inspiration. The final third of *Love and Death* is devoted to a study of three novels (*The Scarlet Letter, Moby Dick*, and *Huckleberry Finn*) which he conventionally, though for somewhat unconventional reasons, treats as supreme achievements in American literature.

As for the objection that Mr. Fiedler leaves certain authors out of the picture, I think this has not much weight if we accept his premisses. Henry James? Half a European, and even then an artful dodger on the techniques of the "passionate encounter." Twentieth-century novelists? Plenty of sex, but surprisingly few mature relationships. One may dislike Mr. Fiedler's way of putting things. Some reviewers have picked up his remark that the long legs of modern American girls are castrating instruments. But one sees what he means: in a high proportion of contemporary American novels the sexes are at war, and the man comes off worst.

The fourth category of objections is less easy to assess. It must be admitted that Mr. Fiedler is not a fastidious critic. He is not modest: there is a kind of immodesty about him. He lacks and is no doubt proud to lack those traditional critic's qualities of taste, tact, *mesure*, and so on. He is as much the opposite of Lord David Cecil as it is possible to imagine. That might be a compliment. Yet certainly his manner as well as his subject matter sets up resistances in the reader. He is an avowed tough guy. He does not always bother to get his quotations right. He is addicted to exclamation marks! which function as nudges in the reader's ribs or as Bronx cheers. He has a little of the air of the intellectual con-man, talking incessantly, putting something over, seeing how far he can go with a generalisation, throwing off asides that are just hunches. As a result he is apt to leave the impression that his archetypes are not so much an intellectual pursuit as an egghead variant of scandal magazines like *Confidential*. Let me give you the lowdown, he seems to be saying—the inside story. Thus in the preface he appears to dismiss Saul Bellow's remarkable *Henderson the Rain King* with a cheap wisecrack: "a homoerotic *Tarzan of the Apes*." But later he writes acutely and sympathetically about Bellow; and we then

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see that his early comment has a serious meaning.

More complicated difficulties arise when we turn to his method of argument. It is legitimate, and praiseworthy, to employ as many approaches as can be managed. But *are* they compatible? Generalisations differ in design, scope, and dimension. Sometimes, as in discussing the social basis of the 18th-century novel, Mr. Fiedler applies a large—though in itself acceptable—generalisation to a problem of more diminutive scale. At other times he proceeds from a "hard" generalisation to a much more speculative one. Each by itself is reasonable, but they will not fit together. Since he introduces an element of social history, we become uneasy when this yields altogether to a concern for archetypes. We begin to wonder, for example, about the actual literary conditions in 19th-century America. A great deal of what was read was imported from Europe. Did these non-American books with their dominating popularity have no effect upon the American psyche? Or consider the painful struggles of the American author: his self-conscious and artificial efforts to make the United States a suitable setting for fiction. Hence, though there is an old-fogey crassness about such a suggestion nowadays, the possibility that much American writing of a century ago is more maladroit than genuinely mysterious, like some of the inept old paintings that are now sought after as "primitives." It has been shown that certain of these were copied from magazine-engravings. Something bizarre and wobbly results: but what? Or there is the American author's patriotic and "democratic" compulsion—which is not the same as a determination to get rich quick—to identify himself and his writings with the American people. The literary outcome of such a yearning is bound to reveal a sort of unbalance: is it of the archetypal order?

There are other dangers inherent in the myth-and-archetype approach. At best the evidence is conjectural. No one can say for sure whether the archetypes have been discovered, or invented. Were they *there*, or did the critic bring them along in his baggage? Neither provable nor disprovable, they are at once suspect and unassailable. The point can be illustrated by referring to Mr. Fiedler's two notions *Love* and *Death*, and by considering the risk of anachronism that they entail.

True, he traces the changes they have undergone. But his own viewpoint is clearly, even ferociously apparent. It is the viewpoint of contemporary America (and of contemporary Britain, though to a lesser extent). Sex is birthright, duty, ultimate test of character. The secret shame is not to enjoy a full sex-life, the semi-secret boast that this experience begins early and claims extramarital privileges. We know—how much we know!—that love and sex are not quite synonymous, but we believe they are inseparable. Our vocabulary, our cast of mind make it almost impossible for us to think of love other than as a "passionate encounter." Where the passion is apparently absent we conclude that the force has been channelled elsewhere. We think of sexual passion in an almost visual metaphor, as if it were a tangible, non-compressible element like water in a mountain torrent. The only concession we can make is a contemptuous one—to say of people that they are "undersexed." Mr. Fiedler speaks of Hawthorne's male characters as "genital cripples," and notes that Hawthorne's daughter became a nun. Running away from sex, eh? At one stage he acknowledges the existence of the "pre-Freudian imagination." Our puzzle is to estimate whether behaviour was significantly altered once people began to be instructed. May innocence have been genuinely innocent a century ago? Was latent homosexuality, for instance, the same in 1860 as in 1960? We do not know; but it is arguable that our own sexually cocksure age may misinterpret the emotions of the past.

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Similarly with the idea of death in the 19th century. Mr. Fiedler is right to draw attention to the corrupt sentiment, verging on necrophilia, that surrounded the object. We do not readily accept Poe's contention that the most poetical theme of all is the death of a beautiful woman; nor do we weep, as Gladstone is said to have done, in reading of the death of Little Eva. But after all, as a walk round any old graveyard shows, the death of children and young women (and men) was a prominent fact of the 19th century. So, too, in the 18th century; but something has changed. The 19th century is no longer resigned to loss. If the reaction is more "morbid" it is also more agonised. Comparatively few in our generation have sat at the death-beds of young children. We are inclined to mock at or be mystified by the old set-piece literary treatments of bereavement. Yet if Gladstone wept over Little Eva, why should he not? His own small daughter had died a couple of years before, after a lingering illness.

And whether or not we accept Mr. Fiedler's thesis, can we altogether accept his America-Europe polarity? It provides a neat scheme; and clearly there are some differences. But in trying to isolate and account for what is peculiar to the United States he may be exaggerating the contrasts. Thus, although in the American context "Love" seems to be primarily sexual, in the European context he is prepared to recognise its wider implications. So "Love" in the European novel seems to be equated with "Society"—with the treatment of a firmly-established social order. No doubt, as Mr. Fiedler claims, there is a much franker discussion of sexual relations in the European novel of the 19th century. Zola's work was greeted with cries of horror in the United States. But are the differences so fundamental, in particular where the idea of "Death" is concerned? What of the French cult of *l'Inconnue de la Seine*? If Little Eva dies, so does Little Nell. Perhaps one's uneasiness derives in part from the Fiedlerian assumption that *English literature* belongs to Europe and differs essentially from that of the United States in the 19th century. True, the English novel of that time deals with a more stable social order. But what would it not yield, in morbidity and sexual equivocation, to a Fiedlerian analysis? Mr. Fiedler borrows from Mario Praz the useful term "Biedermeier" to describe aspects of middle-class American literature: Mario Praz, however, applies it to English fiction—the fiction of Dickens and Thackeray and their contemporaries. If English and American literature have so much in common, the archetypes that Mr. Fiedler explores may require less exclusively transatlantic explanations. *Did* Nature and the

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Indian play as decisive a part as Mr. Fiedler maintains?

ONE FINAL UNCERTAINTY. Assuming that the main case in *Love and Death* is valid, what follows? Are we to judge the quality of a culture by its archetypes, and if so is the United States a ghastly sham, a country of scared, immature, brutal men and women bent on destruction and self-destruction? Then, praising the endeavours of Charles Brockden Brown, at the end of the 18th century, to construct a natively American Gothic line, Mr. Fiedler says of the other, Richardsonian line: "Had some early writer as self-consciously considered the problem of seduction in our literature, the role of love in American fiction might have been far different." And so, too, the role of love in American *life*? Or was all fore-ordained? Elsewhere he appears to argue that whatever is unlikeable in American life, there are distinct compensations because—along the Gothic line—American authors have made memorable contributions. Is this to say that American life is justified by its literature? Though some of these are unfair questions, I fancy they lie behind the complaint that Mr. Fiedler has no proper literary standards. More exactly the charge might be that he is inconsistent. He has literary standards, and very decided ones, but they are apt to blur his non-literary analysis. The book would have been less important and more coherent if he had omitted the third section—a brilliantly alert one—on the three novels that he picks out for special commendation.

Yet in sum *Love and Death* is a better book than I may have implied. It is confusing rather than confused. It is long, intricate, subtle as well as over-subtle, witty and arresting. Though there is some digression the principal themes are held in view throughout. If it is an invention then it is something of a classic—a large fantasy painted in the vivid glossy light that best suits certain forms of surrealism. (One begins to add one's own fantasy-footnotes: *e.g.*, that though William Penn may have *thought* he was naming Philadelphia as the City of Brotherly Love, he was really announcing the theme of *Geschwisterinzest*, since "Philadelphus" was the nickname of the Ptolemy who aroused scandal by marrying his sister Arsinoe.) But I agree with Graham Hough that there is a *prima facie* case and that Mr. Fiedler has expounded it with remarkable verve and originality. No doubt he tries to do too much and to prove too much. Here and there his methods are open to criticism; and one hates to think what monstrosities will be brought forth by imitators. In this sense one Fiedler per decade is quite enough. Still, he asks unfamiliar questions and provides many astonishingly plausible answers.

Nor is *Love and Death* a nasty, nest-fouling book, read as a whole. I do not see why birds should be expected not to foul their own nests, if that is their nature and if they continue to live in the nests. Who are we to prescribe a healthier régime? There is perhaps a hint of inverse chauvinism in the relish with which Mr. Fiedler discusses the hidden places of the American imagination. But the relish is unmistakable. He has contrived to make the American heritage less wholesome but far more interesting than once seemed likely.

Gents and Rebels

A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons. By MARTIN GREEN. *Longmans*, 18s.

MOST REVIEWERS have approached Mr. Martin Green with ill-concealed trepidation, as though he were an unexploded bomb which might go off in their faces. It is easy to see why. *A Mirror for Anglo-Saxons* is an infuriating book: wild, uncritical, and marred by self-pity. Mr. Green is the Don Quixote of the Welfare State, forever hurling himself on windmills which aren't there and ignoring the far nastier ones which are. Even so, he does sometimes hit his target; and when he does so, he hits it with force. One cannot help suspecting that some of his critics have been more upset by his hits than by his misses.

His thesis is familiar enough. Britain, in spite of two world wars and an aborted social revolution, is still dominated by a narrow and crippling ideal of personal behaviour which reflects an outmoded picture of her place in the world. Her eyes are fixed on what Mr. Raymond Williams has called the "mellow dusk;" the dominant image of her culture is still the "gentleman."

This, Mr. Green believes, has two disastrous results. It means that the new men produced by the 1944 Education Act have no acceptable ideal on which to model themselves. Their education—the schools they go to, the books they read, the manners they are expected to adopt—is permeated by assumptions they reject. The working-class or lower-middle-class scholarship boy is turned by his Grammar School Sixth Form into an unconvincing copy of Tom Brown at Rugby. He becomes a cultural half-breed, with all the half-breed's truculent resentment towards both sides of his parentage. He cannot entrench himself into the lower-middle-class culture from which he comes, for the only

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high culture in this country is upper-middle-class. But he cannot assimilate himself into the upper-middle-class culture to which his education has given him the key, for that would be treason to his past.

But if the situation of the imitation gentleman is unhappy, that of the genuine article is in some respects unhappier still. Mr. Green criticises the gentleman-ideal, not only on the familiar grounds that it is confined to a narrow social class, but also on the far more damaging grounds that the ideal itself is dead. The values which gave it life, the assumptions on which it was based, can no longer be accepted by any intelligent or humane person of any class. For the gentlemanly manner, as Mr. Green puts it, "is an aristocratic manner. And our only future is democratic." The ideals of the gentleman—"self-control," "service," "team-spirit"—are the ideals of a ruling class in a ruling nation. The values of Tom Brown's Rugby made sense in the days when Tom Brown was destined to go forth and administer an Empire willing to accept guidance from above. But Britain is no longer a ruling nation, and the divine right of her rulers is no longer accepted even by their fellow-countrymen.

Yet although the gentleman-ideal is dead, its ghost still walks. No one can believe in it, but no one openly proclaims his disbelief. Like the patricians of the Roman Principate, we continue to make sacrifices to our fathers' Gods, not because we expect the sacrifices to work, still less because we like making them, but simply because we feel that it is expected of us. Hence, Mr. Green believes, our lives are empty. At the core of our personalities, where an integrated set of values and beliefs ought to be, there is only a vacuum. Since we no longer believe the code we practise, and since we have no other code to live by instead, we take refuge in opportunism, self-destructive revolt, or a wry self-deprecating despair.

Most of this seems to me profoundly true. Anyone who has seen the pretensions of a grammar school trying to convince the parents that it is really a public school; anyone who has had a national service commission in the R.A.F.; anyone who has sat through a meeting of Magdalen College J.C.R. debating whether or not to continue its subscription to the beagles; or watched Lord Hailsham going slumming in the gallery of a Conservative Party conference, is bound to agree with about 70 per cent of Mr. Green's indictment. Personally, I agree with about 90 per cent of it. It seems to me that an alarmingly high proportion of the people I know are either crippled gents or self-destructive rebels. Indeed, my own personal experience echoes Mr. Green's at a number of points. Like him, I found teaching at an American state university an emotional and even an intellectual liberation after the preciousness of Oxbridge. Like him, I found life in America more open, more bracing, and more generous than life in Britain.

YET ALTHOUGH I AGREE with Mr. Green's diagnosis, his cure seems to me worse than the disease. Having recognised that the upper-middle-class gentleman ideal is dead, he proposes to replace it by the equally moribund ideal of the lower-middle-class non-gentleman. This non-gentleman, the "decent man" as Mr. Green calls him, is a thoroughly admirable figure. Unfortunately, he no longer exists. The provincial, puritan tradition which Mr. Green wants to revive belongs as firmly to the past as does the metropolitan tradition which he wants to overthrow. This can be seen even in the four human examples whom Mr. Green has chosen as his symbols of "decency": Lawrence, Leavis, Orwell, and Kingsley Amis. The list is a good one. But what it shows most forcibly is that the tradition it symbolises has petered out. Leavis's greatest work is far behind him; Orwell ended his life overwhelmed by pessimism. Kingsley Amis, for all his great gifts, has not written a completely satisfactory novel.

Indeed, the gulf between Lawrence and Amis is an impressive testimony to the collapse of the puritan tradition. By this, I do not mean merely that Lawrence was a more talented writer than Amis is. Far more important than the difference in their talents is a difference in their fundamental attitudes. Lawrence, in spite of his insight into the dark and destructive sides of human nature, was fundamentally an optimist: a child of the Victorian age whose *mores* his own work did so much to destroy. He believed in progress, though in progress of a highly idiosyncratic kind. He believed that men and women could, if they chose, lead happier and more fruitful lives than they actually were leading; and that their destinies were in their own hands. It is this note of affirmation, sometimes strident and sometimes superbly eloquent, that accounts for Lawrence's power as a writer and as a symbol. In Kingsley Amis, by contrast, this note of affirmation is absent. Amis's heroes are crushed by the world around them; and they can respond only by futile gestures of revolt. They are, it is true, of the same stock as Lawrence's heroes. But the difference between Mellors and Patrick Standish is the difference between the possibility of victory and the acknowledgement of defeat.

This is no accident. Puritanism—even in the extended sense implied by Mr. Green—rests on the two assumptions that moral absolutes exist, and that the individual human being can dis-

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cover what these moral absolutes are and by meditation on the word of God, gain the inner strength to regulate his life by them. Every intellectual advance from Darwin to Wittgenstein has made those assumptions more untenable. Every recent discovery in the social sciences, from literary criticism to economics, has made it more obvious that the basis for morality must be social, not individual. It is true, no doubt, that the Puritan character structure has survived the destruction of the intellectual and moral foundations on which it was based. But it has survived as an empty shell, as a series of negative reflex actions no more coherent or logical than the gentleman-ideal itself. Mr. Christopher Hill once wrote that 19th-century nonconformity was to 17th-century Puritanism what vinegar is to wine. In Mr. Green's book, even the vinegar has lost its flavour.

David Marquand

Marx's Ideology

Marxism. An Historical and Critical Study. By GEORGE LICHTHEIM. *Routledge and Kegan Paul*, 40s.

REVOLUTIONS and great political movements have always been connected somewhat loosely with the doctrines of political philosophers and economists, to say nothing of the teachings of theologians and the hypotheses of the natural scientists. The American revolutionaries were prepared to borrow natural rights from Locke; the "General Will" was a convenient mask for the Committee of Public Safety. The Bible, the Fathers, and Aristotle have always been plundered to make up political handbooks. We may note the *De Monarchia* of Dante and the *Defensor Pacis* of Marsilius, John of Salisbury's defence of tyrannicide, and the gentle experiment of the Diggers. But the texts appealed to are always, as it were, illustrative of the policies advocated. They offer approved models, apt slogans, timely and witty expressions of what are taken to be permanent truths about human society.

Indeed, it would not be extravagant to say that from the Greek city state to the French Revolution there was only one serious philosophy of politics: the presumption that it is the human task to shape the good society in accordance with prudential rules and moral norms that are available to a suitable combination of intelligence and goodwill in all places and at all times. When David Hume appeals in moral and political matters to fellow-citizens of the republic of letters, the republic of letters is a surrogate for a humanity capable of enlightened decision in all essential matters. There may be Augustinian pessimists and romantic utopians; but even these get their sense from a middle doctrine of which they are both variations.

Marxism is a different matter. It derives from Hegel a kind of thoroughness and pretended omnicompetence and a consequent impetus to make unprecedented claims: a claim to being the science of the sciences, the inner and (now, at last) revealed pattern of all human thought and social development, the instrument by which man is to be freed from the bonds of alienation, the solvent of religion, the key to the future. Wavering between historical prediction and eschatology, it speaks of the vanishing of the State—though in the interregnum between the revolution and the consummation of the good society the proletarian state is indeed to be *poena et remedium peccati*—which will join the spinning wheel and the bronze axe in the museum of historical curiosities and of the end of human prehistory and the beginning of human history.

Such an intellectual system must, if it is to be anything more than a paranoid fantasy, issue in a political movement related to the system in a fashion quite other than that in which the Jacobins, say, were related to Rousseau. Rousseau and other political philosophers provided cracker mottoes for active politicians who wanted a formula to cover the nakedness of interest. But such political philosophers were not in any case offering operative principles for the transformation of human society. They were, along with other things, engaged in a conceptual enquiry. They wanted to know what one was logically committed to when, in the context of politics, one spoke of "freedom," "justice," "obligation," "contract," "individual and community," and so on. For them, history was what it was for Thucydides and Gibbon, a record illustrating the limits and possibilities of an unchanging human nature.

The monument of Marxism is to be perceived all around us. Its exponents are in power in two great states and a number of smaller ones. And everywhere in the world where there are poor peasants, plantation workers, industrial workers who yesterday were peasants, intellectuals without employment, inflamed nationalists, black and brown men abused by white men, Marxism is a word of power. There is a paradox here. Classical Marxism foresaw its victory in the expropriation of bourgeois property by the workers of developed industrial societies. Instead, it has

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been an instrument of change in pre-industrial societies and in societies just emerging from a mediæval economy into the modern world. But the total claims made for Marxism have not been abated; and its being a word of power for simple and agonised people all over the world is related to their awareness that its claims are total. What these claims are may be known only in the sketchiest and crudest way by those who are most enchanted by the doctrine; but they have all the same a sense that behind the slogans of the Communist parties there are vast reserves of intellectual power, a doctrine and a method to turn the old world of pain and conflict into a new world of harmony and peace.

NOTHING IS EASIER than to take the laborious scholasticism of Engels' later writings and the vulgar Marxism of the Stalinist era and show their confusions and absurdities. This has been done with crushing effect by Professor H. B. Acton in *The Illusion of the Epoch*. But there are sophisticated defences of Marxism, defences closely linked with the "revisionism" that forced its way to the surface of the Communist parties, notably in Poland and Hungary, after 1945 and with small ultra-left groups, especially in France, that seek a revolutionary alternative to the Communist parties. Such sophisticated defences rely heavily upon the early neo-Hegelian writings of Marx and the ideas of Trotsky, Rosa Luxemburg, and other critics of the dominant trends in Bolshevism. Their aim is to prise away from Marxism the fearful carapace of scholastic commentary which weighs it down, to exhibit its philosophical originality and its revolutionary élan. Sometimes, as with Sartre and Merleau-Ponty, an injection of existentialist phenomenology is thought to be a necessary preliminary to the operation. In any case, this operation is conceived in the academies and remains academic.

It is one of the greatest merits of George Lichtheim's masterly historical and critical study of Marxism that he is aware of the sophisticated possibilities as well as the simple-minded absurdities. He sees Marx as the greatest figure of the 19th century in that he built a system that now seems more than a curiosity, and in this it is quite unlike the systems of Comte and Spencer, and at the same time released into the stream of revolutionary politics the ideas of German philosophy, British political economy, and French socialism. German in its portentousness, and, so to speak, cosmic ambition, Jewish and Christian in its embodiment of a Messianic hope, the system all the same is marked by a sense of social reality and

POLITICAL AFRICA

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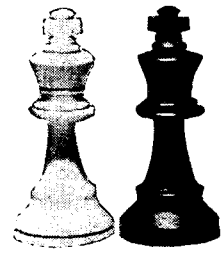
edited by Ronald Segal



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a penetrating analysis of the human predicament in the terrible 19th century. No one so well as Marx has brought out the logical absurdity of contemporary materialism which forgot "that circumstances are changed by men, and that the educator must himself be educated." Lichtheim's Marx is a gigantic figure, to be compared with a St. Augustine, a Vico, a Freud: one who has changed the world of man through understanding. The understanding is shown to be partial, and distorted in its transmission by disciples; but the intellectual achievement is there.

Lichtheim brings out what is central and original in Marx in his comment on the passage in *Zur Kritik der Hegelschen Rechtsphilosophie* which culminates in the splendid affirmation: "Philosophy cannot realise itself without abolishing the proletariat, and the proletariat cannot emancipate itself without realising philosophy." He writes:

> This famous passage is commonly cited as proof that in 1844 Marx was not yet a Marxist: in other words, that he had not yet developed the "materialist" outlook which after 1850—and in particular from the 1870's onward—was to become the hallmark in orthodoxy. . . .
>
> Whatever may be said about the evolution of doctrine, there is no "Marxism" apart from Marx's own writings, and the . . . passage is certainly one of his most characteristic early statements. . . . It is true that in later years he took a less exalted view of the part which thought had to play in transforming the world, just as the concept of a social revolution which would transcend philosophy by "realising" its aims disappeared from his writings; but it was never repudiated, nor could it have been, for it is precisely what he meant by the "union of theory and practice." Without this central idea, Marxism is just another species of materialist determinism, and this is indeed what the later socialist movement largely succeeded in making out of it. But the transformation was never complete; at the core of the system, however much it might be watered down by its own author and others to suit the positivist fashion of the later 19th century, there remained something resembling the original vision of a world made new by a unique event fusing thought and action, theory and practice, philosophy and the revolution, into a creative drama of human liberation. It is literally true that apart from this quasi-metaphysical *tour de force* the whole subsequent history of the Marxist movement must remain incomprehensible. . . .

Lichtheim's book is exceptionally rich in its assembled materials. The argument is always penetrating, the exposition clear. Most of all to be admired is the skill with which he relates the development of Marxism to its historical circumstances. This enables him to bring out more clearly than in any other treatment known to me that stratum in Marxism from which Lenin and Trotsky quarried their peculiar doctrines. At the same time he is able to show, as against Lenin, that Kautsky, for example, was, even as a "defensist," thoroughly Marxist in the sense that belongs to the Marxism systematised by Engels for the German Social Democrats after 1870.

As an intellectual system Marxism is now in dissolution. About this Lichtheim has no doubt. The concluding sections of his book should be read by all who, revolted by Stalinism and such ugly post-Stalinist atrocities as the suppression of the Hungarian Revolution, nevertheless hanker after a purified Marxism and a form of revolutionary socialism modelled upon early Bolshevism (as it is romantically conceived). Marxism has withered into the ideology of a totalitarian society; and as such it is the mere husk of an intellectual movement that was once alive but is now beyond the possibility of reanimation. Whatever is encouraging in the latest developments of Soviet society owes little to Marxism, much to the Russian tradition and to the impulses of our common human nature.

J. M. Cameron

Patriot of Plato's City

The Forms of Things Unknown. By HERBERT READ. *Faber*, 25s.

HERBERT READ has taken his stand before now against received opinion. The battle for the "Modern Movement" against "conservative philistinism" has been won and forgotten; and the new enemy is no less of the *Zeitgeist* and the Left than Sir Herbert himself. The present "essay towards an æsthetic philosophy" is addressed in the first place to linguistic philosophers and other critics who claim that their methods have the validity of science. The object of the most important chapters is to show that quantitative standards, when applied in fields where they are inapplicable, are destructive of the very material to which they are misapplied; or rather that the essence of a work of art is by its very nature beyond their reach. This might seem self-evident, but every year more and more such works appear; someone, presumably, has to answer them, and the champion is, of course, Herbert Read.

He disclaims, however, the name of philosopher—as must any "lover of wisdom" at the

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present time; he is an anti-philosopher. As against that "scientific" philosophy, that denies a metaphysical order and parrots the word "meaningless" to whatever cannot be quantitatively described, Herbert Read argues the meaningful nature of the "non-propositional apprehensions" of art. He distinguishes two modes of thought; the perceptual thought of artist and craftsman; and the conceptual thought of discursive argument and the quantitative proceedings of science. The former, widespread in the illiterate middle-ages (and native still in children), has been all but destroyed in the process of producing our particular kind of literacy; and that loss is the sickness of our over-literate society. Herbert Read has devoted half a lifetime to the cause of "education through art"—perceptual education. He does not give up hope.

Now, "the reduction of science to indeterminacy, and philosophy to a game of counters, far from discrediting idealism, has made it all the more necessary." In an indeterminate universe, someone must make the choice (the phrase has an Existentialist ring), and meaning (using the word in a qualitative sense) becomes the only reality there is. In this context the quotation from St. Exupéry—it is in fact the text of the book—has a very precise, or, as Sir Herbert insists, an "empirical" meaning: "Truth is not what we discover but what we create." Science, he argues, has become speculative, art empirical: "art is a means of cognition"—of perceptual cognition, if we must use these terms.

It is a pity that in order to answer Reichenbach, and worse, so fine a mind should have been subjected to the attrition of reading their books; for "we become what we behold;" and the deadly chill of a vocabulary devoid of qualitative meaning invades at times Sir Herbert's own discourse; for he is a poet, though he too often denies himself the poet's best argument, the poem itself.

Yet he stands always above controversy; his thought remains on a level never reached by those battles of personality fought by the critics. If he has been present at the christening ("but not the funeral" as has been said) of many new painters and schools of painting, this is not from *avant-gardism*. It is simply that he is on the side of life: "Deep in our nature is a reverence for life." For life's endless creativity, its inexhaustible mystery, he stands against the dead mechanism of logical discourse and pseudo-science.

Because he is on the side of life he is an anarchist in politics, in religion, and in the arts; and this involves him in a third disputation, more fruitful than that with the positivists and their tribe, for here there is no question of incommensurable standards. Maritain is the modern exponent with whom Sir Herbert joins in debate, but his quarrel is really with Plato and the traditional metaphysics. For reasons surely moral rather than intellectual he feels bound to defend humanism; he will have nothing to do with Maritain's "spiritual unconscious;" that is to say, he rejects the idea of a spiritual, as distinct from a psychological, order. He will not allow Plato's claim that intellect itself reflects such an order, or that works of art are "copies" of a "divine original." He insists upon the empirical nature of *anima mundi* because Maritain's view transfers the creative agency from the poet to—let us so call it—God, or the gods: "It is really the traditional theory of possession, of inspiration." As against the Vedantic view of the *rishi* who is not the author but the "seer" of his poems he affirms a humanism: "truth is what we create."

It would be hard indeed to refute Plato (or Maritain) on intellectual grounds; but Sir Herbert's reasons for refusing to give in on this point are simpler: he senses "a theological conception of truth," and, with it, an element of compulsion, a hindering of the immediacy of the living reality. For similar reasons he suspects symbolists. "Symbols," he admits, since they are archetypal, "can only be relatively new; nevertheless a sophisticated poet can be too consciously traditional and a sophisticated public suspects any poet who has a deliberate design on them." It is this having a design on you that Sir Herbert senses in the writings of the "engaged" Christian. Truth is free, life is free, both are holy—this is the realisation that he is now, as he has always been, determined to safeguard. It is the most vulnerable of all things, and even in defending we may destroy it. This is surely the paradox; for tradition—though this Sir Herbert cannot allow himself to admit—is itself the expression, as it ought also to be the safeguard, of that Holy Spirit that he is himself proclaiming. At the same time empirical humanism can—and surely already has—invited an indiscriminate cult of self-expression, or mere "action" as such, that calls anything and everything "creation," even to the absurdity of "art by accident."

But Herbert Read must have realised this danger; the magnetic mountain of Plato draws him irresistibly; for the question of form in a work of art is not to be explained in terms of mere vital energy. His consideration of this problem is probably the most valuable part of the book. His empiricism seems at first sight strong enough to keep Plato at a distance; but then, what is "to create?" More, evidently, than mere "action." It is a matter of feeling: a work of art is "in some sense an embodiment of feeling," a "correlative of feeling." We have

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heard this before; but then, the parentheses begin to appear; feeling is "emotion, mood, *idea, intuition*;" and presently a yet more Platonic note is sounded, "its reality resides in its *harmonies*." A few pages on he is saying that when Keats wrote of the beauty of a work of art, "he had in mind the *mathematical* proportions of a Greek vase;" and that "the intention of the potter was not to give pleasure, but to make a vase that corresponds to his *instinct for order*." The feeling theory has become a theory of *form*; and towards the end of the book—I assume that the order of the essays is roughly chronological—

> if the process of art is confined to the level of feeling, it can be an instrument of evil as well as an instrument of good... the great artist is not one who unites mankind on a basis of feeling, but one who by transcending personal feelings discovers symbols for the universal archetypes of the psyche.

Where is the difference here between Herbert Read and the traditional view of art (as stated for example by Yeats) unless it be in his determination not to concede the transcendent nature of the archetypes? If I have understood him he wishes to leave the possibility open that their nature is material—whatever that may mean nowadays. D'Arcy Thompson's *Growth and Form* counterpoises Plato's intelligible world; form is in both nature and mind—or rather it becomes impossible to distinguish the one from the other.

The Modern Movement is essentially anti-traditional, and predominantly nordic; and we still find that heavy preponderance of Germanic names in the bibliography that would be daunting if we did not know from previous experience that there is no obligation to read them. Sir Herbert quotes from books he happens to have lately read and that are in some way representative, rather than because he regards them as valuable in themselves. They are the scenery through which his journey carries him; he has no intention of stopping there. But as we move through the book we find that at some point we have crossed or tunnelled through the Alps, and with relief we look out on a landscape that is old and sunlit. Instead of the Neumanns and Worringers and Pregoffs, we move southwards from Rousseau and Tolstoi to Gandhi and Lao Tze, Homer and Plato, Empedocles and St. John; and in this company the author at last exchanges the mask of the æsthetician for his own humanity, and speaks simple and quiet truths. There is an apologia for peace as fine as anything since *The Innocent Eye*; and the Magnet has won him over: he expounds Plato. But it is a Platonism like no one's else: he sees in Plato's *Politics* the model of the peaceful city; and this *civitas* is the work of supreme art, and expression of "the rule of wisdom, which we also call the rule of love." This city emerges as the justification and the true end of all that Herbert Read means by "art;" for like Plato he means *techne* of every kind, from the work of the sculptor or poet to that of the shoemaker. Virtue is also "art," and Plato has shown the "beauty" of virtuous action. This, above all, is the secret that our society has lost, that has replaced feeling with brutality, truth with indecency; and this degraded cult, Sir Herbert reminds us, is no less to be found in the works of more than one winner of the Nobel prize than in pulp-fiction.

Few will read, fewer trouble to understand, this humane book. Yet Herbert Read is more patriot than æsthetician—a patriot of Plato's city. He is the Brutus of our time, now, as always, lonely, misunderstood and mis-allied, continually but never finally disillusioned (it is always the side of progress that is disillusioned), his integrity inviolate.

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FROM THE OTHER SHORE

The Fate of Olga Ivinskaya

THE PASTERNAK case has been the great moral *agon* of recent years. It is the one crisis which, though recognised everywhere as a great public event, has not involved solely political figures, states, and masses, but—on one side—a single man.

He is perhaps best seen as a man of immense moral toughness, an ability to sweat it out year after year in the face of the overwhelming pressures of a vast and insistent machinery of power. It was impossible to shake him in his feeling that he was right, and that the collective wisdom arrayed against him was absurdly wrong. Fortified by his principles he died unbroken.

What he felt for the state was not a political revulsion. He rather saw its views as inadequate and pettifogging and its life as ephemeral; he foresaw an eventual triumph of the ideas of the Russian Enlightenment. And his strength derived not only from his own "courage of genius," as Edmund Wilson put it, but also from consciousness of support from a less temporary, more genuine, larger collective—that of all concerned with real life and with true art, rather than political expediencies. Even his opponents were reluctant to make too open a breach with this powerful protective force.

But he was also personally sustained by the devotion of a few individuals, and in particular of Olga Ivinskaya, the original of Lara in *Doctor Zhivago*. In 1948 she had been arrested and, as Pasternak tells us, "tortured" in an attempt to incriminate him. After four years in a labour camp, she came back to be his secretary and literary agent. When his persecutors attempted to force upon his corpse the compromises he had refused when living, Ivinskaya, his closest collaborator, continued to stand for his authentic demands. The resentment of the authorities was at last able to vent itself without restraint.

After the violent attacks on Pasternak which culminated in the winter of 1958, the Soviet authorities had changed their approach. In the spring and summer of 1959 they said no more about him or *Doctor Zhivago*. At the same time reassuring reports that his more extreme opponents had to some extent been thwarted began to be put about. Meanwhile, Pasternak himself was extremely reserved in what he said to visitors of unknown reliability. The impression gained ground that the Soviet government had had second, and better, thoughts.

A slight appearance of *détente* affected Pasternak himself. On September 11th, 1959, he reappeared in public for the first time since the Nobel controversy, at the final concert in the New York Philharmonic's tour of the U.S.S.R. Not that he was optimistic. The *New York Times* correspondent, Max Frankel, reported (September 12th, 1959):

> Mr. Pasternak disclosed later that he was working on a play about the liberation of Russian serfs in the eighteen-sixties. He hopes to complete it within six months, he said, but added, "It will not be any more happy for me personally than my novel." He was in good health and living comfortably, but he said of *Doctor Zhivago* that "he did not believe that it would be published in the foreseeable future."

The reference to the evidently unorthodox play shows that he was still stubbornly putting forward his own ideas. In conversation with Mrs. Olga Carlisle in January, 1960, he described this work as a trilogy called *The Blind Beauty*. The "blind beauty" is a peasant girl, but Pasternak noted (*Paris Review*, summer 1960) that:

> The title is, of course, symbolic of Russia, oblivious for so long of its own beauty and its own destinies.

The fate of this manuscript is a matter of legitimate interest to the world literary public, and it evidently played an important part in the events which followed the poet's death. When he saw Mrs. Carlisle, he said that he had then written one-third of the trilogy, adding that, "The first and the second plays are partially written," and that the third part "is but a project yet."

When Heinz Schewe visited Pasternak in March, 1960, the poet showed him a 175-page manuscript of the plays' progress to date. (*Corriere della Sera*, August 2nd, 1960.)

Thus, though the state of completeness of the work at the time of Pasternak's death is uncertain, it is plain that there is solid and important material awaiting release. Besides this, Olga Ivinskaya is known to have been preparing an edition of his correspondence.

By the autumn Pasternak knew that his health was getting worse, but concealed the fact in order not to become an invalid controlled by doctors and sympathisers. In a letter dated November 17th, 1959, he wrote of (*New York Times*, 4 Feb. 1961):

> now and then a disturbance on the left side of a breast. I am telling no one about it, as if I do mention it I shall have to give up my habitual daily routine.

He died on May 30th, 1960. His death, it will be remembered, was announced in three lines on the back pages of the literary papers only. His funeral was not announced, but was attended by

ROBERT CONQUEST *is known as both a poet and a student of Soviet affairs. A book on the Pasternak case,* The Courage of Genius, *is to be published in the autumn by Harvill. A new book of poems,* Between Mars and Venus, *will also be out shortly, from Hutchinson. According to a report in* The Times *of 15th June, both Olga Ivinskaya and her daughter, Irina, "are seriously ill in a Russian prison hospital after being transferred from one camp in Siberia to another near Moscow...."*

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several leading writers and a crowd of fifteen hundred Russian students, workers, and others.

WITH HIS DEATH an attempt was made to blur and misrepresent his own attitude and to pile squalor upon the grandeur. The impression of comparative calm over 1959–1960 had been a false one. The truth was that things had become so bad that the poet, while speaking and writing frankly about it to his acquaintances, had to beg them to say nothing of his plight for fear of making it worse. Worse, too, not only for himself, but also for those not even protected as much as he was by his reputation, and whose fate after his death was to show the implacable meanness of his enemies. During this period of apparent serenity he was writing, in a letter dated August 9th, 1959 (ENCOUNTER, August 1960):

> It continues in all its strictness. My situation is worse, more unbearable and endangered than I can say or you can think of. . . .

Worse than Pasternak, who had lived through the *Yezhovshchina* and the *Zhdanovshchina*, could say! And this is typical of many letters and remarks which could not be quoted at the time. But even now a good deal of what Pasternak told his friends has not been made public. As Edward Crankshaw says (*Observer*, 22 Jan. 1961):

> One day his letters, sometimes almost recklessly indiscreet, to his friends outside Russia will be published. They will be read with distress and a profound sense of outrage that a good man should be made to suffer such humiliation and agony of soul. Don't believe all you hear of me, he said over and over again; they are closing in on me, and I shall come to a bad end. He was, indeed, hounded to death.

THE MAIN WEAPON the authorities had against Pasternak was the hint that reprisals would be taken against Olga Ivinskaya. During the whole period from 1958 she was often called in by the police for apparently pointless interrogation. According to Dr. Ronald Hingley (in the *Sunday Times*, 22 Jan. 1961):

> Fear for her welfare became an obsession of his last years. This was precisely the intention of the authorities, for though he was shielded from direct molestation by his international fame it was possible to harass him effectively in this way. He conveyed to his friends in the West his fear that after his death she would be re-arrested.

Crankshaw quotes a letter from the poet shortly before his death:

> If, God forbid, they should arrest Olga, I will send you a telegram saying that someone has caught scarlet fever. In that event, all tocsins should ring, just as would have been done in my own case, for an attack on her is in fact a blow at me. . . .

In another letter he had written, "she and her children are a kind of hostage for me."

PASTERNAK'S forebodings were only too well justified.

A French student, M. Nivat, to whom Olga Ivinskaya's daughter Irina Yemelianova had become engaged, was refused a renewal of his visa, and left the U.S.S.R. on August 10th, 1960. Olga Ivinskaya was arrested the following week and her daughter in early September. They were, it was later learnt, tried on December 7th, and sentenced to terms of eight and three years respectively. They were sent to Siberia on December 12th.

Such, at least, is the course of events as unofficial Soviet sources have recounted it in the West. There is no clear official account.

When the trial and sentence became known, several Western writers, including Bertrand Russell and Graham Greene, sent unpublicised appeals in the hope that the Russians would realise the extremely bad effect such actions were bound to have even on people of whose political attitudes they themselves had spoken in a friendly way, and that they would then find themselves able to repudiate the trial without loss of face.

It speaks well for the discretion of the many in Western Europe who knew of these letters, that the first publicity came from the Soviet side.

In the middle of January a spokesman of *Goslitizdat*, the State Literary Publishing House, told a British reporter that Madame Ivinskaya had been selling verse translations to them at a profit, having had young students do the actual work—evidently a reference to her obtaining prose translations of poems from languages she did not herself know. He added:

> We have broken off all connection with Ivinskaya. Our Managing Director is very angry with her. In 1959 she delivered 15,000 lines of rhymed verse earning her about 150,000 roubles . . . no one person could translate so much poetry in one year. It is probable that legal action will be taken against her. (*Daily Herald*, 17 Jan. 1961.)

Though nothing more was ever said about this particular offence, this first public statement, with all its inadequacy, made further privacy impossible; in fact it seemed designed to do just that, and to amount to a declaration of irreconcilability on the issue. Outside the Soviet Union there was a storm of protest. A few days later Radio Moscow mounted a formal attack, carried on its foreign services only.

In a broadcast on the night of January 21st, it violently accused Ivinskaya and her daughter of currency offences in connection with the royalties on *Doctor Zhivago*. At the same time, it charged her not merely with breaking the law in this way, but also with deceiving Pasternak for reasons of personal profit. This is in accord with a whispering campaign which had been started in Moscow the previous year, representing her as an evil influence on him and responsible for the anti-Soviet attitudes of his later life. It was followed, on January 27th, 1961, by another, also confined to the foreign services. The essentials of the first broadcast are as follows:

> Big sums of Soviet money began flowing in to Olga Ivinskaya not through the post or telegraph,

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that is, not through legitimate channels; quite the contrary. Packets of money were handed over to her in some hotel, at her country home, or even gateway, by some Western correspondent who had brought this money in unlawfully across the border, or by some foreign post-graduate student who received Soviet money through diplomatic channels from some Western Embassy in Moscow....

Olga Ivinskaya began accepting money from anyone who brought it, and not only money but nylon coats and other commodities bought with the royalties from foreign sources. Much buying and selling was done.... And Ivinskaya's daughter, Irina Yemelianova, a student at the Gorky Literary Institute in Moscow, was drawn into these activities. Her mother involved her in all her contraband dealings.

The incoming sums kept mounting. Last August, for instance, after the writer's death, certain foreign tourists brought half-a-million Soviet roubles to Olga Ivinskaya's country home.... All in all, Olga Ivinskaya received more than 800,000 roubles.

She kept her meetings with these envoys from abroad a deep secret. She was even sent four halves of foreign banknotes and as she testified at the questioning, she had been instructed to match the halves brought by the visitors as a password for those who were to meet her secretly in Moscow.

Olga Ivinskaya did all these things in the name of the late Boris Pasternak, claiming to be his benefactress. The writer's anti-patriotic act had been denounced by the Soviet public. But these dark criminal dealings went on behind the writer's back during his lifetime as well. Even then this benefactress managed to deceive her patron and diverted a large part of his royalties into her own pocket....

This letter taken from Ivinskaya on her arrest was addressed by Feltrinelli not to Pasternak's heirs but to Ivinskaya. It reads in part: You must however bear in mind the following: (1) The former contract with Boris Pasternak regarding publication of *Doctor Zhivago*, as well as the new contract which I request that you send me as soon as possible, must not get into the hands of the authorities or Pasternak's family. All these secret documents must never be found on your person. (2) Send me all other documents that you have which might be useful to me. Everything I receive will be regarded as coming from Pasternak directly. (3) I shall not rest until all of Pasternak's letters and manuscripts are in the West. I shall always see to it that the greater part of the profit goes to you and Irina....

Ivinskaya told the court that all the evidence in the case was absolutely true, and there was nothing she could refute. She pleaded guilty to having formed criminal contacts with foreign nationals, beginning in 1959, and to having received from them Soviet currency smuggled into the country....

The second broadcast took much the same line.

THEY CALL for some comment. In the first place, the broadcast quoted above (which was in English) translates the parts it gives of Feltrinelli's letter misleadingly. Copies of the letter (written in German) were circulated by the editor of *Izvestia*, Alexei Adzhubei, on his recent visit to this country. The documents are not referred to as "secret" but *"vertraulich"*—confidential. The last sentence of point 3 should read: "I shall always see to it that a substantial (*'substanzieller'*) part of the profit will be left over for you or Irina." A minor point, perhaps, but an indicative one.

The reference (made in both the broadcasts) to Feltrinelli's desire to get Pasternak's manuscripts to the West, may reflect an important motive of the Soviet authorities. They have consistently shown themselves as wishing to be in a position to suppress or censor Pasternak at will. And they may regard it as important to prevent, in particular, the publication of his new, unorthodox play outside Russia. To make safe safer, to remove his fearless literary executor, and to put the whole of his MSS in the hands of a committee answerable to the government would, on this view, be a major objective. And if, as seems possible, some MSS had already reached the outside world, Ivinskaya could be penalised and, at the same time, held as a hostage against publication.

The second broadcast states that Pasternak intended to adopt Irina, though he had not yet been able to do so, showing both the relationship of trust between them, and the likelihood that he would in fact wish to give her financial help. (When the mother was in jail in 1948–53, he had looked after her daughter and her son.) It also indicates how vulnerable he must have been to threats directed at Irina, as well as at her mother, and adds sharpness to the horror of his reaction to the proposal in 1958 to expel him from the country, which would have been, apart from anything else, to leave them to their fate. When he did so leave them in another way, the result justified such fears.

When Moscow Radio goes out of its way to refer to Irina as a student at the Literary Institute, it may be hinting at her real offence. At the Constituent Congress of Writers of the R.S.F.S.R. held December 7–13th, 1958, a speech by S. U. Smirnov spoke of a cult of Pasternak at the Institute (whose students had already been under attack the previous year for admiring "decadent" poets). Pasternak's portrait had been hung in the students' hostel, the manuscript of *Doctor Zhivago* had been circulated, and two of the ringleaders, the 19- and 20-year-old poets Kharabarov and Pankratov had, as a result of secretly visiting Pasternak, been expelled from the Komsomol and the Institute and sent to Kazakhstan, but had returned to pay further clandestine visits to the poet. (*Stenographic Report* of the Congress, Moscow, 1959.) That Miss Yemelianova had not been in some way connected with this literary opposition seems unlikely.

The attempt to portray Madame Ivinskaya as a false and mercenary friend may be tested not only against the fact that she had already suffered torture and imprisonment for his sake, but also against

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the deep and sensitive picture of her as Lara in *Doctor Zhivago* which Pasternak created after years of friendship. M. Nivat commented that it was "unthinkable" that she had deceived the poet. He added (*Irish News*, January 25th, 1961),

> Furthermore, knowing the relationship between Boris Pasternak and Madame Ivinskaya, I know that she would never have done anything without the initiative coming from him.

For one thing that becomes clear immediately is that, regardless of the truth or otherwise of the actual criminal accusations, Radio Moscow finds not the slightest evidence to support its charge that she had used, or intended to use, the money for her private advantage.

The trial may have been open in some technical sense, but it was not announced, and no foreigners or others interested in Madame Ivinskaya seem to have heard of it or to have been able to attend it.

As the *New Statesman* pointed out, allegations of currency and similar offences can be brought against almost anyone the authorities wish to prosecute, and several other unorthodox intellectuals have recently been sentenced on similar charges. Even if the offence was committed as stated, the interpretation Soviet spokesmen have attempted to put on it can be shown to be untenable. And this in turn speaks against the equitable handling of the trial itself.

MOREVER, it is clear that no attempt was made to obtain foreign evidence relevant to the accusations. It is not known what these were in detail except from the accounts on Radio Moscow, which do not distinguish between general abuse and allegations of breaches of the law. But it is certain, for example, that Signor Feltrinelli's evidence about the circumstances in which the sums were supposedly sent to the U.S.S.R. would have been sought in any properly impartial investigation. It was only after the publicity on the radio that Feltrinelli issued a statement of which the following is the substance (*Avanti*, January 28th, 1961):

> I myself know that the 100,000 dollars, converted entirely or in part into roubles and transmitted to Moscow, came from funds at the disposal of Boris Pasternak in the West. The amount in question was withdrawn on a written order in the author's own hand, dated December 6th, 1959. This order arrived in the West in March, 1960.
>
> The bearer of this communication, which I saw with my own eyes, was the same person whom the author designated as the one to whom the sum should be entrusted. I know that the sum was duly withdrawn on March 10th, 1960. These are the facts. As for the delay of some months between the date of withdrawal and consignment to Moscow, I maintain this was due as much to the understandable difficulty which Pasternak's emissary experienced in finding the rouble equivalent, as to the actual transfer of the currency.
>
> In conclusion, it is my opinion that Olga Ivinskaya is not responsible either for the transfer of the sum or for its eventual destination. In the first place the transfer order was given, I repeat, by Pasternak himself; secondly, it was Pasternak himself who wished that the sum converted into roubles should be sent, without distinction, either to himself or to Mme. Ivinskaya.
>
> Nor can one rule out that the wish of the author was, in fact, to consider Olga Ivinskaya as his heiress. I trust therefore that the Soviet judicial authorities will take into account the circumstances which I have related, which are all confirmed by irrefutable documents.

Signor Sergio D'Angelo, who acted as Feltrinelli's agent in the financial dealings, has also given his equally relevant evidence. He says, "I acted entirely on Pasternak's instructions. Olga Ivinskaya had, as far as I know, nothing to do with the decision, and I doubt whether she knew at the time that he had told me to go ahead. In any case, she bore no responsibility for what followed." (*Sunday Telegraph*, May 7th, 1961.) D'Angelo adds, no doubt truly enough, that both Pasternak and Ivinskaya were being far too closely watched for any transfer to go undetected, concluding that the Soviet police knew what was going on but chose to hold their hands until after Pasternak was dead.

This is relevant to Pasternak's motives in making these arrangements in such circumstances. He had considered having money transferred through official channels, but wrote in a letter to D'Angelo,

> It is being suggested to me that there should be official transfers of moneys. But I am not sure that there is not a trap concealed here to finish me off for certain (so great is the desire always to stifle me that I see nothing but this desire as far as I am concerned), moreover always with the implication that they have prepared something nice for me but just didn't manage to finish it, and that I've spoiled everything again and it's again impossible to come to terms—just think, what cheap baseness! So in reply to the proposal to make official transfers of money I have so far decided nothing. . . .

Thus his final decision to get the money direct seems to be based on the perfectly sound supposition that if the authorities were determined to arrest him and his friends they would do so anyhow, while if for reasons of political calculation they had decided to leave them free, they would turn a blind eye to breaches of their regulations. This was a realistic estimate of the circumstances, in which political calculation was the main force, with the rule of law nowhere.

In any case, we know from these statements—and, indeed, from inherent probability—that the Soviet line is entirely untrue about Pasternak's responsibility. He had made this clear to others.

Thus it is clear that Signor Feltrinelli operated under Pasternak's instructions, and if he sent money illegally to Pasternak it was under the impression that he was fulfilling these. He may indeed have misunderstood them. But in any case the primary guilt, such as it is, can lie only with the Italian operators and perhaps Pasternak himself.

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Yet only Ivinskaya, at most a passive and unwilling accessory after the fact, has been prosecuted.

It should be added that if Pasternak felt it necessary to rely on foreign royalties, the responsibility is the Soviet authorities'. Even before his expulsion from the Union of Writers he had been saved, he tells us, entirely by advances from Polish publishers.

No PROOF, as against implication, seems to have been advanced that Mme. Ivinskaya was actually privy to the truly illegal part of this alleged operation. Her part, on the face of it, appears to have been only receiving roubles. The alleged secrecy of the meetings with foreigners is perfectly explicable in terms of the persecution she and the poet had already undergone for officially disapproved, though perfectly legal, contacts. The precise provenance of particular notes does not seem proved to have been known to her. It may have been; but foreigners with blocked accounts in Russia had already given Pasternak some money, and there is no obvious reason why this should not have happened again. It may be that that too can be interpreted as an evasion of some other section of the law. But no other section was raised against her. All this may be mere legalism: but without such legalism in defence of an accused, the law perishes.

Evidence against Irina Yemelianova seems non-existent and even the allegations amount to virtually nothing. It seems to be a consensus of foreign opinion in Moscow that even if her mother technically broke the law the daughter is wholly innocent. The KGB's motives for ignoring this point are obvious.

There is much hearsay evidence circulating in the West about the exact circumstances of Pasternak's monetary arrangements. These vary in detail to some extent and are also immensely complicated. In the main, Pasternak's intention was to pay out most of his earnings abroad to various scholarship and other funds, while keeping 100,000 dollars for his family and Mme. Ivinskaya and her daughter.

WHAT SEEMS agreed by all who know the circumstances is that Pasternak, in a difficult and dangerous situation and uncertain of which foreigners he could rely on, became reckless, and paid little attention to the counsels of prudence which Mme. Ivinskaya consistently gave him. There is no need to doubt anyone's good faith, but the poet was not used to the subterfuges and discretions which come as second nature to political conspirators and members of secret police organisations.

The view was put forward in letters written to certain Western newspapers such as the London *Times*,* that in the Soviet Union trial must follow automatically on any breach of the law, as is the case in some other countries. This must be rejected. To take a single example, involving crimes far worse than those alleged against Madame Ivinskaya; a number of fallen politicians have been clearly and specifically accused of offences against the law, without coming to trial. Members of the present Praesidium have themselves made such allegations.

Shvernik referred to "Violations of revolutionary legality committed by Malenkov, Kaganovich, and Molotov in the period of mass repressions." (*Pravda*, July 7th, 1957.) Khrushchev called Malenkov "one of the chief organisers of the so-called Leningrad Case," which is officially described as a frame-up in which many innocent Communists lost their lives (*Pravda*, July 7th, 1957.) Kozlov referred to "crude violations of revolutionary legality committed by Kaganovich." (*Leningradskaya Pravda*, July 5th, 1957.)

Moreover, the State's chief legal officer, Rudenko, the Procurator-General, himself spoke of "... these dissidents, especially Malenkov, Kaganovich, Molotov, Bulganin, having themselves committed crude arbitrariness and criminal violations of Socialist legality." (*Pravda*, December 26th, 1958.)

Yet all those named still hold well-paid posts, and have never faced a court. Nor, alternatively, have their accusers been prosecuted for criminal libel.

Even in the Ivinskaya case itself, it will be seen that only the two Russian women, who at most received the money, were prosecuted, while foreigners who actually transferred the sums without official permission were not—not even M. Nivat, who, Moscow Radio alleges, was caught by the customs in an attempt to smuggle.

In fact trials with any political significance of any sort are proceeded with or not as the result of a political decision. With Madame Ivinskaya, as Surkov's remarks (see below) and the line taken in the broadcasts make clear, the trial is only part of a more general political-cultural decision. In view of the importance of the matter, and its international aspect, it seems unlikely that such a decision could have been reached at a level lower than the type of meeting which has taken place in such crucial political-cultural matters as the purge of the staff of *Questions of History* in 1957, involving Suslov, Pospelov, and members of the Agitation and Propaganda and the Science and Culture Departments of the Central Committee, and possibly higher still.

THE next public move made in Moscow in connection with the case was an interview given by Surkov to various local correspondents of the Western Communist press. He is reported as saying:

> It is simply a question of illegal dealing in foreign exchange and this had nothing to do with Pasternak. I have seen the Public Prosecutor and the judges. They sentenced Olga Ivinskaya to eight years' imprisonment and her daughter Irina to three years: they had illegally received sums of 300,000 and 500,000 roubles. I have received letters and telegrams on this subject,

* *The Times* printed a handful of short letters, of which two were from a Communist sympathiser, and refused fuller ones from distinguished and well-informed observers, indicating a remarkable fellow-feeling for Establishments.

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> from Graham Greene in particular.... I replied giving the true facts and expressing surprise: What, you intervene and demand the liberation of rogues of whom you know nothing! Now this is really a question of an illegal currency deal and is not connected with Pasternak who was a great poet. His family, it must be said, has nothing to do with this sordid story. All these rumours offended the writer's memory. If people abroad wish to respect his memory then they should not stir up mud around him, just because among his friends there was an adventuress. We do not want to interfere in this affair because it has nothing to do with politics or with literature. (*Humanité*, January 24th, 1961.)

This evidently reflects a decision of which Surkov was simply the spokesman—a selection which seems to imply that writers with less strong stomachs were not prepared to associate themselves publicly with the action now being taken. (A year earlier Surkov had referred to Pasternak as a "renegade litterateur," but his opinions have always been readily adjustable.)

THE NEW ATTITUDE TO PASTERNAK, coupled with the trial of Ivinskaya, made up a general proposition: that Pasternak had written reputably until he had, in his dotage, fallen into the hands of an adventuress who had provoked or lured him into excesses not representative of his normal talent and opinions. The advantage of such a line is that it would make it possible to write off the works of his last years or perhaps even produce a vastly bowdlerised edition of *Doctor Zhivago*—and thus retreat from the awkward position of total hostility to a writer whose books are stubbornly regarded by the great majority in Soviet literary circles as among the best Russian works of the epoch. If such a plan is taken as being afoot, the removal of Madame Ivinskaya becomes particularly necessary, as it is impossible to imagine her becoming a party to a literary manœuvre of the sort, while at the same time it was impossible to deny her closeness to and influence with Pasternak. The solution, to blame her for the aberrations, to transfer to her the writer's literary and monetary guilts, ties things up nicely. That two women, one a young girl, should be inequitably condemned to years of misery is not perhaps a point that would appear as more than incidental to Surkov and those who think like him.

As to Surkov's remark about Graham Greene "knowing nothing" about the Ivinskaya case, one is reminded of Khrushchev's remark (at the XXth Party Congress) about Stalin's handling of the "Doctor's Plot:"

> The case was so presented that no one could verify the facts on which the investigation was based. There was no possibility of trying to verify the facts by contacting those who had made the confessions of guilt.

This did not mean that those without access to the facts were wrong, and those with access right; on the contrary! (Khrushchev adds that his doubts were aroused, in spite of the legalities and confessions, by his knowledge of the doctors' characters. And ours by our knowledge of Ivinskaya's, among other things!)

The Surkov line had little success outside the U.S.S.R. Even in the U.S.S.R., no support seems to have come from any reputable writer. But the more liberal-minded made the best of the concession—a great change from the talk of "pig" and "literary weed" in 1958—by which it became permissible to praise the poet. Ehrenburg gives him the warmest possible acclaim in a section of his memoirs published in *Novy Mir* of February 1961, and even praises much of *Doctor Zhivago*. Moreover, even his criticism of it is inoffensive. He adds that Pasternak had no intention of harming the U.S.S.R.; his error was just "being Pasternak." But Ehrenburg, however mildly, makes him responsible for his own actions, and simply ignores the shoddy melodrama of the influence of the evil adventuress.

Here, as in so many other cases, it becomes plain that civilisation and decency are not matters of political belief or attachment to one or other idea of the correct organisation of society. The division is not between Communist and non-Communist, but between humanist and *apparatchik*. What colloquy is possible there? What appeal can bridge that gap?

One was soon attempted.

IN FEBRUARY 1961, Mr. Alexei Adzhubei, editor of *Izvestia*, and son-in-law of Khrushchev, came to Britain (together with Surkov, Mr. Georgi Zhukov, and others) on a delegation to a conference on "peaceful co-existence" organised by the Great Britain-U.S.S.R. Association. He brought a set of documents supposedly proving Madame Ivinskaya's guilt, and attempted to get a number of leading British newspapers to publish these. He wanted them published "without any comment whatsoever" (*Daily Telegraph*, 24 Feb. 1961) and complained of censorship when this was not found acceptable—though, as British journalists pointed out to him, the documents had not been published, nor the case referred to, in the papers of the U.S.S.R. itself! The documents consisted of:

(a) Photographs of bundles of Russian banknotes;
(b) Photographs of Italian banknotes cut in two;
(c) A photostat of a letter in German said to have been sent to Madame Ivinskaya by Signor Feltrinelli;
(d) A confession said to have been written by Madame Ivinskaya in the Investigation Section of the Committee of State Security.

As the London press pointed out, these documents did nothing in themselves to substantiate the charges against Madame Ivinskaya, and "would not be accepted as evidence in support of charges in any Western court of law" (*Daily Telegraph*). The letter from Feltrinelli had already been more or less reproduced in its main points by Radio Moscow. The confession, however, was new. It ran as follows:

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In the Investigating Department KGB

STATEMENT *of the accused*

IVINSKAYA, O. V.

Everything in the accusation is the essential truth. For my part I dispute none of it. (Perhaps with the exception of details about which I myself may have become confused owing to my nervous condition.) On the other hand, I wish to thank the investigator for his tact and correctness, not only in connection with me, but also with my archives, which have been carefully sorted, part of them returned to me, part delivered to the literat. archive, and nothing which I wanted to preserve destroyed.

4/xi 1960 *O. Ivinskaya*

Though there is no formal reason for regarding this as proven to be genuine, the content is so inept for the purposes of an official propaganda operation, and so strongly implies other views inadequately compromised under pressure, that we may take it as authentic, at least tentatively.

The first thing to remember, in this case, is that it represents a draft acceptable, if only barely, to the Security Police. But although it is so in form, it is remarkable how little is actually conceded. The reservation about "details" shows, even after two months of pressure, refusal to confirm some of the particulars alleged against her or her friends. The reference to her nervous condition adequately implies the awful circumstances in which she found herself. Even if the reference to KGB correctness is less of a formality than similar statements have been in the past, we may feel that two months of interrogation incommunicado is likely to build up tensions capable of producing the nervous state she speaks of.

If the document does not go far to substantiate later Soviet allegations, it is still a general admission of guilt, presumably for the currency offences proper. And, on the other issues, it is not a declaration of the Ivinskaya-Pasternak position, but only a hint at it. We may feel it to be a brave and intelligent compromise on Ivinskaya's part. It is not difficult to imagine what were the pressures on her. In the first place, her young daughter's fate, as well as her own, depended to some extent on her attitude; and there remained the other members of her family.

Yet it is clear that there was another and at least equally important consideration in Ivinskaya's lonely struggle with the KGB—her responsibility for Pasternak's unpublished manuscripts. It is difficult to interpret what she writes about her "archives" with any certainty (and the hint that at least some documents may have been destroyed is disturbing), but at any rate it shows the unquenchable concern with which she regarded the irreplaceable literature which had been her charge. It can perhaps be read as a formal registering of assurances she had obtained from the authorities in return for her "confession." If it is argued that such assurances can hardly be thought of as reliably binding, still it was the very best she could do.

But as to the general Soviet charges, whether the description of Olga Ivinskaya's actions is as false as that of her character, we can at any rate say that there is at present no reason to attach any particular credence to it, in the absence of her side of the story. As another Nobel Prize winner, W. B. Yeats, said on on a comparable occasion:

But who is there to argue that
Now Pearse is deaf and dumb?

Pearse was dead and Olga Ivinskaya is only imprisoned, but—except for this brief cry, selected by her persecutors—she is just as unable to communicate. Nor is the prognosis of survival in the case of an eight-year term in a labour camp, particularly for those against whom the state has shown special malice, very reassuring—and Madame Ivinskaya is no longer a young woman. Many people, reading of the sentence, have told us how they were reminded of the fate of the fictional Lara:

> One day Lara went out and did not come back. She must have been arrested in the street, as so often happened in those days, and she died or vanished somewhere, forgotten as a nameless number on a list which was afterwards mislaid, in one of the innumerable mixed or women's concentration camps in the north.

But Olga Ivinskaya was victimised in a Russia which has supposedly abandoned the Stalinist inhumanities. If we are to draw a general conclusion, it must be that the ruling bureaucracy has no true objection, apart from an occasional feeling of inexpediency, against this sort of thing. We recall the revealing statement of one of them, the Assistant Procurator-General of the U.S.S.R., Kudryavtsev, in 1957:

> If it becomes necessary we will restore the old methods. But I think it will not be necessary.*

Such attitudes, far from indicating moral revulsion, explicitly put the interests of the authorities above good and evil. The fate of Madame Ivinskaya shows how these views work out in practice. And yet, we can hope that protest may touch, if not any humanitarian feeling, at least a sense of the balance of political advantage, and that the ruling party may feel that it has produced a thoroughly unprofitable wave of resentment. This was seen at the time of the initial outburst against the Nobel award, and it is bound to be even more strongly aroused by what commentators everywhere have described as the cruel and contemptible persecution of a great writer to—and now beyond—the grave.

Meanwhile we may feel that, even in death and disgrace, the moral victory is with Pasternak and Olga Ivinskaya, and that in the long run such victories are usually the more effective. Pasternak's own life and work were based on such a view.

Robert Conquest

* "Soviet Law Reform," by Professor Harold Berman, in the *Yale Law Journal*, Vol. 66, No. 8.

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LETTERS

"Cuba and the Intellectuals"

IT IS BIGOTED to be anti-American; America is a capitalist country; therefore, opposition to capitalism is a form of bigotry. This syllogism, which underlies so many contributions to your pages, is implicit in Anthony Hartley's recent article on Cuba.

Provoked by Dr. Castro's nationalisation of American business interests in Cuba (or was there some other act of provocation that I missed?), the U.S. government financed, armed and planned an invasion. We who protested against this action are now accused by Mr. Hartley of "gleeful emotionalism," "chauvinism and *schadenfreude*." We are told, in fact, not that we were wrong, but that we ought to be ashamed of ourselves. As in *The Caine Mutiny*, the thesis is that intellectuals ought never to rock the boat, no matter how strangely the captain is behaving, because boat-rocking is a sign of arrogance and immaturity.

Towards the end of his piece, Mr. Hartley appears to be arguing that the only honest critics of America are those who come right out and declare their preference for the Soviet way of life. In other words, he excludes the possibility of a third course. So (you should pardon the emotive expression) did McCarthy.

In his reference to my letter to *The Times* on the Cuban adventure, Mr. Hartley is guilty of a subtle inaccuracy that I feel bound to correct. He says:

> I have some sympathy with those signatories of the *Times* letter who insisted on the addition of the words "though not always in ways that all of us would approve" to the eulogy of Dr. Castro's economic activity.

Nobody insisted on any such thing; the phrase Mr. Hartley quotes was in the original draft. By suggesting, however, that it was added under pressure, Mr. Hartley is able to convey the idea that I, unlike some of my gentler co-signatories, am a ruthless believer that the end justifies the means. If this were the case, I would have to admit that Mr. Hartley had beaten me at my own game.

KENNETH TYNAN

London

1. Mr. Tynan should not attribute to me or to ENCOUNTER his own inadequate analysis of the nature of American society. Anti-Americanism and anti-capitalism are both capable of producing forms of bigotry, and, when they are combined by means of propositions as superficial and misleading as "America is a capitalist country," the result is a particularly narrow brand of intolerance. Anyone is free to think (or to fail to think) in this way, but I would rather not have his errors in logic foisted on to me.

2. I should have thought it to be obvious that there were many other reasons apart from "business interests" for American attitudes to events in Cuba, and I suspect that Mr. Tynan has missed a good deal. For instance, it apparently escaped his notice that half my article was devoted to a protest against the Cuban expedition. The difference between us is that I regard the Cuban expedition as a bad lapse on the part of a friendly country which shares many of the same democratic beliefs and traditions as ourselves, whereas Mr. Tynan seems to detect some more fundamental turpitude arising out of the "capitalist" nature of American society—the "monopoly trusts" and "merchants of death" riding again, a little long in the tooth, but recognisably their old hackneyed selves. I might add that I do not wish to deprive intellectuals of their boat-rocking fun, but that I reserve the right to protest when they look like swamping any craft that I myself happen to be in.

3. Naturally in terms of political and cultural theory there are many "third courses" which differ from both the American and the Russian way of life. However, at the end of my article I was talking about British foreign policy, and there we are in the position of having to make a choice, since the whole of post-war history has proved our inability to "go it alone." Neutralists in this country are protected in their illusions by the realities of an American alliance at which they sneer. I do not find this position particularly courageous or commendable: it seems to me to combine priggishness and lack of generosity in equal proportions. As for Mr. Tynan's introduction of the late junior Senator for Wisconsin, it is the easier to pardon him the "emotive expression" in that I should have been disappointed had this particular cliché not appeared in his reply.

4. As for his final paragraph, I must say that I took the phrase "though not always in ways that all of us would approve" as indicating disagreement among the signatories of the *Times* letter. I still do not see what purpose the words "all of us" (as distinct from "we") could fulfil other than that of demonstrating such real differences of opinion. And, if some approved and others disapproved of Dr. Castro's "ways," then it seemed reasonable to suppose that the phrase had been inserted at the latter's request. However, I naturally accept Mr. Tynan's assurance that the words were in the original draft, though I feel that this is more an occasion for congratulations on the draftsman's dexterity than a refutation of my deduction that there were differences among the signatories. It might throw some light on the matter were Mr. Tynan to tell us which of Dr. Castro's "ways" he himself disapproves: Is it the abolition of elections? the imprisonment of Labour leaders such as David Salvador and the suspension of the right to strike? the dismissal of some two-thirds of the teachers of Havana university? the government control of the press? the seizure of *Dr. Zhivago* as counter-revolutionary literature? It would be interesting to know, for I am not aware that he has ever gone on record as a critic of any of the "ways" of the Castro régime.

ANTHONY HARTLEY

London

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Oxford and Sociology

I READ the following in Mr. C. A. R. Crosland's article in the July issue: "But are Oxford and Cambridge really as good as Harvard and the Sorbonne? Their recent farcical performance over the introduction of sociology—a lamentable compound of hide-bound traditionalism and facetious superciliousness—makes one doubt it." I don't know how one would go about comparing major universities, but Mr. Crosland might at least get his facts correct.

It is not for me to speak for Cambridge, but to the best of my understanding a number of papers in sociology have been introduced into the Tripos and a number of posts, both University and College, have been created.

With regard to Oxford, no question of "introducing" sociology has arisen, since the subject in various forms has been taught for some time. What occurred was that it proved impossible to fill immediately a vacancy in a University Readership, and that the opportunity was taken for a general review of the position. Without pre-judging the University's final action, it is possible to say that legislation is being promoted both for the introduction of papers on the subject in the Final Honours School of Philosophy, Politics, and Economics, and for the creation of two senior posts instead of the one. It is hoped that this will be followed by a further expansion leading to the creation of an advanced (B.Phil.) degree in sociology alone. So far from exhibiting the qualities which Mr. Crosland professes to find, a great deal of time and hard work has been spent by the Social Studies Board and by a series of *ad hoc* committees including representatives of other major disciplines in order to discover the best means by which the University can contribute to the teaching and development of the subject. None of this activity has been secret, and it was up to Mr. Crosland, as a former resident member of the University, to find this out before committing himself to print.

MAX BELOFF

Oxford

"A Visit to India"

IT WOULD be as much a pity for anyone to judge the Indian scene on the basis of Mr. John Wain's "A Visit to India" (ENCOUNTER, May, 1961) as it would be to sense England's current intellectual climate on the same basis. Surely India needs critics —needs them badly in fact: one is tired of seeing somebody impressed by "the tremendous nation-building activity," "the mystic ethos," "the bewildering variety," and all that. But then it is too late in the 20th century to do another Beverley Nichols—even if under the ill-fitting guise of the post-war English flippancy and "tough-minded" sentimentality. One does not have to be a confirmed Marxist to attach more than a casual significance to the fact that the only person who could talk any sense to Mr. Wain was a "paternalistic capitalist." One expects something better than that. . . .

To give the devil his due, Mr. Wain has made one really valid and useful point, namely, about the futility of translations by persons who are not native speakers of the target language. The moral is obvious—more native speakers of English should turn their attention to translating from Indian languages.

ASHOK R. KELKAR

Poona

ONE CAN SAFELY presume that by now the ever-present squalor, the wretched poverty, and immensity of numbers are fairly well-known features of the Indian scene; and delving anew with fresh accounts hardly contributes to exhilarating reading.

The impressions dwelt upon in the article are those of a casual visitor. Though it may not be accompanied by the enthusiastic approbation of all knowledgeable circles, a deeper quest like Mr. Koestler's essay on "Yoga" is certainly more welcome as it elaborates on a single subject about which the ordinary reader does not profess to know much.

It is gratifying to note Mr. Wain's unusual spirit of tolerance towards the Indian pattern of life. I sympathise with him in his experiences with beggars, cockroaches, Indian railways, etc.; and may I suggest for a future visit that if sordid dining-car waiters choose to bear down at him with handfuls of grimy cutlery, not to settle down in meek acquiescence but to fling them back with careful aim and to resort to bare hands (another quaint Indian custom?) for the consumption of the hotch-potch meal.

S. K. PANDE

Durgapur, Bengal

John Wain's Reply

I AM DISTRESSED to find that my article, "A Visit to India," in your May issue, has caused some annoyance and resentment among Indian readers. Letters have been reaching me—sometimes direct, sometimes through the ENCOUNTER office—which make this sadly plain. May I have a few lines of your space to try to soothe ruffled feelings?

The protesting and accusing letter-writers fall into two classes. First, those who are annoyed that I should have seen poverty, disease, dust, insects, or anything else of a regrettable nature in India. I understand the feelings of these correspondents, but can do nothing about them. Of course it is annoying, when your country is making heroic efforts to leap from mediævalism straight into modernity, to have visitors who write about your problems rather than your achievements. For that matter, a certain kind of Indian reader would probably dislike me for writing enthusiastically about the Taj Mahal. I did, of course, describe a

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visit to a modern factory and its housing estate, and in terms of almost unqualified admiration. But to the reader who wants a publicity hand-out for "modern India," rather than a visitor's impression of the mixed India that actually exists, my article would naturally be offensive and I might as well admit it.

A second and more important class of correspondents are those who accuse me of discourtesy. As a guest of the Indian Congress for Cultural Freedom, I shouldn't (they think) have mentioned the occasional hardship in the form of dirty restaurants or insects. One very forthright critic even taxes me with "holding up to ridicule" the people who were doing their best for me. He is thinking in particular of my description of a night spent in Poona. I will refer in detail to this episode in a moment, but first there is an important matter of principle to be dealt with.

A writer, wherever he goes, is constantly tempted towards the documentary. His nature, as a writing animal, urges him to give some account of what he has seen. All writers succumb to this temptation; either they wrap it up as fiction, alter names and shuffle physical characteristics, or they try to keep imaginative and documentary writing fairly sharply apart, as I do myself. But in either case, if a writer travels, he writes about his travels in one way or another. *And he always gives offence.* It is impossible to describe people's homes, their daily habits, their social background, their conversation, their cookery, without either running them down or (what is probably more common) praising them in a way they find unacceptable.

Take, as the concrete example in this case, my description of that night at Poona. As I recounted, the arrangements for my stay had gone askew, owing to the fact that the Professor who was to have entertained me had to hurry to the sick-bed of a relative. So another host was found: the man I call in my article "the Principal." Especial indignation has been felt on the Principal's behalf. I described my strained, weary condition, the unpleasant restaurant we visited, my difficulty at first in making any contact with my host because of the uncertainty of his English. "Tea is made. I know I shan't sleep if I drink it, but I drink it. The evening slowly settles down into a nightmare. Then I notice the cockroaches." And so on.

Disgusting, isn't it? I take the Principal's bread and salt and then write insultingly about him. I spurn (retrospectively) the tea he kindly offers, I complain of trifling annoyances like the odd cockroach, I describe the evening he is working hard to make enjoyable as "a nightmare." In short, I'm a cad.

The trouble is that I can't escape my obligation to tell the truth. Travel, especially travel that one has to earn by working hard and meeting a lot of people, *is* sometimes a nightmare: to be whirled from place to place, to experience sudden changes of climate, to eat unaccustomed food, to sleep—or, more often, to lie awake—in strange beds far from home, to be continually meeting new people and trying to remember their names—every now and then it all becomes too much. After all, this is *my* story about *my* visit to India. But there is a more serious defence. I had gone to Poona to see Indian education, or to catch what glimpse of it I could in one evening; and to meet the Principal, to go to his house, to hold some kind of stumbling conversation with him, was a privilege. And, though I've no doubt my way of recognising that privilege would not be very pleasing to the Principal or his friends, I did recognise it; I say, a little further on in my article—

> I know, suddenly, that I am seeing Indian education, in the person of this little man, overworked and underpaid, living in his tiny house full of cockroaches. He wants so desperately to know what is being done in the world, and how he can distil some of that precious substance known as Education, and feed it to his pupils. . . . Good-bye, Principal! Indian education is another thing I shan't make jokes about any more.

Now I believe I am right in saying that however irritating such writing may be to an Indian, no one in the West could possibly believe that I was satirising the Principal, or looking down on him, or not appreciating his kindness. Indian education *is* an uphill struggle; it *is* conducted by men like him, and they *are* underpaid and overworked, and they *do* live in tiny houses with cockroaches in them. And in his annoyance that I should have seen so clearly the hardships, the overcrowding, the bad conditions, the Principal, if he did me the honour of reading my article, may have imagined that I was patronising him. Certainly some of his friends imagined it. And in so doing they overlooked the fact that I was paying him the one compliment that matters to a teacher above anything, praising him in the only terms that, to a teacher, are finally meaningful: the terms in which Chaucer praised his "Clerk of Oxenford": *Gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.*

I believe that line could be quoted of the Principal; those immortal words apply to him. The details about hardship, and dirt, and insects, are there because they are part of the story; I saw India with the eyes of a visitor from one of the (so far) pampered societies of the West, and I was writing my impressions mainly for other Westerners. The physical realities of the Indian scene *do* matter, in such an account; my trip was not an evening at the Cinerama, but a real, sweaty, toilsome journey; like most Europeans who visit the tropics for short and sudden periods, I felt ill most of the time I was there. (After I got back, I had to go for treatment to the London Hospital for Tropical Diseases.) But I'm not blaming the Principal for that. I'm not even blaming him for the cockroaches. If it comes to cockroaches, I was once sitting at the breakfast-table in an extremely comfortable flat in New York when one dropped on to my neck from the ceiling. Will my American friends think me satirical, or patronising, or a bad guest, for remembering that incident? No—and I hope that, after their first annoyance has faded, my Indian friends won't either.

JOHN WAIN

London

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A. J. P. Taylor

MR. TREVOR-ROPER'S full-dress rebuttal of A. J. P. Taylor's account of *The Origins of the Second World War* must have been gratefully received by readers like myself who were appalled by the book and its reception by the critics. Reading Mr. Taylor on the subject was a distressing experience. Reading the reviews was positively traumatic.

The horror of the text itself with its false premises and falser conclusions, its suppressions and distortions, fades with the impression of its spuriously brilliant style. But one can neither forget nor forgive the reviewers who hailed it as a "masterpiece" of historical exegesis. The disturbing fact is not that Mr. Taylor should have written a thoroughly bad book, but that its badness was compounded and made dangerous by the critics.

However, your space and his time will have been well-spent if Mr. Trevor-Roper's article serves its somewhat understated purpose of warning us of the kind of arguments that will be used to justify Mr. Khrushchev's forthcoming demands on the Western World. It could help us to avoid being deceived and disarmed by that new breed of appeasers who are unlikely to be known as Men of Munich but may ultimately come to be called —and with equally deserved contempt—the Men of Berlin.

JOHN HUNTER

London

WHATEVER the truth about A. J. P. Taylor's book, Professor Trevor-Roper writes as the rhetorician rather than the historian when he contrasts "the British people, united in pacifism in 1936" with the same people "[going], in 1939, united into war." There were a good many pacifists in 1939; there were not, as far as I know, all that many more in 1936. What Professor Trevor-Roper could have said—and all that his argument in fact requires—is that the bulk of *non*-pacifist opinion was convinced of the necessity of war in 1939 as it had not been in 1936. Why not say so?

J. C. MAXWELL

University of Durham

Wain's Connolly's Toynbee

I CAN SWALLOW Wain on Connolly. I am disturbed by Philip Toynbee on Wain on Connolly. My mind sags under the weight of Wain on Toynbee on Wain on Connolly. But when I get to Toynbee on Wain on Toynbee on Wain on Connolly, I fail to see any longer any connection between anything and anything.

MARTIN SMALL

Oxford

AUTHORS

Harold Pinter is the young British actor and playwright who has scored a number of remarkable successes on the London stage. His play *The Caretaker* played for a year, and he is now en route to the United States for its première in New York. He was born in London in 1930, and among his other plays are *The Room*, *The Birthday Party*, and *The Dumb Waiter*.

Karl Jaspers is perhaps contemporary Germany's best-known philosopher. He was barred under the Nazis from university life, and returned to his chair in Heidelberg in 1945 to give his first lectures on *The Question of German Guilt*. His work on Nietzsche, which was banned by Goebbels, has not been translated, but there are about a dozen of his books which have now been published in England and the United States. He is generally considered to be "the father of Existentialist philosophy" (although in France the influence of Sartre and others came mainly through Martin Heidegger). His book on "The Bomb" under the title *The Future of Mankind* will shortly be published by the University of Chicago Press. He lives in Switzerland and holds the chair at the University of Basle once occupied by Burckhardt and Nietzsche.

Jacques Barzun is Professor of History at Columbia University. Though *Who's Who* records him as being part of the Faculty of Political Science, he has specialised in studies on the development of 19th-century culture. His best-known books include *Darwin, Marx, Wagner*; *Berlioz and the Romantic Century*, and *The House of Intellect*.

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